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THE LATER ENGLISH POETS.—SWINBURNE—ROSSETTI—MORRIS.\*

Of the many remarkable poetical appearances in the early part of the present century, there was none more remarkable in its character and its influence than the poetry of Keats. Differing both in thought and style from all his contemporaries, and still more from all his predecessors, his writings have, we think, done more to determine the subsequent course of English poetry than those of any other poet. Though his own death is said to have been hastened by the hostility of his critics, his immediate successors have not only monopolized the field of poetry and silenced opposition, but, as a last triumph of ascendancy, have turned criticism itself into their tool. Keats was the first purely literary

English poet who had appeared since Spenser, and, since Keats, English poetry has had an exclusively literary mark.

Till the extraordinary epoch to which we have referred, the character of our poetry, like that of every nation which has had vigorous institutions and a great history, was distinctively national. There is scarcely a prominent feature in our religion, our politics, or our landscape, which is not illustrated in our verse. Our old drama was as indigenous as that of Attica. Almost every one of our great poets is indebted to his country for some inspiring theme. At the very threshold of our literature we find the unfaded portraits of the Canterbury Pilgrims. The studious Spenser sums up his flattering allegory in the person of his Queen. Even Milton, whose imagination in the "Paradise Lost" transcends the bounds of space and time, has filled "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso," and "Comus," with the most enchanting descriptions of Eng-

\* 1. *Songs before Sunrise*. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. London, 1871.

2. *Poems*. By Dante Gabriel Rossetti. London, 1870.

3. *The Earthly Paradise*. By William Morris. 4 vols. London, 1871.

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lish country scenery. Our party politics are represented in verse by Dryden and Butler; Pope is the satirist of courtly manners, as Goldsmith is the pathetic painter of peasant life; while, as if in appropriate conclusion to the course of genuine English poetry, the verse of Crabbe is filled with portraits not less vigorous, if less picturesque, than those of Chaucer himself.

The style of our poets till the beginning of this century was generally as idiomatic as their subjects were national. By far the greater number of them treated the language as an inheritance; and, as each generation valued and improved the work of its predecessor, a national rhetoric was gradually formed, which, always noble and impressive, was, when fully developed, singularly well adapted to express either dignity, humor, or pathos. Above all other metres, the heroic couplet, to those who have watched its progress from its great inventor, Chaucer, through writers of such various genius as Hall, Dryden, Pope, Goldsmith, and Byron, must appear a measure scarcely less qualified than the ancient hexameter to catch the moods of the people among whom it originated.

It is scarcely necessary to dwell upon the great expansion of English poetry in the atmosphere of the Revolutionary era. Dwarfed by the magnitude of interests which seemed to embrace mankind, the nation ceased to be any longer the limit or even the sphere of the poet's inspiration. The active imagination of Byron and Scott opened a new world of adventure or romance; the calm spirit of Wordsworth was enlarged by the contemplation of the ancient examples of moral and political simplicity; the verse of Shelley, above all, caught the modern Republican enthusiasm for liberty and the future of the human race. But, amidst all this activity and high-wrought expectation, the poems of Keats sound to the reader of a later generation as the music of the nightingale sounded in his own ears:

"Forlorn! The very word is like a bell,  
To toll me back again to my sole self!"

As far as we know, there is not in the poems of Keats a single allusion to passing events; there is certainly nothing to show that he was interested in them. While the thoughts of his contemporaries are full of energy or hope, his verse is marked by a languid melancholy. While

they are all directly or indirectly inspired by the feelings of their time, he seeks his inspiration in the literature of the past. Too soft and sensuous by nature to be exhilarated by the conflict of modern opinions, he found at once food for his love of beauty, and an opiate for his despondency, in the remote tales of Greek mythology.

We have said before that the spirit of Keats manifests itself more or less in the works of almost every poet who has succeeded him. It was natural enough that a period of disappointment should follow a period of exaggerated hope when it appeared that political liberty did not produce personal regeneration, and that the progress of mankind was rather towards a commercial than a moral millenium. The revolutionary element which had kindled the passion of the poets was the speculation of Condorcet, not the science of Adam Smith. In the post-revolutionary poetry of England there is to be found little of that ardor which marks the work of the previous generation. It is true that Mr. Tennyson, in "Locksley Hall," looks forward to a "Parliament of nations, the Federation of the world;" but in his poem the misery of the individual is far more prominently represented than the happiness of the race, and the net result is less the confidence of faith than the resignation of despair. But though "the steamship and the railway" are scarcely themes to inspire poetical enthusiasm, "the thoughts that shake mankind" have doubtless survived the first great period of vigorous action which they helped to produce, and the imagination which has cherished them, disappointed of realizing its aspirations in the world of man, consoles itself by calling up the spirits it desires from the "vasty deep" of books. Familiarity and sympathy with old forms of recorded thought prompt men to try to recover or adapt them. The classical writers have always exercised the greatest influence over the intellectual leaders of the revolution, and the robust freedom of mediæval fancy, perhaps because it is so unlike the pedantry of modern liberalism, has a strong fascination for it. Hence those curious anachronisms and incongruities to which the practice of our poets has long familiarized us. The chivalrous romance is revived in the garb of moral or theological allegory; the feeling of the Greek drama is restored in

its modern copies with such exactness, that the reader is as puzzled as Christopher Sly, and doubts if the history of Christianity and the doctrines to which he has been accustomed can be any thing but a dream. Gradual advances are also made towards the arts of painting and music. Thus dis-severed from the thought of the large majority of living men, the pursuit of poetry tends to become a kind of intellectual opium-eating. It would, indeed, be strange if men of an active mind could continue to live in the midst of a stirring society, without in some degree participating in its interests, and we not unfrequently find the poet glancing from his literary seclusion upon the movements of national life. But, if he approaches a subject of general interest, he never confronts it directly, like Dryden or Pope, but views it through some literary medium. Thus, when Mr. Tennyson wishes to give a reflection of society, he reconnoitres it with a telescope, as in "The Princess," or lifts his theme upon the stilts of a classical style, as in "Aylmer's Field."

The great poetical revolution which we have sketched would not, however, have been complete without a corresponding change in our versification. Of the old poetical idiom, elaborated with such pains, and by so many poets, scarcely a trace survives. Byron, alone among the great poets of the last generation, saw how the previous practice of English verse-writers could be expanded without being overthrown, and, whether he uses the heroic couplet or the Spenser stanza, his style, however elevated, is plain and robust. Wordsworth, in his well-known "Preface," ostentatiously undervalues metre. Shelly, whose mind, as he himself says, was "nourished on musical thoughts," found means to express them in an ethereal language peculiarly his own. Keats, on the other hand, enchanted with his study of the Elizabethan poets, revived in his "Endymion" the over-luxuriant sweetness of Marlowe's "Sestiad." This strange example of literary reaction has since been sanctioned by universal practice. The selection of classical subjects has led to a reproduction of the classical style, so laboriously exact that it is considered a mark of greater skill to translate a plain thought into some involved phrase resembling the Greek, than to express it in a line of forcible English. The heroic couplet has been discarded,

and has been replaced either by blank verse scientifically precise, and not unlike the iambic in its pauses, or by a revival of the decasyllabic metre, as it was first used by Chaucer, but with even more than its rudimentary incoherence.

Such, as it appears to us, is the double process that has long been separating the English poets from the thought and language of their country. The phase of literary poetry has, we think, received its fullest expression in the school of writers whose works we now propose to examine. We call them a school, because, though differing from each other in their choice of subjects and in their style, a common antipathy to society has produced in them a certain community of perception, and even occasional resemblances of language. An atmosphere of what is called materialistic feeling pervades the poetry of all three. Atheism, which is quietly avowed by one, is passionately professed by another, not as the supplanter of superstition, but as the rival of Christianity. Love is a favorite theme in their works, but the word has an esoteric signification; the objects of their devotion resemble not so much the sainted lady of Dante, or the honored mistress of Lovelace, as the models of the painter's studio. Finally, the inspiration of all three has a literary source, for while two professedly revive the practice of ancient masters, the third, though dealing with contemporary interests, expresses himself in a borrowed style, which gives his verse all the ring of ancient rhetoric.

Mr. Swinburne is already known as the author of several works, notably "Atalanta in Calydon," and "Poems and Ballads." The former is a reproduction of Greek drama, with ingenious imitations of the original language, and an extraordinary variety of melodious and flowing metres. The latter is even more remarkable for the unprecedented dexterity of its versification. This volume contains many poems marked by an uncleanness of fancy, not the less pernicious because it is exercised on such remote themes as a love-fragment of Sappho, an extinct type of Roman lust, and the statue of the Hermaphrodite in the Louvre. But there are besides a number of pieces framed upon mediæval types, in which the feeling of the originals is caught with a precision that reveals an imitative faculty of the highest order. In his latest work, entitled "Songs before Sunrise," the au-

thor takes a serious farewell of the remote themes which had once attracted him, and announces himself as the poetical apostle of the Universal Republic.

While we are quite prepared to congratulate Mr. Swinburne upon the more manly tone he has adopted, we can not say that we think he has at present shown the qualities of a great political poet. In the first place, he scarcely appears to us fortunate in his theme. That the cause of the Revolution could stimulate poetical fancy to high enthusiasm is sufficiently proved by the poetry of Shelley. But the themes that fired the enthusiasm of that unique genius were the downfall of dynasties, the overthrow of superstition, the regeneration of the human race. Such was the direction which the spirit of destruction at first took, and such are the objects over which the fancy of Mr. Swinburne still broods, but such is no longer the life of the Revolutionary cause. It is not now the destruction of empires, with which the most advanced apostles of Revolution are really concerned, but the organization of labor against capital, and the confiscation of property. This may be a more practical scheme than that of the old French philosophers, yet it would scarcely have roused the enthusiasm of Shelley. All that is left of the old republican faith is its phraseology. Liberty, fraternity, equality, are as much as ever the party catchwords; the months are still called by their revolutionary names; the Bible is still perverted and parodied according to the old traditions, except that, while Camille Desmoulins spoke of "le bon sansculotte Jesus," the modern Communist speaks of Marat as a Messiah.

Were the qualifications for a political poet nothing but the ability to decorate a party dialect, no more fitting representative than Mr. Swinburne could be found. To an unequalled command of metre he adds a faultless instinct as to the capacity of a phrase, or even of an idea, for the purposes of metrical expression, and an equal skill in transplanting, without any appearance of effort, the old flowers of rhetoric into his own style. These are great gifts, but they can not cover the absence of that strong expression of genuine conviction which is demanded by the subject which Mr. Swinburne attempts. We can not estimate his qualities better than by comparing him with the poet whom above all others he admires. It is clearly his belief that he

has received his poetical torch from the hand of Shelley, as Shelley from the hand of Milton, yet we think his genius has scarcely any thing in common with either of these poets. The mind of Shelley, to use his own words once more, was "nourished on musical thoughts," which he instinctively clothed in appropriate language. Mr. Swinburne's mind has been nourished on musical metres, to which he adapts thoughts and words as they appear conformable. Shelley's atheism is rarely thrust into prominence; his leading thought is always the golden future of mankind, and his assaults are directed against what he considered superstition as the hindrance to the ultimate happiness of the race. Yet, whenever he attacks Christianity, his style is marked by an almost appalling plainness, which is too repulsive for quotation. But if any one who is curious on the subject will compare Shelley's lines, beginning—

"O that the free would stamp the impious name"—

with those of Mr. Swinburne's—

"Thou madest man in the garden; thou temptest man and he fell"—

he will be struck with the difference between the two poets. There is something frightful to the ears of Christians in the energy of Shelley's invective, but there can be no doubt of the earnest conviction of the writer. Mr. Swinburne's words are in themselves more horrible than Shelley's; but the expression of the passage is too fluent for strong feeling; we detect also that the rhetoric is borrowed partly from the Hebrew prophets, partly from the English Litany. We have a shrewd suspicion that Mr. Swinburne formed his style before he elaborated his opinions. Nor is this the only deduction to be made from the force of the passage; for we have already been told—

"God if a God there be, is the spirit of men, which is Man."

What, then, is the meaning of all this vapoing against a being who is believed to be a nonentity? It is simply an invective against the idea of God, or, to speak more plainly, against the primary instincts of the society that holds the insulted belief. Such trivial tricks of rhetoric betray a want of common sense beyond what can be attributed to Shelley. They fail even to excite the feeling that was intended;



for, instead of being astounded at the poet's blasphemous daring, the reader is disgusted at his shameless indecency. Mr. Swinburne might have remembered that Shelley was wise enough to suppress the publication of "Queen Mab."

Shelley perceived that atheism, being mere negation, was incapable of being exalted into a creed; but Mr. Swinburne, caught with the abstract idea, is determined to embellish it, and, not content with invectives against Christianity, parades, by way of contrast, a worship of his own. Hertha, an embodiment of Heraclitus's doctrine of the identity of contraries; Isis, or the Earth, "the Ghost of God, the mother uncreated;" and a certain "Mater Triumphalis," (Mr. Swinburne's deities are always feminine,) such are the empty abstractions before which he literally prostrates himself with an air of religious fervor. These theatrical postures are so strangely blended with expressions of passionate conviction that in remarking on the attacks which, for the sake of his goddesses, as it appears, Mr. Swinburne makes on the Christian religion, we are in doubt whether to blame him most for his want of decency or want of sense.

In the more purely political poems, the same stage effects are repeated, with the same effort to compensate for deficiencies of feeling by exuberance of language. Though the different odes in the volume are apparently far more definite in their scope than the visionary flights of Shelley, the thought expressed in them is really much more indistinct. It appears to us that, with a few alterations, the "Ode on the Cretan Revolt" might serve equally well for one on the Liberation of Italy, or for a future uprising in Ireland. There is, indeed, no lack of fervid protestation. The different nations are appealed to in amorous language, but the constant intrusion of the poet's personal concern into his poems seems to us less passionate than impertinent. Take, for instance, these lines upon Italy:

"O sweetest, fairest, first,  
O flower, when times were worst,  
Thou hadst no strife wherein we had no share!  
Have not our hearts held close,  
Kept fast the whole world's rose?  
Have we not worn thee at heart whom none  
would wear?"

Were this the composition of an Italian patriot, we should certainly blame his ef-

feminate taste in comparing his country to a flower, but we should accept the feeling of the passage as genuine. Coming, however, from an Englishman, a mere well-wisher of Italian unity, the words are sheer nonsense.

We are, therefore, of opinion, on the whole, that Mr. Swinburne has chosen his themes not so much under the influence of political enthusiasm as from a keen literary perception of the advantages they offered to his peculiar rhetoric. And, viewing him as a master of metre alone, it is impossible to admire too much the taste that has led him to perceive, and the tact with which he has applied, the poetical resources of the religion which he so grossly assails. The solemn supplications of the English Litany are transferred to the nations of Europe in their appeal to their mother Earth. Imagery, borrowed from the Crucifixion, the Burial, the Resurrection, is applied to the revival of Italy; while France is represented under the character of the repentant Magdalen. No praise, we think, can be too high for the metrical faculty that has discovered a musical modulation in the simple words—

"Therefore thy sins, which are many, are forgiven  
thee,  
Because thou hast loved much."

Of the arts of rhetoric, on the other hand, which extend beyond artifices of style, Mr. Swinburne knows little. He describes himself not inaptly, when he says—

"I have no spirit of skill with equal fingers,  
At sign to sharpen or to slacken strings."

His verse is always pitched in the highest key. With the use of contrast and relief he is unacquainted, and of exaggeration he knows enough only to abuse it. Exaggeration is, doubtless, a legitimate resource of poetry. Thus it is flattery, but poetical flattery, when Virgil, at the opening of the "Georgics," raises Augustus by anticipation among the stars. Yet, even when applied to the great and famous, there is danger of such complimentary poetry passing into the ridiculous; and the keen-witted Sylla paid a poet who had composed an ode in his honor not to recite it. Far more perilous is it when it is employed to exalt persons of little distinction, or is exchanged between members of a mutual admiration society. In a poem, called "Blessed among Women," Mr. Swin-

burne addresses the Signora Cairoli as the superior of the Virgin Mary. Her claims to this position rest on the fact that four of her sons perished in the revolutionary crusade against Rome:

"Four times art thou blest,  
On whose most holy breast  
Four times a godlike soldier-saviour hung;  
And thence a four-fold Christ,  
Given to be sacrificed,  
To the same cross as the same bosom clung."

The poem is in a perfectly serious strain; and as Mr. Swinburne seems to have no suspicion that this passage is offensively profane, it is, perhaps, no wonder that he does not see it is ridiculous.

His poems do not aim at terseness, and many of them run to an inexcusable length through their iteration and diffuseness. So ignorant is he of the value of conciseness, that he fails to perceive that the point of Byron's inscription, "Cor Cordium," on the tomb of Shelley lies in its brevity, and expands it into a sonnet, in which the following interjections occur in the space of nine lines:

"O heart of hearts, the chalice of love's fire!  
O wonderful and perfect heart!  
O heavenly heart!  
O heart whose beating blood was running  
song!"

We mean no disrespect to Mr. Swinburne's reverence for Shelley, but it is impossible to help thinking of Bottom as Pyramus:

"O grim-looking night! O night with hue so  
black!  
O night who ever art when day is not!  
O night, O night! alack! alack! alack!"

We select one more passage, as a specimen at once of runaway rhetoric and of the author's favorite practice of combining sonorous words in a preconceived measure, so as to subordinate, if not to sacrifice, sense to tune. Speaking of great republican examples, they were, he says—

"Undisbranched of the storms that disroot us,  
Of the lures that enthrall unenticed,  
The names that exalt and transmute us,  
The blood-red splendor of Brutus,  
The snow-bright splendor of Christ!"

We are inclined to think this the most harmonious dance of words upon the brink of nonsense with which we are acquainted. These extracts show, we think, that a poet may have at his disposal a vast store of English words, and yet have no real command of English idiom; they no more

represent the genuine language of English poetry that Euphuus the language of English prose. Yet there are passages in Mr. Swinburne's volume where, freed from the trammels of artificial enthusiasm, and inspired by great themes of general interest, his verse rises into high natural eloquence. The following description of Greece will confirm our words:

"There where our East looks always to thy West,  
Our mornings to thine evenings, Greece to thee,  
These lights that catch the mountains crest by crest,  
Are they of stars or beacons that we see?  
Taygetus takes here the winds abreast,  
And there the sun resumes Thermopylæ;  
The light is Athens where those remnants rest,  
And Salamis the sea-wall of that sea;  
The grass men tread upon  
Is very Marathon,  
The leaves are of that time-unstricken tree  
That storm nor sun can fret,  
Nor wind, since she that set  
Made it her sign to men whose shield was she:  
Here, as dead Time his deathless things,  
Eurotas and Cephissus keep their sleepless springs."

There are few finer passages than this in English lyric poetry; in contemporary poetry we doubt if it has an equal. It is great, because it possesses the native qualities of our verse, which Mr. Swinburne's style generally lacks, genuine feeling, manly self-restraint, direct simplicity, and idiomatic vigor. A few sustained lyrics of this stamp would do more to establish an enduring reputation than volumes of fluent invective against religion or glittering rhapsodies on the Universal Republic.

The passions of modern life, which appear to Mr. Swinburne so full of sound and fury, die completely away, or at most make themselves but faintly audible, in the poems of Mr. Rossetti. The latter describes himself as a poet of the order that haunt

"The vale of magical dark mysteries."

In one of his sonnets he speaks approvingly of the religious symbolism of ancient art, and advises the moderns to retrace their footsteps to the old starting-point. A similar impulse, we presume, leads him to attempt in poetry a revival of the mystical style of Dante's "Vita Nuova." Such, at least, appears to be the intention of his sonnets, which, we think, contain all that is most characteristic of his work.

The objections to such a scheme are not far to seek, and lose none of their force

after an examination of Mr. Rossetti's poems. The period for which Dante wrote was theological, learned, and enigmatical. Our own day is scientific and matter-of-fact to excess. The complete body of physical and metaphysical philosophy which Dante compiled throws light upon the otherwise dark enigmas of his style. In the riddles of the modern mystic every thing is of private interpretation, and depends upon the kind of communication established between the author and the reader. Lastly, in the "*Vita Nuova*" Dante gives us a detailed history of his connection with Beatrice, and explains the occasion and the meaning of each sonnet in turn. Mr. Rossetti affords us no clue to the collection of sonnets which he terms "contributions towards a work to be entitled '*The House of Life*.'" We fail to find in it any sign of unity or arrangement. We see that some of the sonnets express the feelings of a lover in happy possession of his mistress, and others in despair at the loss of her; others, again, are in a vein of philosophical reflection; but how the philosophical sonnets are connected with the love sonnets, or the love sonnets with each other, there is nothing to declare. The result of all this is that, whether or not the reader of Dante fathoms the depth of the poet's meaning, he finds enough to interest him strongly in an orderly and beautiful work; while the reader of Mr. Rossetti has to content himself with guessing at mysteries, which often turn out to be nothing but word puzzles or literary conceits.

We propose to set the work of the master and disciple side by side, that our readers may judge of the difference in quality. The following is a translation of the last sonnet in the "*Vita Nuova*," describing Dante's sigh passing into heaven to Beatrice:

"Beyond the sphere that has the largest sweep passes the sigh that issues from my heart: the new apprehension that love in grief leads him draws him heavenwards. When he arrives where he desires, he sees a lady who receives honor and shines so brightly that, through the midst of her splendor, the pilgrim spirit beholds her. He sees her in such wise that when he reports her to me I do not understand him, so subtly does he speak to the sorrowing heart that makes him speak. I know that he speaks of that gentle one, because he often names Beatrice, so that I understand him well, dear ladies mine."

The drift of this is plain enough, and niceties of the thought can be easily understood by the light of Dante's own com-

mentary. Here, on the other hand, is one of Mr. Rossetti's most finished sonnets on what appears to be a parallel occasion:

"I sat with Love beside a woodside well,  
Leaning across the water, I and he;  
Nor ever did he speak, nor looked at me,  
But touched his lute wherein was audible,  
The certain secret thing he had to tell:  
Only our mirrored eyes met silently  
In the low wave; and that sound came to be  
The passionate voice I knew; and my tears fell.  
And at their fall, his eyes beneath grew hers;  
And with his foot and with his wing feathers  
He swept the spring that watered my heart's  
drouth.  
Then the dark ripples spread to waving hair,  
And, as I stooped, her own lips rising there  
Bubbled with brimming kisses at my mouth."

Both these poems make pictures, but Dante's is full of a deep and tender meaning. Mr. Rossetti's is a picture, and no more; or if there is a meaning to the gross image in the concluding line, it is of a kind that we would sooner miss.

This difference is continued throughout the sonnets of the two poets: Dante being always simple and tender, Mr. Rossetti rarely any thing more than picturesque. Thus both of them describe abstract passions by means of persons and images. Dante, for instance, speaks of Love "driving from his breast the exile sighs that went out wailing." Mr. Rossetti's abstract characters are also numerous—Love, Sleep, Death, and the like—but they are much more finely dressed than Dante's: they live in groves, wear aureoles, and carry gonfalons. So laboriously picturesque is he that he sometimes spoils a symbol with a really felicitous meaning by overloading it. It is poetical to speak of sleep as a fallow-field; but Mr. Rossetti, wishing to connect the idea of sleep with love, writes "the love-sown fallow-field of sleep," and so destroys the beauty of the metaphor. Death may appear to Mr. Rossetti as a child, but why need he go on to speak of "Death's newborn milky eyes?" or what is the point of saying of Song that his hair

"Blew like a flame, and blossomed like a wreath?"

To picturesque symbolism of this sort, however, we have no objection, except in so far as it pretends to be profound. But there is another kind of symbolism which Mr. Rossetti affects, and for which no terms of condemnation can be too strong. We allude to certain sonnets, in which he endeavors to attach a spiritual meaning to the animal passions. The fourth and fifth sonnets describe, with a revolting pictur-

esqueness, the sexual relation, which, with a profanity the more gross because it appears to be unconscious, he speaks of in the second sonnet under the metaphor of the sacramental bread and wine. We have no hesitation in stigmatizing such a deification of the animal instincts as emasculate obscenity. Mysteries of this sort are intelligible enough, but they belong to the worship of no deity but Priapus. There are, indeed, no other passages in the sonnets so objectionable as those which we have noticed; but the whole spirit of Mr. Rossetti's love poetry is of the earth, earthy. Love, as he represents it, appears not as romantic passion, or even as natural ardor, but as pious sensuality. If the lover of his verse wishes to praise his mistress, he describes her as one—

"Whose speech truth knows not from her thought,  
Nor love her body from her soul."

Her "brows, hands, lips, heart, mind, voice, kisses, and words," are so many terrestrial revelations of the heavenly Deity; and when death deprives him of her company, the force of love, as we have seen, calls up her image from a spring so vividly that her "lips bubble with brimming kisses at his mouth." It can, of course, be urged that, as what is obscure may be profound, love poetry of this sort is an expression of refined passion: for ourselves, we confess that the religious tone in the amatory sonnets reminds us forcibly of the language of the Agapemone.

The character of Mr. Rossetti's thought is reflected in his style. The construction of his verse is generally musical, and his language is sometimes happily epigrammatic, as in the description of the light-of-love ladies—

"Who kissed Love's wings that brought him yesterday,  
And thanks his wings to-day that he is flown."

Great pains have evidently been taken to give every thought an uncommon aspect, and to elaborate the language in which it is expressed. The value of the thought, however, often seems out of all proportion to the labor spent upon it, as in the following sonnet called "A Day of Love:"

"While Love's spell  
From his predominant presence doth compel  
All alien hours, an outworn populace,  
The hours of Love fill full the echoing space  
With sweet confederate music favorable."

Here, we suppose, if Mr. Rossetti, like Dante, were to translate himself, he would say he wished to express that the time was full of love; that he therefore represented Love expelling the memory of past hours from the present moment, the perfect delight of which he described by the image of music. But we think it clear that a feeling so simple can not be really intensified by so much elaboration and such remote imagery.

The practice of looking at every thing in an uncommon way extends itself to the commonest objects. A love-letter is thus addressed:

"Warmed by her hand and shadowed by her hair,  
As closed she leaned and poured her heart  
through thee,  
Whereof the articulate throbs accompany  
The smooth black stream that makes thy whiteness fair,  
Sweet fluttering sheet!"

Passing over the grammatical looseness of these lines, and making allowance for a lover's enthusiasm, we must say we have never known ink and paper apostrophized in terms of such elaborate and Oriental respect.

Obscurity of thought may sometimes be condoned in a mystical poet, but wherever his thought is clear in intention he has no excuse for not presenting it in the clearest language, especially when, like Mr. Rossetti, he opens his volume with the notice that nothing is included which is believed to be incomplete. What, then, are we to say of lines like these?

"Because our talk was of the cloud-control  
And moon-track of the journeying face of Fate.  
Her tremulous kisses faltered at love's gate,  
And her eyes dreamed against a distant goal."

When translated into English prose we suppose this means, "Our talk of the uncertainty of events made her kisses falter on her lips, while her eyes appeared to contemplate some distant goal." We see in fragments the metaphor by which the thought is conveyed, but to extract any clear image from the words in the first two lines is, we venture to say, a sheer impossibility. In the next sonnet, called "Parted Love," we read

"What shall be said of this embattled day,  
And armed occupation of this night,  
By all thy foes beleaguered—now when sight  
Nor sound denotes the loved one far away?  
Of these thy vanquished hours what shalt thou say—  
As every sense to which she dealt delight



Now labors lonely o'er the stark noon-height  
To reach the sunset's desolate disarray?"

How can we sympathize with a lonely lover, however weary of the time, who can not speak more plainly than this?

We have commented severely upon these sonnets because their defects appear to us considerably to exceed their merits. It would be unjust, however, to Mr. Rossetti to deny that his poetical qualities—and they are not mean—sometimes combine to produce a really happy result. The following sonnet is entitled "The Portrait:"

"O Lord of all compassionate control,  
O Love, let this my lady's picture glow  
Under my hand to praise thy name, and show  
Even of her inner self the perfect whole;  
That he who seeks her beauty's furthest goal,  
Beyond the light that the sweet glances throw,  
And reflux wave of the sweet smile, may  
know

The very sky and sealine of her soul.  
Lo! it is done. Above the long lithe throat  
The mouth's mould testifies of voice and kiss,  
The shadowed eyes remember and foresee.  
Her face is made her shrine. Let all men note  
That in all years (O Love, thy gift is this!)  
They that would look on her must come to me."

If "Lord of all compassionate control" is not one of the author's many affectations, it is, at any rate, not idiomatic English. "Long lithe throat" has rather too much of the jargon of the studio. But with these exceptions the sonnet seems to us as good as it can be. Appropriate symbolism is united to ingenious fancy, and expressed in language of natural feeling. It is a singular comment on the general tone of Mr. Rossetti's love poems, that as the expression in the portrait is appropriately made a revelation of the lady's soul, so the bodily traits of the lady herself are elsewhere exalted as revelations of the supreme and invisible Love. But in the former case the symbolism represents the glow of natural feeling; in the latter it is an unnatural conceit.

Mr. Rossetti's volume also contains several ballads, which are mostly exercises on remote subjects in a semi-antique style, generally ingenious and complete. One in particular, called "Sister Helen," deserves the praise due to poems of this class as being forcibly imagined and very dramatically contrived. The effect of the others is a little spoiled by their tiresome and unmeaning burdens.

We purpose to close our remarks on Mr. Rossetti's verse with some reflections on a poem which, we think, reveals charac-

teristically the incapacity of the literary poet to deal with contemporary themes in an effective and straightforward manner. "Jenny" is a poem on the subject of unfortunate women. A man is supposed to have accompanied a girl of this description to her house, where she falls asleep with her head on his knee, while he moralizes on her condition. The majority of the poets have, as we think, wisely, avoided subjects of this sort. But assuming that success might justify its treatment, one of the first elements of success is that the piece should be brief and forcible. "Jenny" is nearly 400 lines long. The metre at the opening reminds us of one which Mr. Browning uses with characteristic force, but which in Mr. Rossetti's hands soon degenerates into feeble octosyllabic verse. The thought throughout is pretentious but commonplace. The moralist, beginning with something like a rhapsody on the appearance of the girl as she lies asleep, wonders what she is thinking about; he then reflects that her sleep exactly resembles the sleep of a pure woman; her face he feels might serve a painter as the model of a Madonna. We are thus imperceptibly edged on into the author's favorite regions of abstraction:

"Yet, Jenny, looking long at you  
The woman almost fades from view.  
A cipher of man's changeless sum  
Of lust past, present, and to come  
Is left. A riddle that one shrinks  
To challenge from the scornful sphinx."

Exactly. So this profound philosopher, whose somewhat particular reflections on the charms of the sleeper have brought him at last face to face with the mystery of evil, coolly remarks—

"Come, come, what good in thoughts like this?"  
packs some gold into the girl's hair, and takes his leave. What good indeed? But why in that case, and if Mr. Rossetti had no power to deal otherwise with so painful a theme could he not have spared us an useless display of affected sentiment and impotent philosophy?

The style of the poem is as bad as the matter. Descriptions repulsively realistic are mixed up with imagery like that in Solomon's Song; the most familiar objects are described by the most unusual phrases; a London schoolboy, for instance, being called "a wise unchildish elf," while the similes are painfully far-fetched. The heart of the woman is said to be—

"Like a rose shut in a book  
 In which pure women may not look,  
 For its base pages claim control  
 To crush the flower within the soul;  
 Where through each dead rose-leaf that clings,  
 Pale as transparent psyche wings,  
 To the vile text, are traced such things  
 As might make lady's cheek indeed  
 More than a living rose to read;  
 So nought save foolish foulness may  
 Watch with hard eyes the sure decay;  
 And so the life-blood of this rose,  
 Puddled with shameful knowledge, flows  
 Through leaves no chaste hand may uncloze."

Affectation and obscurity make the application of this difficult enough. It will not, however, escape notice that the simile is radically false; for, whereas the point is that the woman's heart is alive in the midst of corruption, the rose in the book, to which the heart is compared, is dried and dead.

Without in any way affecting the character of a mystic, Mr. Morris withdraws himself, perhaps, even farther than Mr. Rossetti from all sympathy with the life and interest of his time:

"Of Heaven and Hell I have no power to sing,

I can not ease the burden of your fears,  
 Or make quick-coming death a little thing,  
 Or bring again the pleasures of past years,  
 Nor for my words shall ye forget your tears,  
 Or hope again for aught that I can say,  
 The idle singer of an empty day.

But rather, when aweary of your mirth  
 From full hearts still unsatisfied ye sigh,  
 And feeling kindly unto all the earth,  
 Grudge every minute as it passes by,  
 Made the more mindful that the sweet days  
 die,  
 Remember me a little then I pray,  
 The idle singer of an empty day.

The heavy trouble, the bewildering care,  
 That weigh us down who live and earn our bread,  
 These idle verses have no power to bear;  
 So let me sing of names remembered,  
 Because they, living not, can ne'er be dead,  
 Or long time take their memories away  
 From us poor singers of an empty day."

Such is Mr. Morris's apology for taking us back to a kind of mediæval legend for the scheme of his "Earthly Paradise." "Certain gentlemen and mariners of Norway having considered all that they had heard of the 'Earthly Paradise' set sail to find it, and, after many troubles, and the lapse of many years, came old men to some western land of which they had never before heard; there they died when they had dwelt there certain years much honored of the strange people." The

narrative of their wanderings is told with much grace and pathos. A proposal by a priest of the strange people that feasts should be instituted, for the wanderers to hear some of the tales of their Greek ancestors, connects the stories of the poem with the introduction. Mr. Morris ascribes his inspiration to Chaucer, but we think that the design of "The Earthly Paradise" bears much more resemblance to the "Decameron" than to "The Canterbury Tales." The characters are far more like the colorless ladies and gentlemen who left Florence during the plague, and serve so conveniently as narrators and audience of the Tales in the "Decameron," than Chaucer's vivacious company of pilgrims. At the end of each of Boccaccio's stories, his ladies "praise the tale," or "laugh very pleasantly," or "feel their cheeks suffused with blushes." In like manner Mr. Morris's wanderers "watch the shades of their dead hopes pass by," sit "silent, soft-hearted, and compassionate," or are "wrapped up in soft self-pity." We are never interested in their actions, as in the quarrel between the Frere and the Sompnoure; indeed it is clear that the racy incidents of real life would be out of place among his legendary shadows. The symmetrical division of the Tales by periods of time is after the manner of the "Decameron," but the institution of monthly feasts for the mere purpose of telling stories is a somewhat clumsy contrivance for connecting the tales with the introduction, and for giving the poet an excuse for a graceful prelude to every month of the year. In spite, however, of small blemishes, there is a beauty and completeness in the design of the "Earthly Paradise," which gives it a fine distinction among the crowd of chaotic fragments that darken modern literature.

Of the manner in which Mr. Morris has executed his task we can not speak with unmixed praise. In the first place, it is clear that he has expended his whole skill upon investing his poems with an antique air. The closeness with which he reproduces the effect of the old romance style in his loosely-constructed verse is often surprising as a poetical *tour de force*. A passage in the "Lovers of Gudrun," where Guest the seer watches the sons of Olaf bathing, strikes us as particularly noticeable; but there are many parts of his tales

and especially the openings, where the ancient simplicity has been imitated with great fidelity. In his description of nature, also, the out-of-door freshness and *naïveté* of the romances has been very happily caught.

His command of the ancient style has, however, been acquired at the cost of other qualities far more essential to real success in narrative. In delineation of character, vivacity of incident, and energy of versification, Mr. Morris shows himself either negligent or incapable. His poetical method may be contrasted not unfairly with that of Ariosto. Like that great poet, he professedly appears "in raiment clad of stories oft besung." Ariosto's style, however, is extremely idiomatic, and generally ironical. Yet, though no revivalist, and while looking on the marvels of Turpin's Chronicle with the eye of a humorist, he had a poet's appreciation of all that was noble in the idea of chivalry. Mr. Morris, on the other hand, while trying above all things to tell his stories in the language of romance, often misses the romantic spirit; indeed, so far is he from feeling it, that he is forever breathing into his Neo-Gothic verse the expression of that decrepit love-longing, which is the peculiar product of modern poetry. There is nothing heroic about his heroes. They perform great deeds, it is true, because the old stories so represent them; but the only adventures in which Mr. Morris shows any interest are their love affairs. Thus when Perseus falls in with Andromeda, several pages are taken up with a recital of all that they felt and said; but when the sea-monster appears, he is dispatched in as many lines. Perseus is armed with the Gorgon's head, a weapon of such tremendous power, that he ought to have felt it should be used only on great occasions; yet he employs it on the least provocation, and against the most ignoble foes, merely, as it appears, that Mr. Morris may have the pleasure of conducting him back as quickly as possible to the embraces of Andromeda. Ruggiero, in the "Orlando Furioso," has a similar enchanted shield, but he keeps it carefully under cover, and when on one occasion he gains the victory, by the accidental removal of the case, he flings the shield into a well. Even the lovers in Mr. Morris's stories do not command our respect. In the "Lovers of Gudrun," perhaps the best story of the

collection, our sympathy is claimed for Kiartan, who is deprived of his mistress by the treachery of his friend. In the old story we should probably feel compassion for such a man; for, though the knights of romance are by no means immaculate, their infidelities are generally lightly passed over in the *naïve* simplicity of the narrative. But how can we waste our sympathy on Mr. Morris's soft-hearted lover, who loiters in Norway, scarcely sending a meagre message to Gudrun, while he amuses himself with the king's sister Ingibiorg, who

"More than well  
Began to love him, and he let her love,  
Saying withal that naught at all might move  
His heart from Gudrun; and for very sooth  
He might have held that word; and yet for  
ruth  
And a soft pleasure that he might not name,  
All unrebuked he let her soft eyes claim  
Kindness from his?"

More tiresome still is Acontius. This youth having fallen in love with a lady whom he has just seen "through half-shut eyes," learns to his horror that she is to be sacrificed to Diana. Yet though he afterwards sees her twice, he has never the heart to speak to her, much less to effect her escape. It is characteristic of Mr. Morris, that after a thousand lines filled with languishing and lamentation, without one act of courage or ingenuity on his part, this most detestable of lovers, through the intervention of Venus, is rewarded by the hand of the beautiful Cydippe.

The heroines of the tales, on the other hand, are as forward as the heroes are languid. We have no objection to their falling in love at first sight—though the occasional appearance of some shrewish Katharine would certainly be a relief—but it appears to us that their unconcealed complaisance would have disenchant-ed any lovers more particular than Mr. Morris's. Even Aslaug, fostered in the rudest retirement, on the appearance of a ship off her coast, speculates whether "the great lord" to whom it belongs will fall in love with her. Mr. Morris, in fact, seems to think that shame and reserve are qualities incompatible with simplicity. Yet he might remember that Homer's Nausicaa, on approaching her father's town with Ulysses in her wagon, bids him leave her, lest she should provoke comment by appearing in the company of a stranger.

Again, the author has the very slenderest appreciation of the value of incident. This is not the fault of his originals. Both the Greek and the Norse legends have their full complement of the marvelous, but for the marvelous Mr. Morris cares nothing. We confess that we approached these stories with delighted expectation. The reappearance of the dragon in poetry, and in the face of a skeptical age, is an event which all readers of poetry should welcome. We recalled the spirit-stirring combat between Ruggiero and the Ork, and the magnificent description of the dragon in the first book of the "Faery Queen." But Mr. Morris can not "see" a dragon, much less can his dragons fight. When the Chimæra appears, the messenger who reports it to King Jobates confesses to having been so frightened as to be unable to say what it was like. When Mr. Morris himself has to describe the sea-beast killed by Perseus, this is all he has to say of him:

"He beholding Jove's son drawing near  
A huge black fold against him did uprear,  
Maned with a hairy tuft, as some old tree  
Hung round with moss in lands where vapors be!"

It excites neither surprise nor admiration that this most feeble and incapable monster should succumb beneath one whisk of the hero's magic sword.

Lastly, the natural languor of Mr. Morris's style makes his verse at once diffuse and tedious. An incurable habit of gossiping causes him to loiter in his narratives, when he should be swift and stirring. If one of his heroes, say the man born to be a King, sets out on a journey of life and death, we are told all that he thought about, whether the apples that he saw were ripe, and how many old women he passed, going to market. If a princess has occasion to look out of a window, Mr. Morris peeps to see what sort of a carpet she is standing on; and when he has married a pair of lovers in the middle of a story, he pauses to breathe a tearful blessing after them, telling them to make the most of their time, as they will probably some day grow tired of each other's company, and at any rate they will have to die.

This tendency to diffuseness is encouraged by the metre of the poems. The heroic couplet, properly so called with all its proved capacities, is set aside in favor of the elementary style of Chaucer, who, if he were now alive, would be the first to

own that the noble metre which he invented had received its last development from later hands. But Mr. Morris is far more diffuse than Chaucer himself. The latter, though he does not observe the couplet, rarely makes a break in the middle of a line, so that his rhymes are clearly marked. Mr. Morris, on the other hand, writes by sentences, and, as his chief aim is to give each sentence an archaic turn, his verse resembles old prose with incidental rhymes. In this way his rhymes become useless not only as points of rhetoric, but as points of limitation. We select a passage at random to illustrate our meaning.

"So Bodli nothing loth went every day  
When so they would to make the lovers gay,  
When so they would to get him gone, that these  
Even with such yearning looks their souls might  
    please  
As must be spoken, but sound folly still  
To aught but twain, because no tongue hath skill  
To tell their meaning. Kinder, Kiartan deemed,  
Grew Bodli day by day, and ever seemed  
Well nigh as happy as the happy twain,  
And unto Bodli life seemed nought but gain,  
And fair the days were."

The octosyllabic metre, with its inherent facility, does not become vigorous in the hands of Mr. Morris, nor can we approve of his revival of the seven-line stanza, after its long supersession by the Spenserian stanza. It is in this measure, however, we think, that Mr. Morris writes best; indeed, when obliged to consider the ways and means of metre, he shows that he can be concise and forcible enough. The following stanza describes the feelings of Atalanta at her first interview with Milanion before the race:

"What mean these longings, vague, without a  
    name,  
And this vain pity never felt before,  
This sudden languor, this contempt of fame,  
This tender sorrow for the time past o'er,  
These doubts that grow each minute more and  
    more?"

Why does she tremble as the time draws near,  
And weak defeat and woful victory fear?"

In the graceful epilogue to *The Earthly Paradise*, Mr. Morris sends forth his book to find the spirit of Chaucer, who, he says, will understand and sympathize with his attempt

"to lay  
The ghosts that crowd about life's empty day."

We confess we do not think that Chaucer, however gratified he might be with Mr. Morris's preference and real apprecia-



tion, would at all sanction his method of laying ghosts. Of all poets Chaucer shows the most vigorous enjoyment of the activity and incident of life, from which his fastidious scholar so delicately withdraws himself. With his quick perception of character and his genial humor, we believe that the father of our poetry would never have found the present a mere "empty day." Such a phrase might characterize the society that existed at Rome under the latter empire, where all the springs of political and social life were dried. But a nation like England, whose historical fame is still recent, and whose liberties are not extinct, does not subside at once into such a state of torpor as the expression indicates. It is true that the picturesqueness of life that marked the period of Chaucer, has almost entirely disappeared; it is true also that other arts like those of journalism and novel-writing have done much to supersede poetry in the representation of national manners; yet after all deductions, enough remains of passion in politics, and individuality in character to give opportunities to the poet who knows how to seize them. That the opportunities have not been seized argues, we think, less the emptiness of the day, than the incapacity of the poets.

The failure of the literary poets to appreciate the active life of their time, as well as the affectations of thought and language that are such blemishes in their poetry, are due, we think, to two main causes, the exaggerated estimate which the poets have formed of their function, and the arbitrary standard of diction which they affect. Throughout this century there has been a growing disposition among the poets to separate themselves into an exclusive clique, whose sympathies and perceptions are supposed to be quite distinct from those of the vulgar. This aristocratic feeling was first exhibited by one, who would certainly be the first to condemn the practice of those who now push his principles to absurd extremes. "The poet," says Wordsworth, "is a man endowed with more lively sensibility, more enthusiasm, and tenderness, who has a greater knowledge of human nature, and a more comprehensive soul, than are supposed to be common among mankind—a man pleased with his own passions and volitions, who rejoices more than other men in the spirit of life that is in him," etc., etc. The outcome of the

preface which contain these words is, that the purpose of this highly gifted being is the expression of truth, the poet being in fact above all things an inspired philosopher. Wordsworth's definition, so far from being exhaustive, is, we think, extremely particular. It altogether subordinates the qualities of the poet, as a master of language, to his qualities as a man. The description would serve but as a very faint likeness of writers like Juvenal, Dryden, or even Byron, while on the other hand it is, especially in the latter words, a very exact portrait of a poet of the Lake School. A more aristocratic definition could not have been framed, for, in spite of Wordsworth's subsequent appeal to the judgment of the people, it is clear that a poet who rated his own powers so highly, would never consent to be bound by a popular decision, except when it was in his favor. And so it has turned out. The poet now exhibits a morbid sensitiveness to any thing like a questioning examination of his utterances.

"Vex not thou the poet's mind,  
For thou canst not fathom it,"

says Mr. Tennyson. Strange as it seems, the gifts of the *sacer vates*, "the sacred madness of the bard," genuine enough in the early stages of society, when the atmosphere is charged with an electric credulity, are now reasserted in the face of a skeptical civilization. Yet, as if to furnish another example of the tendency of an advanced age to develop both extremes of faith and unbelief, it is certain that the cultivated society of the present day is disposed to allow the most despotic pretensions of the poet. The critics above all, who on the appearance of new ideas among the poets greeted them with a savage roaring, have been reduced to a state of lamb-like meekness. Nay, more, those who were once judges, who were so suddenly converted into enemies, have with equal rapidity been transformed into partisans. The critic's function is now no longer to decide, but to interpret or to flatter, and there is no poet of mark, who has not a crowd of devotees skillful as commentators in explaining his meaning, and ready as courtiers to give his poems the preference over all that are past, present, and probably to come. In this way not only are the decisions of common sense endangered, but even the distinctions between right and wrong run a risk of being confounded. If

a poet is hopelessly obscure, he is of course proportionately profound. This signifies little; but it is a very different matter that when he blasphemes religion, he should have sober-minded admirers who can scarcely find it in their hearts to blame his excessive zeal in the cause of progress; or that his outrages upon decency, however cold-blooded and systematic, should be excused as the passing intemperance of youthful ardor.

We believe that the faith in modern poets as superior beings is based upon the extraordinary difference between their language and that in general use. Language has prodigious influence over the mind in every stage of society, and in the disguise of new and ingenious words, the baldest platitude may be received with honor, and a fallacy a thousand times exploded may reappear with small danger of immediate detection. The oracle at Delphi owed much of its influence to the remoteness and ambiguity of its answers; and in the same way the "bard" sees his advantage in saying a thing, not only as it has never been said before, but as no one else would have been likely to think of saying it. Wordsworth, it is true, rested his whole estimate of the poet on his superiority as a man, and considered diction and metre of such merely secondary importance, that he proposed to divest poetry of all ornament by modeling his style as near as possible on the simple language in use in the rural districts. But, as if to show how completely he was at fault in assigning this subordinate position to language, the practice of almost every one of his distinguished successors has been to elaborate a "poetic diction" far more unlike nature than that which he himself attacked. The whole range of Mr. Tennyson's poems shows a progressive series of ingenious experiments on language. Every work of Mr. Swinburne's is a succession of daring explorations in metre. Yet neither the language of the one poet, nor the versification of the other is a true reflection of the actions or passions of the men among whom they live. To alter the accentuation of words in common use,\* to speak of "rich enow," instead of "rich enough," to call a mer-

chant bark "a drommond," these are examples of "poetic diction" much more glaring than stray lines of classical pedantry, such as—

"Golden Phoebus lifts his reddening fires,"

for which Wordsworth ridicules Gray. Yet licenses of this kind are frequent in Mr. Rossetti's poems, and go far to make up the entire style of Mr. Morris. It is the aim of the literary school on all occasions to display instead of concealing their art; nor can we better characterize their manner than by employing the words in which Wordsworth condemns the pedantic imitators of the classics in the eighteenth century. "These are poets who think that they are conferring honor on themselves and their art, in proportion as they separate themselves from the sympathies of men, and indulge in arbitrary and capricious habits of expression, in order to furnish food for fickle tastes and fickle appetites of their own creation."†

That there is, however, such a thing as "poetical diction," distinguishable from the language of prose, we ourselves have no doubt; indeed it is our opinion that it is this which is the essential characteristic of the poet. We take it to be the general function of a poet to find expression for the thoughts and actions of the men among whom he lives, and this he must do by so economizing and elevating the idioms of speech in ordinary use, that the reader may at once seem himself to have experienced what is described, and acknowledge that it has been described in the best possible way. Examples of such phraseology are to be found in the writings of Pope, Dryden, and Byron. Pope's character of Atticus is a splendid instance of poetic diction, yet so carefully is the art concealed, so closely does it resemble the language in which men usually communicate their thoughts, that it seems at first sight scarcely more than a spontaneous effort of nature. It is only when we perceive the perfect precision of each word, the nice balance of phrases, and the happy turns of natural rhetoric, which are brought out by

\* What are we to say to Mr. Rossetti's new pronunciation of "Haymarket?"

"Everywhere, be it dry or wet,  
And market-night in the Haymarket."

† In his recently published poem, "The last Tournament," Mr. Tennyson still continues to indulge in archaic and curiously formed words. Such expressions as "a carcanet of ruby," "white samit," "Lancelot's langorous mood," "swine enow," "wan enow," "ruby-circled neck," "glossy-throated grace," are samples of his favorite poetic diction.

the pauses of metre, that we understand why such a consummate masterpiece of language could never have been achieved in prose. To produce such a result required, not only a comprehensive knowledge of the world, but a careful study of English poetical diction in the various stages where it had been taken up by successive masters. The literary poet, on the other hand, aims first of all at being strikingly original; his purpose is to produce a perfectly novel effect of language. He seems to believe that he has the same control over language as the sculptor over marble. Yet even the sculptor is to some extent at the mercy of his material, and must abandon his work if the marble has a fault. Far less liberty has the poet. For language is not like marble the lifeless product of Nature, but a living stream that rises in man, and is altered and augmented by all the fluctuations of human genius. Its bed is the life of a nation, and though its course may be partially guided by the ingenuity of in-

dividuals, it is the national character which works out the main channel, and bears on the surface the colors of the religion, the history, and the manners of the people. He who would employ the copious volume of its waters, must obediently keep pace with the stages of its flow. He who, desiring the fresh clearness of the early stream, retraces his steps to divert the water at the source, will soon find his artificial runnels shallow and dry. He, on the other hand, who with bolder genius opposes the full body of the stream, and seeks to bend it into a bed of his own making, may, perhaps, excite astonishment for a moment by the grandeur of his experiments and his apparent triumph over the elements. But the laws of Nature will reassert themselves; the river of language will make its own way; and though his work may remain as a prodigy of art, it will have given no lasting aid towards guiding and distributing the bounty of the waters.

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#### WANDERINGS IN JAPAN.

##### I

THE rainy season was over, but not the rain. It had been an unusually wet year, even for Japan, and we, the inhabitants of the plain of Yedo, had been living in the midst of mire and slosh not to be described. Stewed for weeks in a moist, unhealthy heat, shaving-tackle, knives, and guns were covered with rust unpleasant to the touch; boots and shoes bore a rich crop of unwholesome fungus; and such portions of our crazy wood-and-paper built cottages as had been spared by the violence of a recent typhoon smelt of mold and damp: the very people one met in the streets looked mildewed and sodden, as if being hung out to dry would have done them, as well as their clothes, a world of good. It was evident that, for health's sake, a trip to the hills had become necessary, and accordingly I determined to make a start of it.

Being anxious to make my trip a means of collecting some of the old legends with which the country along which my route lay abounds, I persuaded a native scholar in my employ, named Shiraki, to come with me. He being a Samurai, or man of

gentle blood, did not like to confess that he was no horseman, and having ascertained that he could procure a confidential nag of quiet manners, given neither to kicking, shying nor running away, put a bold face upon the matter, and professed delight at the idea. As for my Chinese servant, Lin Fu, I felt no uneasiness on his score; he was as adaptable as moist clay, and whether riding on an ordinary saddle or on a pack-horse, or pinched up in a native palanquin, he was equally at home and equally happy. My groom and three of the Bettégumi, a native corps raised some years back to escort, protect, and spy upon foreigners, completed the party. Stay—I had forgotten one most important companion, at any rate the one that created the greatest sensation by the way, and the only one besides myself that understood English—my dog Lion, a black retriever of great beauty, born of English parents some eighteen months back in this distant land. As he went frisking and gamboling along the road, the women and children would cry out in astonishment, "Oya! oya! Look at the barbarian and his 'Come-here!' *Kirai da ne!* What a pretty crea-

ture!" The Japanese believe that "Come-here" is English for a dog, for when our countrymen first reached Japan, they brought dogs with them, and hearing them call out, "Come-here! Come-here!" when their pets strayed, the natives took it into their heads that "Come-here!" could mean nothing but dog.

Traveling westward along the great high-road, and leaving the port of Yokohama on our left, we halted for the night at the village of Totsuka, some four-and-twenty miles from Yedo. Having seen my horse rubbed down and bedded, I strolled out to smoke a cheroot. The day's work being over, the country-folk were standing about their doors in picturesque groups—the men for the most part naked to the waist, and fresh from the bath, the women almost always tidy, and sometimes even smart—enjoying the cool of the evening and chatting away in eager idleness, bestowing little or no notice upon the foreigner, whose presence among them has during the last ten years become a matter of familiarity; in sad contrast to their cheery rest, the unhappy inmates of the village stew were bedizening and painting themselves for the night, and sitting down wearily at the open window to attract the attention of travelers. At one of these high-road pleasure-houses, by the by, I once saw a very melancholy sight; an unhappy girl, driven to despair in her loathing of the life to which she had been sold, had contrived to make her escape, in spite of the argus-eyed watching of her owner; she was caught and brought back, and to punish her, having been beaten and ill-used, she was bound hand and foot and exposed in that condition in the front of the house, as a warning to those of her mates who might attempt to follow her example. Turning down a country lane, I came upon a rustic scene of no little beauty. In the foreground was a farmhouse, warmly thatched and cosy-looking, in front of which Miss O Hana, the Flower, was drawing water at the well and exchanging a friendly greeting with the laborious Genkichi, who, hoe on shoulder, was trudging home from his work in the fields. Round and about the house were rich groves of fir and pine, cryptomeria and bamboo, and among these ran a mound, called, as such hillocks usually are, after Fuji Yama the Peerless Mountain, commanding a noble view over hill and

vale, richly endowed by nature, and turned to good account by the handiwork of man. Every available square foot of land is made to bear its tribute of rice, millet, buckwheat, or vegetables, and the hill-sides are richly clothed with valuable timber. For the Japanese husbandman is a hard-working and industrious soul, toiling early and late, chiefly to make sure the rice-crop, of which he, poor man, may scarcely get a taste. *Sic vos non vobis!* He must content himself with coarse fare—millet, buckwheat, and a piece of salted turnip-radish for a relish.

Having given time for Lin Fu to arrive with the coolies bearing the baggage, unpack the same and prepare my dinner—for on the journey he, handiest of men, is cook, and no mean cook either, in addition to his other functions—I return to mine inn to take such ease as may be found where there are neither tables, nor chairs, nor beds. The mats, soft indeed and white (but *nimum ne crede colori*) serve all purposes: on them we squat and eat; on them we lie down and sleep, when the fleas, exceptionally hungry and poisonous, with which they swarm, will allow us a few moment's respite.

*October 7th.*—The clouds that had been gathering round the mountain-tops the night before were still hanging gloomily over the landscape when I awoke and looked out. A threatening, ugly morning. However, it wanted three good hours yet of our starting-time, so I squatted down and tried to write some letters, intending to send a man to catch the mail at Yokohama. But cramp interfered with iron hand—for it is no easy matter to write sitting on the floor without desk or table—and the letters which reached home by that ship were of the briefest.

At nine o'clock, after I had finished my breakfast of tea and eggs, Shiraki came in to say that horses and men were ready. A shout of *O Dekaké!*—"the Imperial going forth"—is raised by Shiraki and taken up in chorus by landlord, guards, maids, coolies, and all the idle folk about the inn, and out I stalk, walking through a perfect avenue of obeisances with a feeling of shyness which not even long use of eastern courtesies has sufficed to remove. Now a Japanese can always look dignified under these circumstances, having a signal advantage indeed over the European; for he who would occupy the best rooms at a



Japanese inn must take off his boots on entering the house, out of respect for the mats, which it would be treason to sully; and I hold it to be very difficult for a man to appear at his ease, listening to a whole string of obsequious compliments while he is struggling into a pair of butcher boots; while a Japanese shuffles on his sandals, which are handed to him by his sandal-bearer kneeling, and mounts his horse with the most supreme indifference, leaving his host and the myrmidons of the inn still singing the imperial praises.

We now left the great high-road, and struck off to the left into a country lane. The rains had left the roads in a sad state. The horses could hardly struggle through the deep mire of thick holding clay out of which they drew their hoofs with a noise as of sucking. The little Japanese ponies managed pretty well; but my own beast, a heavy, big boned Australian, sank up to his knees nearly at every step, and I was forced to dismount and lead him—much to the joy of my friend Shiraki, who was glad enough of an excuse to follow my example. In this manner we slipped and slid along for about seven miles of lovely scenery, hill and dale, rice-fields, (the crop, alas! not ripening,) and woodland. Many a shrine or holy niche stands by the wayside or crowns some picturesque hilltop, to which a flight of steps ascends. Nothing can be prettier than the scenery of these valleys. They are on a small scale, it is true, and it may be said against them that each dell is to the last as one Dromio is to the other; but they are so bright and green, and the banks between which they lie are so charmingly wooded, with such varied tints in the foliage, (especially while the autumn glory of the maples lasts,) that the eye never wearies of looking upon them.

Among these hills lies the site of the ancient city of Kamakura, which we presently reach.

In the middle of the seventh century of our era there lived a certain prince whose name was Kamadari. He was the most powerful noble of his day and in high favor at court. Now it happened that, having been sent by the Emperor to undertake a pilgrimage to the shrine of Kashima in the province of Shimōsa, he rested by the way at the village of Yui in Sagami, and as he slept he dreamt a dream, in which he was miraculously warned to go and

bury the precious sickle, (*kama*), which was the badge of his name, at the pine mount on Mount Okura. This he did in obedience to the warning which he had received, and from that time forth the name of the place was changed from Okura (the great storehouse) to Kamakura, (or the sickle storehouse,) from *kama*, a sickle, and *kura*, a place of safety, or storehouse.

Prince Kamadari, who traced his descent in direct line to the gods, died in the year 669 A.D. Immediately before his death the Emperor visited him in person, and conferred upon him the family name of Fujiwara and the dignity of Tajikwan, an honor which had never been given before and has never been given since. For Kamadari had rendered great and signal service to the empire in former years by ridding it of a certain minister named Isuka, who, during the reign of the Empress Kōgoku, (642–644 A.D.,) had usurped the power and contrived to make himself a kind of dictator in the land.

After their father's death the sons of Kamadari came to great honor. From the eldest son sprang the five families in which were hereditarily vested the offices of *Kwambaku*, or Prime Minister of the Mikado, and *Sesshō*, or Regent, during the Mikado's minority, both of which offices, by the by, have been abolished under the new political system which began in 1868. The second son was appointed governor of the eight provinces of Kwantō,\* and took up his residence here at Kamakura, which from that time forth until the 16th century became the military capital of the eastern division of the empire. When the family of Hōjō became all-powerful in the land, they transferred the seat of the government of the east to their own castle-town of Odawara at the foot of the Hakoné range of mountains, and Kamakura gradually fell into ruins. It is now a mere district consisting of thirteen villages, and, excepting the temples, not a trace remains of its former splendor. This is to be accounted for by the ephemeral character of Japanese houses, which being built of wood and paper, once having fallen are swept away and no more seen. If the city of Yedo, vast as it is, were to be abandoned and allowed to go to rack and ruin, fifty

\* Kwantō, or "East of the Barrier," is the name given to the provinces of Musashi, Sagami, Awa, Kadzusa, Shimōsa, Hitachi, Kōtsuke and Shimōtsuké.

years hence the walls of the castle, and, perhaps, a temple or two would probably be the only vestiges left to mark its site.

It being my purpose to spend a couple of days among the groves and holy places of Kamakura, I put up at the not too clean inn which is at the foot of the great temple of Hachiman. A fat, good-natured Maritorne, sore afflicted with the national complaint, the itch, prepared a cup of tea, and having set before us certain thin, greasy biscuits something like wafers, announced that the Nanushi, or mayor of the village, was anxious to come and pay us a visit. Right glad was I to bid Shiraki go and welcome his worship, for he had been described to me as a perfect storehouse of old world lore, knowing and loving every stone and nook within his jurisdiction, of which he would willingly do the honors, thereby saving me from the clutches of a certain guide, an old man of the sea, a bore of bores, cursed with that peculiar droning voice which is the characteristic of the professed cicerone all the world over.

Enter the mayor, a neat, cleanly shaved old man, modestly dressed, as becomes his station, in the plain grey taffachelass robe worn by the middle class, his dirk being politely left outside the door. Down he goes on his knees and head, drawing a long hissing breath in token of respect.

"Sa! Shiraki! call for some tea," (Shiraki claps his hands,) "and offer our guest cheroot."

"Thank you, sir, thank you! this is indeed difficult to obtain. Interesting, truly interesting," says the mayor, twisting about the cheroot in his fingers. But he does not like it all the same, and after painfully smoking a puff or two he knocks out the fire, and having rolled up the end in a bit of paper, stows it away in his bosom to be taken home as a curiosity.

"Well, Mr. Mayor, we've come all this way to see the 'meisho,' the lions of Kamakura, and under the shadow of so famous an antiquary we looked forward to much enjoyment."

"Nay, nay, sir! I am but a dull old fellow, a very rusty blade; still if you will condescend to accept my poor guidance, I shall be glad of the honor of offering myself as your pilot."

And so we sally forth from our inn, the good mayor leading the way.

The chief of the sites of Kamakura is

the glorious old temple of Hachiman. Its groves, lotus ponds, stone stairs, heavy-eaved shrines, rich with relics of by-gone ages, Albino horses sacred to the gods, uncanny pink-eyed beasts, waxing fat upon the beans offered by pious pilgrims; all these have been described by every traveler that has visited the spot, nor need I dwell upon their beauties or oddities here. My object is chiefly to set before future travelers, in as intelligible a manner as possible, a few notes which may enable them to appreciate the interest which attaches to places along a route which they are sure to follow.

The latter half of the 12th century was one of the most important epochs of Japanese history, for during that time raged the war between the rival houses of Gen and Hei, (a civil war with which our own wars of the Roses may in some sense be compared,) which ended in the victory of the House of Gen, of which Minamoto no Yoritomo was the chief. When he had conquered his enemies and made himself all powerful in the land, he established himself at Kamakura, which he made the military capital of Japan, and shortly afterwards, in the year 1192, he was created Sei I Tai Shogun, or Barbarian-repressing Commander-in-chief, being the first who held that title, which foreigners call more shortly "Tycoon." From that time forth until the year 1868, the Emperor, or Mikado, became a cypher, the executive being in the hands of his commander-in-chief, and so it was that we heard many fallacies about spiritual and temporal emperors.

In those days there stood at a place called Tsurugaoka, at Yui, a certain ancient temple in honor of the Emperor Ojin, deified as the God of War, whom the Buddhists have identified as their own Mars, Hachiman, not on account of any deeds of daring he performed by himself, but because it was when she was with child, before bringing him into the world, that his mother, the famous Empress Jingô, conquered the Koreans in the third century A.D., having first girt herself up and miraculously delayed her confinement until she had gained the mastery over her enemies. This shrine, in the year 1191, Yoritomo caused to be removed to his own capital at Kamakura, where it was established in its present site.

Three gods are specially worshipped at

the temple. First and foremost, occupying the place of honor in the centre shrine, at the head of the steps, is the god Hachiman. On the right is an altar dedicated to his mother the Empress Jingô, and on the left is another altar, sacred to the Princess Onaka. I have before me now one of the rude prints of the god Hachiman which are sold on the spot; he is represented as a fierce warrior, with very slanting eyes, with a beard and mustache grotesquely trimmed, bearing a bow and arrows, and clad, not, as might have been expected, in armor, but in the flowing robes and quaint cap which make up the costume of the court. On the left of the chief shrine is a lesser one, in honor of a hero called Takénouchi Sukuné, a warrior who accompanied the Empress Jingô in her expedition to Corea, and afterwards served her by ridding her of a pretender to the throne. He has been canonized as Kôra Miyôjin, or Tamadaré no Kami. The two gods on the left and right of the gate are called Toyoiwamado and Kushiwamado; they are deities of the Shintô, or indigenous religion of the country, which is a form of hero-worship. The main shrine is in the centre of a square, the three sides of which are occupied by small altars, in which are laid up sacred litters for the gods and relics, such as swords, portions of garments, pieces of armor, and other like curiosities, which belonged to Yoritomo, Yorituné, Takauji, and other heroes of the brave old days.

All this portion of the temple was burnt down about forty years ago, and rebuilt, but the pagoda and other sacred buildings below the grand stone steps are ancient. Although built of wood, they have been continually kept in repair, so that they stand now as they stood in the time of the splendor of Yoritomo.

On the left-hand side the steps are overshadowed by a tree of venerable aspect, of the species called Ichô (*Salisburia adiamtifolia*, Hepburn's *Dict.*)—a tree of bloody memory, for under it was committed one of those crimes which stain the history of the Middle Ages in all countries.

In the year 1199 Yoritomo died, leaving behind him two sons, Yoriyê and Sanétomo. The elder of these two, Yoriyê, a youth eighteen years of age, succeeded his father as lord over the warriors of the country; but he was a foolish prince, and gave himself up to debauchery and drunkenness,

being encouraged in his evil courses by his mother's father, Hôjô Tokimasa, who seized upon the real power. Two years later the Emperor invested Yoriyê with the full rank of Shogun, which had been held by his father, but none the less did Tokimasa continue to be master. Yoriyê chafed under the yoke that was put upon him, and the city of Kamakura was distraught by plots and counterplots, the Shogun being the head of one faction, while his mother and great-grandfather led the other. Not a little bloodshed ensued, and, among the victims, Yoriyê's infant son was put to death by his own grandfather. Shortly after this outrage, Tokimasa spread a report that the Shogun was conspiring against his life, and having seized the person of Yoriyê, he forced him to shave his head and retire from the world into the priesthood. Nor was his vengeance yet satisfied, for in the following year he sent a man-at-arms to the Temple where Yoriyê abode, with orders to kill him; and the man having watched his opportunity, cast a rope about the neck of the former Shogun as he lay in his bath, and strangled him. In this way he died, being only twenty-three years of age.

Yoriyê was succeeded by his younger brother Sanétomo, a boy twelve years of age, who dwelt in his grandfather's palace and issued his commands thence, so that Tokimasa lost none of his former power. This, however, did not content him, for he was minded to kill Sanétomo, that he might set in his place his son-in-law, who had married his favorite daughter. But this time the mother of the Shogun, instead of siding with her father, protected her child, and having discovered the plot, removed Sanétomo from his grandfather's palace, and placed him under the care of her brother Yoshitoki. In the struggle for the power which ensued, the army declared itself on the side of the young Shogun, and the old man Tokimasa was banished to the village of Hôjô, in the province of Idzu, whence the family took its origin and name. Now, Sanétomo was a gentle and weakly youth, who loved the company of men of letters, and passed his days and nights drinking wine and writing poetry, and the Shogun being steeped in these pursuits, his minister and uncle waxed more and more powerful, and ruled the Empire in his name.

The former Shogun, Yoriyê, had left

one son, who, after various attempts had been made on his behalf to seize upon his father's power, had entered the priesthood at Kiyôto, taking, at the same time, the name of Kugiyô. In the year 1218 this Kugiyô came to Kamakura, where, in spite of the intrigues of which he had been the head, he was received honorably, and made Abbot of the Temple of Hachiman. But he was not contented with his lot, for the imprisonment and murder of his father still rankled in his breast, and he looked with an evil eye upon his uncle the Shogun Sanétomo, biding his time that he might be revenged.

Now, it happened that in the tenth month of this same year, Sanétomo received from the Emperor the dignity of *Udai-jin*, or grand minister of the right, and in the first month of the year 1219, he determined to go in solemn state to the Temple of Hachiman to return thanks to the gods for this favor, having chosen by divination the hour of eight in the evening of the 27th day as an auspicious moment for his purpose. Before leaving his palace he caused his wife, a daughter of the House of Hada, to comb and dress his hair; as she was doing this, a hair fell out and he picked it up and gave it to his wife, saying with a laugh, "Take this in memory of me."

So he went out with a thousand knights in his train, and his uncle and minister Yoshitoki followed him, bearing his sword. Just as they were about to enter the temple, Yoshitoki was seized with a sudden sickness, so he handed the sword of the Shogun to another noble, and returned home. In the meanwhile, Sanétomo, having bidden the rest of his train to remain outside, entered the temple attended only by his sword-bearer; and when he had made an end of praying and giving thanks he descended the steps of the temple, and as he went down, a man sprang out from behind a tree on one side, and brandishing a sword, cut down the Shogun and his sword-bearer, whose heads he carried away. It was now black night, and both within and without the temple there arose a great confusion and uproar; none could tell who had done the deed, until a loud voice was heard crying out, "I am Kugiyô!"

Then Kugiyô, bearing the head of Sanétomo, fled and went to the house of another priest, where he ate some food; but even while he ate his hand never loosened its hold upon the head of the Shogun.

Now, Sanétomo was twenty-eight years of age when he died by the hand of his nephew. At this time, Kugiyô had as his disciple a youth of tender years, the son of a friend of his; so he sent this boy home and bade him ask his father for counsel and help. But this man deceived Kugiyô, saying that he would go forth with a company of soldiers to meet him; and having sent this message, he privily reported the matter to Yoshitoki, who bade him take upon himself the duty of punishing the murderer of the Shogun. Acting upon these orders, the false friend sent a trusty fellow with five stalwart men-at-arms to do the deed. In the meantime, Kugiyô, who had waited in vain for the soldiers that had been promised him, had crossed a high mound which is at the back of the Temple of Hachiman, and was on his way to his friend's house when he fell in with the six men who had been sent to slay him. A desperate fight arose, but Kugiyô being overpowered, was killed, and his head was sent to Yoshitoki.

On the following day the Shogun Sanétomo was buried with great pomp, and as his head could not be found, the single hair which he had jestingly left with his wife was buried in its stead. His grave may still be seen at the Temple of Jinfu-kuji.

This was the end of the dynasty of Shoguns founded by Yoritomo; only two of his descendants succeeded him, and the three only ruled for twenty-seven years.

Now, the great Ichô tree, which may be seen to the left of the steps to this day, is the very tree behind which Kugiyô hid himself to lie in wait for the Shogun Sanétomo. So say tradition and my good friend the Mayor of Kamakura.

On the right hand side of the steps as you go up is the *Waka-Miya*, or "younger shrine," which was erected in honor of the deified Emperor Nintoku, the son and successor of Ojin, or Hachiman, a prince who made himself famous in history by a mild and loving reign. But the shrine is rendered more interesting by an episode in the life of the great Shogun Yoritomo.

During the long and terrible wars which ended in his mastery over the Empire, Yoritomo's best friend and ablest lieutenant was his brother Yoshitsuné. Later in life, however, the poison of slander came between them, and Yoritomo's heart was



turned against his brother by the guile of a treacherous friend. But fortune was on the side of the elder brother, and Yoshitsuné was compelled to fly to the northern provinces, whence he went over to the island of Yézo, and, as some say, crossed to the mainland. However that may be, his end is shrouded in mystery.

Now, among the ladies of Yoshitsuné was a certain woman called Shidzuka Gozen, whose rare beauty and skill in dancing have passed into a household word. When Yoshitsuné was hiding in the north, Yoritomo, knowing the love that his brother bore to Shidzuka Gozen, sent for her, and having taken his seat with his courtiers at the Younger Shrine of the Temple of Hachiman, bade her dance and play before him; and after she had finished dancing, Yoritomo asked her to reveal Yoshitsuné's whereabouts. But she either knew not his hiding-place or was true to her trust, and neither threat nor persuasion availed to open her lips. Hence it is that men still point to the Younger Shrine and tell how Yoritomo sat there in great state, but with all his pomp failed to awe the faithful dame who sat at nought the might of the Shogun in her love for her lord.

It will readily be believed that a holy place so old and so rich in historic interest as this temple has not been left without suitable endowment. Indeed, it ranks among the richest foundations in the country. The revenue which it derives from its lands alone amounts to 2500 kokus of rice yearly, and suffices to maintain a body of sixty-four priests, from abbot to acolyte, for the service of the gods. Besides this regular income, there are the offerings of pilgrims and pious persons, and twice a year, ever since the thirteenth century, when the custom was instituted by the Emperor Kaméyama, the Government has paid a small fee, in return for the offering up of prayers for the prosperity of the country, officers being sent by the Shogun's Government to attend the service. Nor have special gifts been wanting to beautify the temple. Of these, the chief are the three massive stone portals, (Tori-i,) grandly simple, standing in the street leading up to the temple, which were erected by the Shogun's Government in the year 1668; and the more richly-ornamented colossal stone lanterns, which were subscribed for by the merchants of Yedo at the beginning of the present century.

Among the quaintest of the curiosities of the temple is a certain stone called Himé-Ishi, or the Princess Stone, which a freak of nature has fashioned into the semblance of the lower part of a woman's body. Whence it came hither, or by whom it was brought, tradition says not. It stands in an out-of-the way part of the grounds, and is surrounded by a small paling, on which are hung paper exvotos and queues of hair, cut off in fulfillment of a vow, the offerings of persons who come to pray for relief from diseases of the loins and lower part of the body. Foreigners have an idea that barren women come and pray for children; but the priests claim no such fruit-giving virtue for the stone, and certainly they would be vastly shocked to hear their Princess called by the vulgar name she bears in the vile jargon spoken at Yokohama. Many and various, indeed, are the traps into which that same dialect leads the unwary foreigner, who at one moment is, in the innocence of his heart, using language that would disgrace the most foul-mouthed bargee, and at the next, with the utmost courtesy, addresses his groom as "my lord," and promises to have the honor of humbly offering up to his lordship a sound thrashing, a promise which his unfortunate lordship knows will faithfully be performed.

A little beyond the Princess Stone is a small wicket, which leads us out of the temple grounds, in which we have loitered so long, into a plain of rice-fields. On this plain stood the fashionable part of the old city of Kamakura. Here were the palaces of the Shoguns of the Minamoto and Ashikaga dynasties, and of the not less powerful house of Hôjô. Not a stick, not a stone remains to mark the different sites, the tradition of which alone remains—all is under tillage; so that the worthy mayor is somewhat difficult to follow when he traces out accurately the limits of each palace, and waxes enthusiastic in his description of what they must have been.

At the foot of the hill which rises over against us runs the little river Naméri, concerning which rather a droll story is told. In the middle of the thirteenth century, when Hôjô Tokiyori was at the head of the administration, there lived a certain officer named Aoto Sayémon Fujitsuna. One night this man was going to his duties at the palace, and while he was crossing the river, as ill-luck would have it, he dropped out of his flint-and-steel pouch

ten copper cash, which fell into the water. Although this was a trifle, which he might have passed on without heeding, he went at once into the shop of a merchant hard by, and having bought ten torches, for which he paid fifty cash, caused a search to be made for the ten cash, which were soon found. When they saw this, the people all laughed at him for wasting fifty cash in torches that he might get back ten. But Aoto, frowning, answered: "Fools! Ye know not what is real waste, nor do ye care for the good of the people. If I had not just now sought for those ten cash, they would have sunk to the bottom of the river, and would have profited no man. These fifty cash that I spent in torches are this merchant's gain—what is the difference betwixt him and me? As it is not one of the sixty cash has been lost to the world."

So he snapped his fingers with scorn at the people, whose laughter was changed to admiration. Now, when this story came to the ears of Hôjô Tokiyori, he was greatly pleased, and having summoned Aoto to his presence, he promoted him to high office—probably, not in the finance department.

In Indian file we follow our guide along the narrow raised paths which intersect the paddy-fields, making for the wooded hills, among which lies hidden and almost forgotten a simple little stone monument, which marks the grave of the mighty Yoritomo. No grand temple, rich with gold lacquer and bronze and cunning workmanship, such as we see in the burial-grounds of the Shoguns at Yedo, surrounds the spot, the whereabouts of which is unknown to the vulgar throng. The memorial is but a simple erection of largish stones in tiers, which would long since have fallen down had it not been for the pious care of the Princes of Satsuma, who have surrounded it with a stone fence; but the name of Yoritomo will live in Japanese history long after the grand cemeteries of Yedo shall have crumbled into dust.

Near the grave of Yoritomo are three caves. Two of these are merely known as burial-places of ancestors of the Satsuma and Chôshiu princes; but the third is a place of greater interest, having been the prison and scene of the murder of the unhappy Prince Moriyoshi, whose wrongs and sorrows form one of the most romantic episodes of Japanese history.

The days of the Emperor Daigo II., who reigned in the middle of the fourteenth century, were troubled by civil war, and for an interval of two years he was even dethroned, and another emperor was set up in his stead. In the end, however, his cause triumphed, and this owing in a great measure to the valor and wisdom of his own son, Prince Moriyoshi, whom he appointed to be Shogun. Now, there was a certain powerful noble, named Takauji, who enjoyed high favor with the Emperor, by whom he had been appointed to a military rank inferior only to that of Prince Moriyoshi. This Takauji hated Prince Moriyoshi, and coveted his office, while Moriyoshi looked with an evil eye upon Takauji, whom he suspected of treasonable designs. In this feud the Emperor inclined his ear rather to his minister than to his son, whom he sought to remove from the supreme command. When Moriyoshi saw this he remonstrated with his father, saying, "Verily, the heart of Takauji is crooked, and I fear that, if your Majesty raises him to power, he will become a rebel like those whom we have defeated. Your Majesty knows the proverb, 'It is useless to drive the wolf from the front door and let in the tiger at the back gate.' So long as this man lives, your Majesty's pillow will know no rest. Let your servant collect an army, and until I shall have punished this traitor, I will not return to my duties as high priest of Hiyeizan."

But the Emperor would not listen to the words of Moriyoshi, but continued to place all his trust in Takauji. In the year 1334, the Emperor, who was now given up to wine and women and was completely under the control of Takauji, banished his son Moriyoshi to Kamakura, and caused him to be imprisoned in a cave in the hill-side over the valley called Nikaidô. In this dark and noisome hole, where he lived accompanied only by two faithful ladies, the exiled prince passed his time in studying the sacred books by the light of a torch. But Takauji was not yet content, but was bent upon the murder of his foe. Accordingly, in the following year, he went himself to Kamakura, and having arranged his plans, chose a certain knight called Fuchibé to carry them out.

On the 23d day of the seventh month, Fuchibé, with six followers, set out to do the deed, and having arrived at the cave, found Moriyoshi, as was his wont, engross-

ed in study. At first the murderer made a show of treating the prince with great respect, and pretended that he had brought a palanquin that he might escort him away from his prison. But Moriyoshi said, "Nay, not to escort me, but to slay me hast thou come," and springing upon Fuchibé, tried to seize his sword. Then Fuchibé, turning his sword, struck the prince upon the knees, and he, weakened in body by suffering, which had failed to quell his spirit, fell forward. Before he could rise, Fuchibé rushed upon him, and bestriding his body, drew a dirk, with which he tried to cut off his head. But the prince shrugging his shoulders so as to shorten his neck, seized the point of the dirk with his teeth. In the struggle for the dirk the point of it was broken, and more than an inch remained in Moriyoshi's mouth. At last Fuchibé threw away the dirk, and drawing a short sword, stabbed the prince twice in the breast, and then seizing him by the hair, struck off his head. Fuchibé rushed out of the cell, carrying his bloody trophy in his hand; but when he examined the head in the daylight, the eyes were as those of a living man, and the teeth were still fastened upon the point of the broken dirk. Not liking to show so ghastly an object to his suborner, the murderer flung the head into a bamboo grove hard by; and while the body and head were yet warm, and before the eyes had become glazed, the chief priest of the temple called Richikôin, took the remains and piously buried them.

It was not long before the Emperor had cause to regret his son and to mourn over his folly in trusting to the faithless Takauji; but with his fate we have nothing further to do. A shrine of fair white wood has recently been erected in honor of Prince Moriyoshi, with two lesser shrines for the two ladies whose love cheered his banishment, and who, after his death, returned to Kiyôto; and attached to the shrine is a lodge where the Emperor may rest should he ever be moved to come and visit the site. The priest of Richikôin—a temple of which a few remains may yet be seen at the foot of a hill not far off—placed a stone to mark the place in the bamboo grove where he picked up the head; and he set another stone and planted a fir-tree on the top of the hill on which his temple stood, to show the spot

where he buried the murdered prince. A steep flight of steps leads up to this venerable tree, from under the shadow of which there is a glorious view over the hills and plain of Kamakura.

It was now nearly sunset, and so we wended our way homewards. On arriving at the inn I found that two other travelers had arrived, Englishmen, one of whom was known to me; and as their stores had not come, they must have gone supperless to bed, or, at all events, must have put up with a sorry meal of boiled rice and salt fish, had they not fallen in with me. So we made common cause, and spent a very merry evening.

The next day turned out to be hopelessly wet. The rain fell in sheets, defying all protection in the shape of water proofs. My companions of the night before had to start for Yokohama in spite of the weather, for one of them had to catch a steamer; so I was left alone to amuse myself as best I might, translating the scraps of history which I have given above, and wondering at the inscriptions with which former travelers have decorated the inn walls. The Germans always appear to me to be the greatest seekers of pencil immortality. No place is too sacred, none too mean, for them to scrawl over with their names and pleasantries.

One piece of doggerel has pleased its author so much that I have found it repeated over and over again:

Karl—aus Sachsen  
Wo die Schönen Mädchen wachsen.

Here is a specimen of Swiss wit:

Vive la Confédération Suisse.  
(Here follow three names.)  
Nous maintiendrons la dive bouteille,  
La vieille pipe et le pot fédéral.

Next comes, "The Marquis Chisholm and a lot more, all Dryboots." Now, the Marquis Chisholm I have ascertained to be a negro living at Yokohama, and the Dryboots' joke is of course a playful allusion to the great Buddha, "Dai Butsu," which is near here.

With the morning came bright sunshine, dispelling all the clouds of weary boredom which had gathered round me during the last twenty-four hours of impatient chafing under imprisonment in a sixth-rate native inn. At eight o'clock I rode off, having taken leave of the good-natured mayor, with many thanks for his kindness. A

short canter through the keen morning air brought me to the little village of Fukazawa, where the great bronze Buddha sits—*sedet æternumque sedebit*. The first time I saw it, in the autumn of 1866, the approach to it lay along an avenue of grand old evergreen trees, and the effect of the colossus, when seen from the beginning of the avenue, was most striking. Now, unhappily, the trees have been cut down by the avarice of the priests, who grudged the little bit of soil which might bear a few more vegetables, and who took advantage of the revolution to pretend that the trees had been destroyed by the soldiery. The beautiful *coup d'œil* is lost, but the figure must always rank among the most wonderful monuments of the world. As a work of art, its chief merit appears to me to be the expression of calm dignity and repose in the face, which is enhanced by the huge proportions and boldness of execution. Travelers in Siam talk about gigantic Buddhas 160 feet high, plated over with gold, and having feet of mother-of-pearl; but I defy any country to produce a nobler figure than this. The proportions of the statue are given as follows in a rough print sold by the priest on the spot:

	Ft.	In.
Height of the statue.....	50	0
From the hair to the knees.....	42	0
Round the base.....	96	0
Height of pedestal.....	4	5
Length of face.....	8	5
Breadth from ear to ear.....	18	0
Silver boss on forehead, the gift of the widow of a rich merchant at Yedo....	1	5
Eyes, long.....	4	0
Eyebrows.....	4	2
Ears, long.....	6	6
Nose, long.....	3	8
Nose, across.....	2	3
Mouth.....	3	2½
Locks of hair 830 in number 8 inches high, and 1 foot in diameter.		
Knees, across.....	36	0
The thumb, round.....	3	0

The story of the erection of the great Buddha is one more tale of woman's love. During the civil wars of the twelfth century, the great statue of Buddha which stood at Nara, one of the ancient capitals of the empire, had been destroyed, and a certain priest, seeing this, undertook a pilgrimage through the empire, begging alms wherever he went, until at last he had collected sufficient money to erect a new image. Upon the occasion of the festivals held in honor of its completion,

the Emperor ordered the Shogun Yoritomo to superintend the ceremonies, during which he was struck by the ambition to set up a like statue in his own eastern provinces, for the protection and welfare of his family and clansmen. Yoritomo died without having fulfilled his intention, which, however, had been made known to his wife and to one of the ladies of the palace named Ita. Upon the death of Yoritomo, Ita, protected by the Shogun and by Yoritomo's widow, who had now become a nun, and enjoyed so great political power that she is known in history as the Nun-Shogun, set forth on a pilgrimage, during which she collected a sum of money which enabled her to erect a great wooden Buddha, and a temple to hold it, which were consecrated in the year 1228, A.D. But there came a great typhoon, in which the temple was blown down, and the wooden image, exposed to the rain and the weather, soon began to rot away. Nothing daunted, Ita only determined to try again, and this time she resolved that her work should be more lasting. Having obtained the Shogun's leave, she started on a new pilgrimage, and so successful was she, that at the beginning of the last half of the thirteenth century she erected the present bronze figure, together with a grand hall and a gate with two guardian gods. In the year 1495 all the buildings were destroyed and washed away by a tidal wave which swept over the country, and the great Buddha, with his pedestal, alone remained standing. But the place became deserted and overgrown with grass and rank vegetation, so that its existence was almost forgotten until, some two hundred years later, it was cleared of the rubbish and brushwood by a famous priest called Yuten, aided by a friend from Yedo. These two built a small temple by the side of the great image, in which they collected as relics all that remained of the former temple, and of a still older shrine called Shōjōsenji, which had stood upon the same spot since the beginning of the eighth century, and which had been famous in its day as the repository of certain precious copies of the Buddhist sacred books, and of other relics which had been brought from China.

The inside of the great Buddha is fitted up as a chapel, in which is laid up a small shrine containing an image of the god Shaka Niyorai, which was once the



property and family god of the Shogun Yoritomo. The walls are much defiled with the names and inscriptions of foreign visitors, who have not even spared the stone on which is graven the prayer, "*Namu Amida Butsu*"—"Save us, Eternal Buddha."

I could not learn the name of the artist to whom the credit of the great work is due, but he is said to have been the ancestor of one Ono Goroyémon, a man now living in the west of the province of Kadzusa.

In the old days there were two other colossal bronze Buddhas in Japan. The one at Nara and the other at Kiyôto; but the latter, which was only erected in the year 1590, having been much damaged by a severe earthquake, was melted down and minted and replaced by a wooden figure in the year 1662. The image which I have been describing was the least of the three; indeed the one at Nara is said, by a popular fiction, to be so big that a man may crawl up its nostril; but all men are agreed that the big Buddha near Kamakura is much the most beautiful to see, for the Nara Buddha is inside a temple, so that it can not be seen in detail, while this one, standing out in the open air, may be looked upon from a distance, which enables the eye to compass it. The first time I came here the genius of the place was a venerable priest nearly, if not quite, a century old, certainly the oldest man to look at that I ever beheld, and all the more remarkable in that it is rare to see persons of very advanced age in this country. Indeed, I doubt whether the Japanese are in general a very long-lived race, although for many of their heroes in the dark ages they are fond of claiming, the honor of years. One famous minister there was who died in the fourth century, having lived, as we are told, no less than 317 years, during 240 of which he was the chief minister of six successive emperors! Like the avenue of trees the old priest has disappeared, and both have left a void in the picturesqueness of the place.

Can any thing be more lovely in its way than the ride from the great Buddha over the richly-wooded hills to the sea? And then it is such a heavenly day, such a pure atmosphere! The sea, most treacherous of all seas, lies calm and blue before us, breaking in lazy ripples upon the dazzling beach, and looking as innocent and peace-

ful, as though it had never engulfed ships and men and cargo, nor sent up a great, cruel tidal wave to sweep whole townships and villages to destruction before it. On the left are the wood-crowned heights and cliffs now bright with the many colors of autumn; to the right, in front of us, is the lovely island of Enoshima with its armor of rocks and crest of fir-trees, and beyond that again are the distant mountains above which stands out Fujigama the Peerless, its point just beginning to be capped with snow, from which, during the heat of summer, in spite of its 13,000 feet, it is quite free. From the hill-sides three or four streamlets, swollen by the heavy rains, come purling down to the sea, and into one of these Shiraki's little horse, who had probably only been waiting for a convenient opportunity to show his power, quietly landed my unfortunate scribe, who had been giving many signs of suffering under the unwonted exercise he had undergone. The bottom was soft, however, and so was Shiraki, so there were no bones broken and no damage done.

One of these little rivers is called the Yukiagawa, or River of Meeting, from the following story: There is a certain Buddhist sect called the sect of Nichiren, after its founder, a priest who came and took up his abode at Kamakura in the middle of the thirteenth century. This Nichiren, not content with preaching his own doctrine, must needs teach that all other sects were damnable heresies, and in so doing he certainly did not show the wisdom of the serpent, for Hôjô Tokiyori, who was then ruling the country, was himself a priest of the Zen sect. At last he became so troublesome and made so great a disturbance in the city, that Tokiyori lost patience and ordered him to be executed for a pestilent fellow. So Nichiren was carried off to the village of Katasé, opposite Enoshima, to the spot where the temple Riyukôji now stands, and the executioner's leathern carpet having been spread, he knelt down and stretched out his neck to receive the fatal blow. The sword was raised in the air and the headsmen was poised it before striking, when suddenly the blade, by a miracle, was snapped in two, and the presiding officer, amazed by the portent, stopped the execution until he should have taken Tokiyori's pleasure in the matter, for he felt that of a surety this was no common acci-

dent. So he sent off a messenger with all speed to Kamakura to make known what had happened. In the meanwhile Tokiyori, on his side, had been warned by a miracle not to slay Nichiren, and had also dispatched a messenger to stay the execution, and the two messengers met at this little river, which was called the River of Meeting from that day forth. The day fixed for the execution was the twelfth day of the ninth month of the year, and the anniversary is still kept as a great holiday, on which people flock from all parts of the country to the Temple of Riyukôji, the main hall of which is yet called the hall of the Leathern Carpet; for Nichiren's teaching prospered greatly, and his sect has spread itself over the whole Empire, "being looked upon" (as a Japanese treatise upon the Buddhist sects says) with as much affection as a cloud in time of drought."

Before crossing the narrow strip of sand which now joins the island of Enoshima to the mainland at the pretty little village of Katasé, we must travel backwards a long journey of many centuries into the realms of myth-land.

At the beginning of the sixth century the tract of land on which the city of Kamakura was afterwards built was a vast inland lake, inhabited by an evil dragon, the scourge of the surrounding country. His meat was the flesh of babes and sucklings, his drink their blood. Now there lived by the lake a certain rich man who had sixteen children, every one of whom the dragon stole and ate; so the father, mourning over the loss of his darlings, changed his place of abode, and having collected the bones of his children, buried them at a spot still called Chôja-dzuka, or "The rich man's grave." Then the dragon devoured the children of the peasants, who also fled in terror to a place which they called Koshigoyé, or "the place to which the children's corpses were removed," because they carried the remains of their little ones with them. After this the people consulted together, and agreed every year to offer up a child as a living sacrifice to the dragon, which used to come and fetch its victim at a spot at the village of Katasé which is still called Tatsu-no-Kuchi, or "the dragon's mouth." This went on for some years, and the people were sorely afflicted at having to pay the tribute of their own bone and flesh to the monster.

At last, in the year 552, there came a great storm of thunder and lightning, which lasted twelve days; the heavens rained stones, and the sea was troubled, and sand and stones were stirred up from the bottom of the deep. Then the island of Enoshima rose out of the sea, and twelve cormorants came and flitted about its rocks, whence it is also called U-Kitarujima, "the island to which the cormorants came." At the same time a beautiful and shining figure of the goddess Benzaiten was seen to descend and dwell upon the island. When the evil dragon saw this, he was overawed by the divine power, and his cruel heart was changed, so that he became a patron saint of the neighboring country, and a shrine was erected to him at Tatsu-no-Kuchi, or the dragon's mouth, where the peasants of the district still worship and pray. Further, as some say, after he had repented of his evil ways, the dragon married the beautiful Benzaiten, the goddess of mercy.

Benzaiten, or Benten, as she is more vulgarly called, is the special patroness of the island of Enoshima; she is represented wearing a jeweled cap, in the centre of which is a white snake, the head of an old man with white eyebrows. She has eight hands; in her left hands she carries a precious ball, a spear, a precious wheel, and a bow; and in her right hands a sword, a sceptre, a key, and an arrow. Fifteen attendant spirits minister to her. Above all things, as you value your worldly prosperity, be sure that you pay due reverence to the goddess Benzaiten, for he who serves her faithfully will find his poverty changed into wealth.

The little fishing-village at the entrance to the island of Enoshima reminds one strongly of some small hamlet on the Norman coast. There are the same steep slippery streets roughly paved with irregular stones, the same smell of fish, the same amphibious population. The shops are all for the sale of shells, dried fish, corallines; and, above all, for that most beautiful of all produces of the sea, the *Hosugai*, the work of some silk-worm of the deep, which looks like sheaves of the purest spun glass, fastened together by a spongy, shell-covered cement at one end. I do not know its scientific name, but I believe that naturalists esteem it as a thing of great price. The likeness to a French fishing-village is

strengthened by the stalls for the sale of votive tablets made of many-colored shells, to be hung up at the shrine of the goddess or carried home as a fairing to wife, sweetheart, or children. The place might be called Notre Dame de Grace, were it not for the strange tongue and the strange garments.

Lovely as is the little island, which, as the legend says, sprang during some volcanic upheaval from the sea, its temples are unworthy of it, and of the beautiful goddess in whose honor they were built. The Buddhist priests, who swarm here, are rather unhappy just now; for they dread disestablishment at the hands of a parental Government, which is showing signs of declaring that the true religion of the country is the Shintô, the indigenous faith. In this case the poor shavelings will be swept away, with all their host of imported gods and goddesses, whose images will be replaced by the simple mirror, which is the emblem of the Shintô divinity, and Benten will have to admit that she is but an usurper in the island, which rightfully belongs to the goddess Uga, the daughter of the god Sosanoô, who represents the principle of evil in the Japanese mythology.

But this question of the contest between the two faiths is too long and too intricate a subject to be more than alluded to in passing. For the present Benten still reigns at Enoshima, and we must scramble over the hill to visit her famous cave, a dark grotto about six hundred yards long, the

tide-washed approach to which is rather slippery and awkward walking. There is not much to say about the cave—but the gloom gives an air of romantic mystery to the litanies which the attendant priest recites by the dim light of a single paper lantern hung up before the altar. Outside the cave, a whole company of divers, men and boys, are always in waiting to astonish travelers with their feats, which are really remarkable, although the lobsters and *awabi* (a kind of shell-fish much affected by Japanese gourmets) which they bring up have been placed in wicker baskets beforehand. Who hides, finds! When the fun was at its highest, and a few copper coins thrown into the sea had made some twenty or thirty little brown urchins tumble in all together, there suddenly arose such a yelling, such a splashing, and such diving in pure terror, that I fancied the water must be bewitched. The innocent cause of the tumult was Dog Lion, who, moved by a spirit of emulation, or perhaps by the ambition of retrieving some particularly small boy, had jumped in too, and was cheerfully swimming about in the midst of the throng. A shark in the Thames at Eaton could not have caused greater astonishment and fright than a dog that would face the water did here at Enoshima. "The Devil take the hindmost" was the order of the day, and in less time than it takes to write this Lion was left in solitary enjoyment of his bath.

A. B. MITFORD.

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Temple Bar.

HENRY BROUGHAM AND SOME OF HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

WHEN George the Fourth heard that Moore had published a biography of Sheridan, the King described it, not unwittily, as an attempt on Sheridan's life. Lord Brougham, at the age of fourscore years and three, undertook to write his own history, and he may be said to have committed suicide. It was well known that Lord Campbell intended to murder his reputation, but Jock's blunderbuss did as much injury to himself as to his victim. The Scottish lawyer's spirit may now have full consolation as it wanders about the Elysian Fields: Henry Brougham has applied to himself and his fame the ceremony of the "happy dispatch." If spirits can

chuckle on the banks of the Styx, that of Campbell must be in a state of hilarious suffocation. There is nothing said by Campbell of Brougham half so injurious as that which Brougham has said, or has given cause to be said, of himself—on one or two points, at least.

But, if Henry Brougham had left his manuscript autobiography to be looked over and prepared for the press by an editor, he would not have acted like his father's son. It is true that his experience of professional literary doctors, who prescribe for sick manuscripts, was not to his taste. He therefore sufficed for himself—with the usual consequences to self-sufficiency. It

is not only that, through failing memory, he has ascribed a letter, written by George the Second to his son Frederick, to George the Third as addressed to his son George, Prince of Wales; but, finding among his papers a story, in his own handwriting, called "Memnon," he has declared himself to be the author of the same. It is the "Memnon," of Voltaire, seemingly translated as an exercise, when Brougham was studying the French language.

This reminds us of another literary incident with reference to Voltaire, in which a still greater blunder was committed than that for which Brougham is responsible. Not many years since, a literary Frenchman found, among Voltaire's papers, the manuscript (by Voltaire) of an unacted comedy, which bore the title of "*Le Comte de Boursoufle*." The finder exultingly produced this comedy on the French stage. It was an admirable play, and the Paris critics not only recognized in it the Voltairean wit, but protested that from Voltaire alone could such brilliant wit proceed! But, as Brougham's "Memnon" was written by Voltaire, so Voltaire's "*Comte de Boursoufle*" was written by Sir John Vanbrugh. Voltaire, in fact, had, as an exercise in his study of English, translated Vanbrugh's comedy, "*The Relapse*," into French—giving it, however, a new name! English critics have assigned "Memnon" to its proper author; but French critics have not condescended to rectify the other mistake, which was detected on this side of the Channel. They do not confess that Voltaire's comedy was written by Vanbrugh, and the "*Comte de Boursoufle*" will probably continue to be ascribed to Voltaire by the ingenious literati whose brains are drenched with absinthe, and whose principles are not well defined.

We have already treated of the early life of Brougham. The concluding volumes of his autobiography take him from 1808, when he was thirty years of age, to 1835, when he was fifty-seven years old. He is silent as to his career after he ceased to be Lord Chancellor. Some thirty years of his life thus remain unwritten. We are neither about to review the autobiography, nor to supply the information which it fails to give. We simply propose to make the book supply us with some samples of the life and character scattered through it; remarking, by the way, that all the politicians of the time seem to us to have thought lit-

tle of their country, but to have worshipped, cherished, and lived for their party only.

Brougham's physical powers were of great use to him, in his great electioneering days, when men of little strength had poor chance against the candidates with lungs made stronger by the use of them. A Liverpool election entailed work that might have wearied a Hercules. Speeches had to be made at clubs from 6 P.M. to 1 A.M. Each man who polled had a few words from the candidate to whom he gave his vote—the poll being open from ten to five, and a long speech was expected at the close of each day of an election lasting a fortnight, if carried out to the end. In the canvass, and the eight days of the Liverpool election, at the end of which time Brougham withdrew, he made above 160 speeches! He wrote somewhat sadly about it, at the age of thirty-five. He meant, he said, to try his profession for a couple of years: "If I find I succeed, well; if I don't get on a vast deal better than I have done during the last two years, I am not quite so young as to continue leading a disagreeable and unprofitable life in London, when I might enjoy more profit and a thousand times more ease in the country, confining myself to my circuit, on which I am pretty secure of success." In the great Liverpool election, the other candidates were Canning, Gascoyne, Creevey, and Tarleton. The Tory side gave twenty and thirty guineas for a vote, and were ready to expend £70,000 to secure their own triumph, and the thing was done! The Whigs, quite as corrupt, only spent less, and those of Birmingham swore they would buy Brougham a seat. Seats were bought and sold. Sir William Manners openly talked of his having sold three seats for £18,000, which should have exposed him to an action at law, but Sir William enjoyed his money, and his boast, unscathed.

In 1814, Brougham never looked to be in Parliament again, nor cared. In the following year, when declining to stand for Southwark, he says, "It would be madness in the middle of Term to stand a contest, even if I cared more for politics than I probably ever shall again, after all I have seen of their dirtiness." When he said this he did not dream of being returned for Yorkshire. In 1830, when he was the candidate for that great county, and at the same time attending the assizes at York, he



read his briefs at night, was in court by half-past nine, continued there till it rose, was then off in a carriage with four post-horses to various towns where he had to make speeches, got back to York at midnight, then read his briefs for next day in court, and was all the better for the excitement! He was a Stoic in endurance, and that side of Brougham's character is pleasantly visible in the account of an accident which was nearly costing him his life. In 1813 he was overturned in his carriage, between Carlisle and Newcastle, by which the scalp was cut from the middle of the forehead, round to the ear, including half the eyelid. He was otherwise injured about the body. Before his recovery he wrote thus of his surgeon (Horner): "He is so skillful a person, that it is almost worth having a hurt to see him operate;" and subsequently: "I really must say for this country, that it has a most uncommon treasure in Mr. Horner, who exceeds anything I ever saw for neatness of hand, besides being very clever and sensible. To be sure, he lives in a district where half the population, I suppose, pass through the hospital every year, and part of the remainder die on their way to it." Brougham had attended a good deal to medical matters; and he earnestly recommends, by warrant of experience, cold effusion in scarlet-fever. Cold air, let in upon his sister, who was supposed to be dying of the "damnable disease," as Brougham justly calls it, saved her life. In the case of Romilly's eldest daughter, she was saved "by the more powerful application of cold water, applied again and again all over the body, till it brought down the pulse and heat." Quite as earnestly does he recommend an emetic as "an excellent preventive, checking the infection, even where it has been taken." We have an admirable specimen of the refractory patient, described by Lord Grey, in whose neighborhood the "damnable disease" was prevalent—a woman, who would not be persuaded that it was not the itch, and, in spite of all that could be said to her, "rubbed herself with a mercurial ointment, which finished her in a very few hours."

The most remarkable incident of Brougham's legal career is the fact that he was made Lord Chancellor because it was thought that to appoint him Master of the Rolls, (a *permanent* post, which he coveted,) he being also member for Yorkshire,

would render him too powerful for any Administration he might quarrel with. Of his spirit when a barrister we have some samples, which speak of an older time.

One of the most remarkable trials of the day was that of John and Leigh Hunt, for a libel on the Prince Regent, in the *Examiner*. His Royal Highness was little more than mildly laughed at as an Adonis; but to laugh at the Regent was like mocking the Lord's Anointed, and the Hunts suffered severely, by fine and imprisonment. Brougham's defence was a million times more bitter than the libel. The latter was rosewater; the former was oil of vitriol. "I fired," wrote Brougham to Grey, "for two hours, very close and hard, into the Prince—on all points, public and private—and in such a way that they could not find any opening to break in upon, and were therefore prevented from interrupting me." He nearly drove the judge (Ellenborough) stark mad. The Chief Justice forgot himself. In summing up, "he attacked me with a personal bitterness wholly unknown in a court, and towards a counsel (who, you know, is presumed, of course, to speak his client's sentiments) most gross and unjustifiable." The judges of those days were, in other respects, wholesomely severe as regarded cruel offenders. The haste with which Bellingham was tried and executed, before his friends had time to prove his insanity, was a great disgrace; but there was only a healthy severity in the way the Luddites, convicted of cowardly and savage murders, were treated. They were not contented with breaking the newly-invented machinery introduced into the cloth-mills: they burnt the mills, slew the defenders, and, in revenge for defeat, basely waylaid and murdered the masters. Three of the four assassins of Mr. Horsfall were hung, in 1813, in front of York Castle; "and fourteen of the rioters," writes Brougham, from York, "will be executed to-morrow, or next day;" but he adds, "this is wholesale work with a vengeance!"

When practicing as a barrister, no judge could ever daunt him. On his defence of a man accused of publishing a blasphemous book, the judge, (Ellenborough,) insinuated that the advocate of such a man shared in his shame. Brougham fired up, charged the judge with insinuating a falsehood, and actually brought the proudest and fiercest of judges to an explanation.

Brougham would not hear it. He roared out his contradiction, appealed to the other judges and the bar, and expressed indignation at the indecency of the course adopted by Lord Ellenborough. After all in court thought the affair was over, Brougham referred to it again, dealing out to Ellenborough and Garrow, as well as to the saints, a good round thrashing. He talked about their canting, their howling out their faith, and their making godliness a great gain.

Brougham was as astute in demolishing the evidence of Majocchi, at Queen Caroline's trial, as he was fearless against the proudest of judges. He felt his way cautiously, got an answer which gave him an opportunity of demolishing that arch-scoundrel, and was so far excited by it himself, as to "rise taller," and make a gesture intended to apprise the other counsel, (Denman,) but which only alarmed him, till Brougham poured question after question into the bewildered villain, and made him repeat *Non mi ricordo!* as often as he chose. Equally skillful was he in refusing to call some of the Queen's ladies and personal attendants, who would have had too much zeal, and would have lied roundly for her rather than that she should suffer injury from the perjury of her opponents. Brougham's statement of the duty of a counsel on behalf of his client is one which will hardly be accepted by honest and simple-minded men. According to this statement, a barrister is "bound to save his client, if possible, by all means, and at all hazard and cost to whomsoever beside, even if it be to the utter destruction of others. To insure success, he must, if needs be, cast even love of country to the winds, and go on reckless of the consequences, if his fate it should unhappily be to involve his country in confusion, for his client's protection." This is diabolical, neither more nor less; but it seems not inconsistent with the "honor" of the bar. The counsel who defended Courvoisier for the murder of Lord William Russell had his client's confession of the crime in his keeping, but he attempted to save the assassin by throwing suspicion on an innocent house-maid.

The civil or criminal trials of Brougham's time receive sharp, terse comments at his hands. Bellingham, who shot Mr. Perceval, (and would have shot, so insane was he, any other member of the Govern-

ment or of the House,) on Monday, May 11th, 1812, was executed for it on the following Monday! The persistent refusal to defer the trial, in order to give time to inquire into the unhappy man's state of mind, was looked upon by Brougham as a stain on our national character. It is pleasant to turn from a nation in disgrace to an individual in honor. Where now should we look for a barrister of such delicate principle as Topping, who refused a retainer of one thousand guineas in the great "Baltic risk cases," on the ground that it would imply that for the ordinary retainer of five guineas he would not equally do his duty? A droll story is told on another matter of fees. When Queen Caroline came out of her trial an undivorced and undivorceable Queen, in the exuberance of her delight she bade Brougham take the £7000 she had at her banker's, keep £3000 for himself, and divide the remainder among her other legal defenders. Her Attorney-General informed her that he and his colleagues could only accept their fees; but when her banker (Kinnaird) suggested that these should be paid, her capricious Majesty refused, saying that she must settle her debts before she paid fees—which amounted only to £200. The fees were not paid till after her death, and then the amount came out of the Treasury! Queen Caroline's grateful partisans subscribed for many things to Brougham, (also to his colleagues,) which, he says, he would never have thought of buying. Some of the objects never reached him. Others were miscellaneous, from a service of plate to a pair of blankets. The last stirred the recipient's grim humor. "The pair of blankets, from Huddersfield," he says, "I handed over to my friend Whitbread, as a present to his daughter Elizabeth, just about to be married to William Waldegrave."

The grandest fee ever offered to Brougham was the bequest made by Mr. Shakespeare Reed, of nearly the whole of his vast property, in testimony of Mr. Reed's admiration of Brougham's public services. Subsequent to the bequest, the testator asked his legatee to do his utmost to suppress what he called the mock philanthropists who wished for the abolition of the slave-trade. Brougham refused, and, as he expected, was "scratched" out of the will.

The traits of character, the illustrations of social life and manners generally, form

the principal and most attractive portions of nearly all autobiographical memoirs. Lord Brougham's autobiography is no exception to the rule. Groups of personages, more or less illustrious, and all remarkable, sweep before us at various distances. Foremost among them, of course, is the Gentleman George, Prince Regent and King, whom, under every aspect, Brougham heartily hated. Writing of his attack on the Prince, in 1812, in a speech in the House of Commons, Brougham says, "It would have been an admirable lesson to him, (if he is not past all reformation,) to have heard the furious roaring with which the attack on him was received." At Brighton, in August, 1813, we are told, "the Prince associated wholly with his select set—Yarmouth, Lord Fife, Lord Lowther, etc.—and never spoke to Lord Holland." Later in the year, we hear that "the Prince talks of providing for Jekyll and Adam as soon as he can." Before the year was out His Highness is portrayed as behaving like a Bedlamite. In a tipsy fit he abused Bernadotte to M. de Stael, who was Bernadotte's emissary. He was angry with the emissary, who, on the Prince saying that he should go to Hanover, observed that he perhaps might not be allowed to go. The Prince thought himself serious in his intention. He had told his favorite servants that they should accompany him; the others, that they would be left behind. "This," adds Brougham, "was always the forerunner of his father's madness." Our autobiographer, however, could not resist the charm of the Prince's manner. The two men met at a party at Melbourne House, where "he treated me with the courtesy that belongs to all the family." Brougham adds: "His conversation was that of a very clever person, and he had considerable powers of mimicry." In the last quality the Prince had no rival, even on the stage; but he had higher endowments, and Brougham acknowledged that, had the Prince been an ordinary person, he "might have been struck with him." The man was quite apart from the manner. He wanted refinement in presence of his own mother and sisters. Queen Charlotte had often to rebuke him with a "Fie, George!"

When the family quarrel was at its hottest between the Prince and the Princess of Wales, and her daughter, the daughter's governess, the Duchess of Leeds, refused

forbidding Lady Jersey seeing the Princess Charlotte *as from herself*, "which was what the Prince was shabby enough and sufficiently himself to beg her to do." With regard to the Princess Charlotte, Brougham tells Lord Grey that the best, the most useful part of her character was "the spice of her mother's spirit and temper," but he feared she had "a considerable mixture of her father's weakness and fickleness." Brougham had no doubt of the young Princess's *penchant* for the Duke of Devonshire, but he does not say what Miss Knight asserts in *her* autobiography, that the Duke entertained a positive affection for her on whom all men fondly looked as the future Queen of England. She was sprightly in most things, when not absorbed in the feud between her parents. She used to describe her royal sire's tipsiness as "too much oil in the lamp." Of Queen Charlotte, Brougham never speaks but in terms of the utmost contempt. He seems almost glad to record that her enmity against the Princess of Wales and the Princess Charlotte caused the mob to commit a beastly assault on her as she was carried in her sedan-chair to the opening of Parliament. She described it tersely enough, on arriving, to the peers who were near her: "My Lords, I be fifty year and more in this country, and well respected, but now I be *as* spit on!" It is very amusing to see how Brougham, comparing mother and son, during the family quarrel, contrives to bespatter both. "The Queen's word," he says, "will go far against her son's, though it would be nothing against any other person's."

The vanity of that son was a much more tender thing than his conscience. He was not half so painfully wounded, at the time of the Queen's trial, by the possibility of Brougham asserting that he was no king at all, and that he had forfeited the crown by having married a Roman Catholic lady (Mrs. Fitzherbert) before he became the husband of the Princess Caroline of Brunswick, as he was by one of Brougham's quotations, in the course of one of his speeches, from Milton's Description of Death:

"Shape had none  
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb.  
                    What seemed his head,  
The likings of a kingly crown had on."

Brougham protests, as an octogenarian, when his memory was imperfect, that he

intended only the head to apply to the King. However this may be, George the Fourth was made sore by the general application. He said that Brougham might have spared him the attack upon his shape! He did not like his person and figure to be disparaged. Every body allowed, (he said,) whatever faults he had, that his legs were good. He believed Brougham had heard that he piqued himself on his shape, and thought to plague him by holding him up to ridicule. It is fair to King George to remember that he did not nurse his wrath very long, and that he would not have kept it warm as long as he did, but that others furiously blew the fire. He forgot Brougham's ridicule, and Denman's allusion to him as a Nero—an allusion which was also disavowed at a fitting opportunity. Other people were as forgiving. Leading Tory lords praised Brougham's eloquence; and when the great lawyer once came upon the Duke of Clarence and Walter Scott in one of the rooms of the House, the Duke complimented him, by saying that the Queen "could not call herself a defenseless woman." Then laughing at his own joke, he plumply asked Scott if he was the author of *Waverley*, to which Scott happily replied, "*Non mi ricordo!*"

Returning to the King, we would remark, that he should be judged by the standard of his times. He belonged, in his early days, to a period, the morals and customs of which had changed in his kingly time. The change is greater at the present period. We can scarcely believe the record here made, that on one occasion of taking leave of his ministers, he *kissed them all round!* It takes us back to the reign and to the stage of Charles the Second, when lords in Parliament kissed one another, and the squires of the delicate drama of the day "bussed" as they met. With regard to the King's personal feelings in connection with politics, Brougham states that fear was the ruling principle of his whole conduct, and always had been.

Prince Leopold, the husband of the Princess Charlotte, and subsequently the King of the Belgians, is spoken of with unreserved praise—for temper, good sense, wisdom, and great general abilities. The tastes of the young couple were similar; both were fond of reading, and of the arts, especially sculpture, in which the Princess excelled. A letter of the royal *fiancée*, announcing her engagement to the Prince

of Coburg, is charming in its expression of honest gladness, in its just estimation of his noble character, and in her heartfelt congratulation at "being the first princess in the world to form a matrimonial alliance from inclination." Brougham maintains, that if the Princess Charlotte had survived with her husband, George the Fourth would never have dared to proceed as he did against her mother, in 1820. Of the high qualities of Leopold, Brougham speaks with immense warmth, and he was rejoiced when the Duke of Kent married Leopold's sister—a marriage which gave to England our present Sovereign. The proceedings against Queen Caroline made the King excessively unpopular. Even in a saints' church in Cheltenham a preacher took for his text the words from Jeremiah: "He shall not reign, nor any of his seed."

Few of the exalted personages named in the autobiography come out so pleasantly as William the Fourth. He was an excellent man of business, never ashamed to ask a question, although it showed ignorance—to cure which the question was frankly asked. The King, when conversing with his ministers, sat opposite to the light, leaving the expression of his countenance to be seen, he having nothing to conceal, nor any part to play. With regard to concealment and part-playing, the ministers were not nearly so innocent as the good old King.

By far the most skillfully-drawn royal portrait in the autobiography is that of Louis Philippe, with whom Brougham passed many easy and unceremonious evenings at the Tuileries. It is quite a family picture: the gaily-gossiping or the seriously-talking King, as he walked up and down the room; while the Queen, whom he affectionately revered, the sister whom he consulted as an oracle, and the young Princesses, sat round a table, working, reading, or chatting. Mixture of king and comedian, Louis Philippe was admirable in the combination of characters. He told excellent anecdotes, he philosophized, and he maintained his dignity. The father and the king were combined when the Prince de Joinville offended him by publishing his famous pamphlet on the state of our navy, and the best point at which a French army could land in England. It was written to please the Bonapartists by its profession of anti-English feelings. Louis Philippe, as a punishment, made De Join-



ville leave Paris for a whole year, and go to Spain; and when he himself escaped from France, he landed in England, a fugitive, at the exact spot which the Prince his son had indicated as the fittest for the landing of an invading force.

Louis Philippe illustrated the evil consequences of subdividing property, a consequence of the abolition of the right of primogeniture, by a case wherein a person had a right of property in one-twentieth part of a single tree. These subdivisions were profitable to lawyers. As comedian, Louis Philippe excelled even George the Fourth in his "imitations." Brougham, one evening, went out of a room carrying a couple of candles before the King, and he could almost have sworn that it was Alexander Baring whom he was lighting, so perfect was the mimicry! With equal facility the King subsequently imitated Robespierre, lowering his voice, contracting his features, and giving portions of the speech, in which he deserted Danton, and credited himself with having made a sacrifice. Next he puffed himself out into the gross form of Danton, and thundered forth the famous passages on audacity, individual and national. "His imitations," says Brougham, "gave me a most lively impression of them both, and such as I was well prepared for, by all the descriptions I had heard of their style of speaking." Danton, it is well known, had his amiable side. When Louis Philippe was the young Duc de Chartres, hiding in Paris after his return from the army, whose General (Dumouriez) had deserted to the enemy, Louis Philippe disclosed himself to Danton as a friend of his father, (*Egalité*), confessing, as he relied on Danton's honor, that on his father's account, as well as on that of Dumouriez, he was certain to be sacrificed if discovered. Danton said *he* would protect him, and he *did*, sending the Prince away into Switzerland. This conversation with Danton he gave with the most lively representation of Danton's voice, manner, and even figure. He thought the French were lucky in having (in him) a king who had cleaned his own boots. Brougham thought they were luckier in having a king who had been a schoolmaster. The royal ex-pedagogue replied that his first pupils were, by far, the easier to be managed.

Men below the degree of princes, but often of nobler mark, are revealed to us,

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as it were, in one or two strokes, done in the best style of etching. Evangelical James Stephens wrote a pamphlet, in 1807, "On the Dangers of the Country," in which he argued that all our disasters were the pressure of the avenging hand of Providence for our maintenance of slavery. The whole man is seen in that fact. Brougham disposed of it by characteristically remarking, that the argument showed an unfair appreciation of the justice of Providence, seeing that so many of the Continental countries which had suffered most from Napoleon possessed neither colonies nor slave-trading vessels, and were therefore guiltless of all slave-trade traffic. A more noticeable man in his day was John Ward, afterwards Lord Dudley and Ward. Politicians had a high opinion of him, but Brougham did not share in the sentiment. Ward he described as dealing in very marketable ware; but it was of a base sort, and would not keep: "I mean," says Brougham, "little prize-essays of speeches, got up and polished, but useless, quite useless, for affairs. I consider him a very weak public man, in every point of view." Brougham had almost as poor an opinion of a much older and more experienced man—George Tierney, whose errors and fears, in Brougham's view, mightily diminished his acknowledged merits. "You know," writes Brougham, "among other great blunders, he is a general discourager, and does nothing to bring forward or protect the young ones." Occasionally, a remark slips from the autobiographer which shows his estimation of the quality of different families. Referring to the Cavendishes and the Russells, he describes the latter as "a far better breed," and he brings in Lord Byron as a punster. It was "a foolish sort of pun," he said, "but it annoyed Ward, who, viewing certain political changes, talked of getting *re-Whigged*; at which Byron—not inaptly, as it seems to us—remarked that he was probably thinking of getting *re-Warded*. One can not leave the man who capped Horace with Louis the Eighteenth without repeating the once-famous epigram, made at his expense:

"Ward has no heart, they say, but I deny it;  
He has a heart, and gets his speeches by it."

"I suppose it is Tom Moore's," is Brougham's hypothetical comment; but Moore never acknowledged the authorship. His

name reminds us of a reference made to Sheridan, who, in November, 1813, had been arrested, owing to his usual folly and delays: "He is out again, but was beyond measure annoyed by it. It is not much known, and had better not be mentioned." Lord Grey (to whom this was written) probably kept the secret as well as Brougham.

Among the foreigners in our fashionable circles nearly sixty years since, none made greater noise than Madame de Staël. Brougham speaks of her as overrated, her books as vague and inaccurate—the author indulging in generalities, and avoiding details as more dignified. Her presumption he thought intolerable, especially in German metaphysics, of which she knew nothing, "except so far as she may have rubbed some of them off Schlegel." Brougham shunned her as the worst of evils—a grand bore. He disliked her for her adulation of the Prince Regent, and her profligate change of principles. These he thought small matters in a woman; "but she must, as Talleyrand said, be considered a man." Talleyrand, however, did not say it in that way. Madame de Staël once intimated that they were both made to figure in one novel. "Aye," said Talleyrand, "is that in the book where we are both disguised as women?" Brougham's horror of the "lioness," as he called her, was of an almost comic intensity: "Being a person that fears God and honors the King, I am afraid to come near her. If any thing could keep me more out of society than I am at this season, it would be her prowling about. I was asked the other day to go where she was, and had thought of returning the same answer with the man in *Æsop's Fables*, that 'he could not come, there being a lion in the way.'"

Some of the best of his sketches of individuals are effected in two or three lines. How could Sir James Mackintosh be better described than (as regards his speaking and writing) being "deficient in closeness, with no object, no argument—a sort of preaching, or lecturing, of a very unbusinesslike and inefficient nature?" After Mrs. Percival had received a pension, as consolation for the murder of her husband, Brougham paints the widow in a single sentence: "She is to be forthwith married, pension and all, to a Colonel somebody, a handsome officer at Ealing," (it was Colonel Sir Henry Carr,) son of the parson

there." *Inimitable* is the word the writer applies to this incident. Referring to Barnes of the *Times*, Brougham chronicles his having conferred a post upon that gentleman's brother. Barnes wrote to say he was Brougham's debtor for life. "He paid off the debt," says the latter, "by installments of abuse—I won't say daily, but almost weekly." At times we are startled by what he says of a whole community: for example, in politics, he says, "it is scarcely possible for a Scotchman of the old school to go always straight;" and in reference to Curran, he speaks of Burdett's folly "*in trusting to Curran's honesty!*" This is smashing the head of an idol at one blow of the hammer. We see much of the greatness of the character of the eminent medical man, Baillie, in the fact that he used to call his most carefully-formed opinions—guesses. Scarlett, Lord Abinger, is highly eulogized for his honesty. Sir Samuel Romilly is never referred to but with affection and admiration. Wellington and Castlereagh are recognized as able negotiators and honorable men. Castlereagh's insanity was first detected by the King, who, on the Friday before the catastrophe, foretold that the minister would destroy himself—but nobody seems to have had leisure or inclination to make the prophecy a false one! This incident was told by Canning; and we take advantage of his name to add a curious opinion which Brougham entertained of the rule by which he would probably be guided in some of his appointments if Canning became premier: "It is believed that Canning will, if he comes in, be for sending Granville Leveson to Paris, as he is so much ruined that he must go abroad somewhere!" In those good old days, a diplomatist's best qualification for the richest of embassies was his pecuniary embarrassment, all other things being in a concatenation accordingly! Amid the meddle and the muddle of those days, there was some fun. Nicknames abounded, and it is pleasant to meet in the autobiography the two brothers—the too large-tongued Sir Watkyn Williams Wynn, and the shrill-voiced Charles, M.P. for Montgomery—and to hear them spoken of, as they pass, as *Bubble and Squeak*.

One of the smartest little etchings in the book is that of the Marquis Wellesley (the Duke's elder brother.) One of the wisest men in the world, he was duped by a wo-

man and a priest. When the Regent asked him to take office with Perceval, he answered, "Your Royal Highness might as well ask me to live with my wife!" That Frenchwoman had been his mistress, and was the mother of his two sons and a daughter. A time came when Mdlle. Roland fell mortally sick. Her confessor entreated my Lord to marry the dying woman, in order that she might receive, as an honest wife, the last sacrament, which could not be administered to her as a concubine. Lord Wellesley consented to a private celebration of marriage, and he immediately left the house, with instructions to let him know when all was over. When he considered that such a consummation ought to have been accomplished, although the butler had made no sign, Lord Wellesley returned home, and on the butler receiving him, he asked, "When it had happened?"—"Happened!" cried the servant; "my Lady is in the dining-room at luncheon, and has been quite well these three days." Lord Wellesley removed her at once to a house in Harley Street, where *miladi* lived for several years. Brougham states that the daughter of Lord Wellesley and Mdlle. Roland married Lord Charles Bentinck. Lord Charles's first wife was the beautiful "Georgina Augusta Seymour," the daughter of the more beautiful Grace Elliot, her father being the Prince of Wales. When Lord Charles married the daughter of Mdlle. Roland by the Marquis Wellesley, she was the divorced wife of Sir William Abdy, Bart. One of Lord Wellesley's natural sons was the Rev. Henry Wellesley, D.D., who was Principal of New Inn Hall, in the University of Oxford, from 1847 till his death in 1866.

Sydney Smith does not come out in a pleasant manner among Brougham's contemporaries. He was not so rapacious about preferments as Lord Campbell, but his appetite was rather craving. Brougham felt that if Sydney were made a bishop, however quietly he would go at first in harness, he would kick over the traces and play some wild vagary in the House which would frighten it from its propriety. Smith had a suspicion of that sort himself, and (as a return for political service) only asked for a rich living and an equally rich prebend. He got the best part of what he wanted, Brougham remarking that Sydney preferred the *snuggles* to the *fastnesses* of the Church.

Brougham says of O'Connell, who in a time of distress partly lived on the pence extorted from the poor Irish, that the demagogue was capable of sacrificing every thing to his inordinate vanity. The class of men whom Brougham despised almost as much as Lord Althorp and Speaker Abbott did, were the newspaper writers. He had flings, too, at court people. "I never heard," he says, "of any body who had once got fairly within the atmosphere of the Court, being able to live out of it. It becomes as necessary to the life of a courtier as water to that of a fish." He curiously says, that all very young men of high rank ought to be not courtiers, but ultra-Liberals! He avows of himself that he was an ambitious man,—“a man who loved real power, cared little for any labor, however hard, and less for any rank, however high.” He was, nevertheless, far from being indifferent to the homage of those of exalted rank. On the occasion of his being sworn in as Chancellor at the Master of the Rolls' office, his pride was gratified by the attendance at the ceremony of princes, peers, bishops, and others, many of whom “were in full court-dress, and this made the affair look very gay!”

Certainly, under the old *régime*, it can not be said that men of humble birth could not make their way to the highest offices where intellect and a fine sense of honor were concerned. One of the aptest illustrations of this success presents itself in the case of Lord Tenterden, Chief Justice. The lowliness of his origin and his own good sense are to be seen in the circumstances of how he once corrected the pride of his son, by pointing out to him a shop in Canterbury, and saying, “Charley, that's where your grandfather shaved for a penny!” This noble judge was “*in business*” to the last. He was unconsciously addressing a jury: “Gentlemen,” said the dying Chief Justice, “you are dismissed!”

Brougham, the great Tribune of the People, hated all demagogues, and Cobbett above all others. When Cobbett was in Parliament, nothing pleased him better than to go about the country making speeches to ignorant audiences, and insinuating the treason which he dared not openly advocate. Owing to his unanswered nonsense, he was making great way in the country; but when he returned to the House of Commons, “Spring Rice at one blow overturned him, and Peel (with Cob-

bett's own lawful help) finished him. Depend upon it, that is a far better way of meeting an enemy than to smile and say, 'What does it signify?' Next to demagogues, Brougham had a horror of trades-unions. He called them "a social evil," exercising a permanently injurious effect upon the freedom of capital and labor alike. He deplored the oppression under which they held thousands of workmen, who were prohibited from making the best they could of their own labor. He denounced them as "conspiracies of the worst kind." "Their existence is a blot upon a system such as no Government ought to suffer." Much more curious is it to find the once ultra-Liberal, when a member of the Administration, denouncing popular meetings and the agitation of political questions: "This system of con-

tinually agitating any subject on which any part of the community may feel itself aggrieved, is very mischievous. How is any Government to go on under such a system; or what is the use of a Reformed Parliament, if we are to have a hundred mock parliaments sitting in every part of the kingdom, prescribing to the Legislature the course which it is to pursue?" What would the aged writer have said of the present day, when what he calls "mock parliaments" not only sit, but real M.P.'s, as well as lay delegates, make harangues to those tribunals; while each of the orators, if he belong to a certain secret society, is liable to be summoned before it, and to be well "wigg'd" for "laying it on too mildly," or for "showing his cards" with such in-discretion as to compel him to explain away the meaning of his words?

Macmillan's Magazine.

#### BIRTHDAY SONGS TO AN OLD FRIEND.

##### I. THE BIRD.

ON the window, lifted an inch,  
A tiny bird taps without fear,  
A brave little chirruping finch—  
And I slide up the sash when I hear.

Ah, the dreary November morn!  
Ah, the weary London din!  
Light has wither'd as soon as born—  
But the brave little bird hops in.

He has piped me a magic tune:  
He has perch'd on my finger and sung:  
He has charm'd back the time all June,  
When my neighbor and I were young.

Do I lean back and rest, and hearken  
To the bird that pipes on my hand?  
Do I walk where no winters darken,  
In a far-away fairy land?

There a girl comes, with brown locks curl'd,  
My friend, and we talk face to face;  
Crying, "O what a beautiful world!"  
Crying, "O what a happy place!"

Bless'd little bird with bright eyes,  
Perch here and warble all the day!  
Pipe your witch-tune—ah, he flies, flies;  
He was sent me—but not to stay.

Nov. 19, 1869.



## II. HOME.

HOMEWARD wend we—Ah, my dear,  
 From the feast of youth, and you,  
 Under clouded stars or clear,  
 On in front a step or two,  
 Bid me sing, the road to cheer.

Cloak'd in gray on wedding white,  
 Dim you glide before, and call  
 O'er your shoulder, "Sad is night,  
 Sing of sunshine over all;  
 Sing of daytime—sad is night."

And I answer, "Day was fair;  
 Day with all its joys is dead;  
 Like the large rose in your hair,  
 All its hundred petals shed,  
 Fallen, flutter'd here and there.

"And the sunshine you recall—  
 Ah, my dear, but is it true?  
 Did such sunshine ever fall  
 Out of any sky so blue?  
 Half I think we dreamed it all.

"Lo, a wind of dawn doth rise,  
 Chirps and odors float therein :—  
 Ah, my dear, lift up your eyes!  
 Landmarks of our home begin;  
 Breaks the morning where it lies."

MARY BROTHERTON.

Nov. 19, 1870.

Macmillan's Magazine.

## THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON.

BY WILLIAM BLACK, AUTHOR OF "A DAUGHTER OF HETH," ETC.

## CHAPTER IV.

## MASTER ARTHUR VANISHES.

"Hampton me taught to wish her first for mine;  
 And Windsor, alas! doth chase me from her  
 sight."

"RAIN!" cried Queen Titania, as she  
 walked up to the window of the break-  
 fast-room, and stared reproachfully out on  
 cloudy skies, gloomy trees, and the wet  
 thoroughfares of Twickenham.

"Surely not!" said Bell, in anxious tone;  
 and therewith she too walked up to one of  
 the panes, while an expression of deep  
 mortification settled down on her face.

She stood so for a second or two, irreso-  
 lute and hurt; and then a revengeful look  
 came into her eyes, she walked firmly over  
 to my Lady, got close up to her ear, and

apparently uttered a single word. Tita al-  
 most jumped back; and then she looked  
 at the girl.

"Bell, how dare you?" she said, in her  
 severest manner.

Bell turned and shyly glanced at the rest  
 of us, probably to make sure none of us  
 had heard; and then, all this mysterious  
 transaction being brought to a close, she  
 returned to the table, and calmly took up  
 a newspaper. But presently she threw it  
 aside, and glanced, with some heightened  
 color in her face, and some half-frightened  
 amusement in her eyes, towards Tita; and  
 lo! that majestic little woman was still re-  
 garding the girl, and there was surprise as  
 well as sternness in her look.

Presently the brisk step of Lieutenant

von Rosen was heard outside, and in a minute or two the tall young man came into the room, with a fine color in his face, and a sprinkling of rain about his big brown beard.

"Ha! Not late? No? That is very good!"

"But it rains!" said Tita to him, in an injured way, as if any one who had been out of doors was necessarily responsible for the weather.

"Not much," he said. "It may go off; but about six it did rain very hard, and I got a little wet then, I think."

"And where were you at six?" said Tita, with her pretty brown eyes opened wide.

"At Isleworth," he said, carelessly; and then he added, "Oh, I have done much business this morning, and bought something for your two boys, which will make them not mind that you go away. It is hard, you know, they are left behind——"

"But Bell has given them silver watches!" said Mamma. "Is not that enough?"

"They will break them in a day. Now when I went to the stables this morning to feed the horses, the old ostler was there. We had a quarrel last night; but no matter. We became very good friends—he told me much about Buckinghamshire and himself—he told me he did know your two boys—he told me he knew of a pony—oh! a very nice little pony—that was for sale from a gentleman in Isleworth——"

"And you've bought them a pony!" cried Bell, clapping her hands.

"Bell!" said Tita, with a severe look, "how foolish you are! How could you think of any thing so absurd?"

"But she is quite right, madame," said the Lieutenant, "and it will be here in an hour, and you must not tell them till it comes."

"And you mean to leave them with that animal! Why, they will break their necks, both of them," cried my Lady, hurriedly.

"Oh, no!" said the Lieutenant; "a tumble does not hurt boys, not at all. And this is a very quiet, small pony,—oh, I did pull him about to try, and he will not harm any body. And very rough and strong—I think the old man did call him a Scotland pony."

"A Shetland pony."

"Ah, very well," said our Uhlan; and then he began to turn wistful eyes to the breakfast table.

They sat down to breakfast, almost forgetting the rain. They were very well pleased with the coming of the pony. It would be a capital thing for the boys' health; it would be this and would be that; but only one person there reflected that this addition to the comforts of the two young rogues upstairs would certainly cost him sixteen shillings a week all the year round.

Suddenly, in the midst of this talk, Bell looked up and said—

"But where is Arthur?"

"Oh! said the mother of the young man, "he went up to town this morning at eight. He took it for granted you would not start to-day."

"He might have waited to see," said Bell, looking down. "I suppose he is not so very much occupied in the Temple. It will serve him quite right if we go away before he comes back."

"But perhaps he won't come back," said Mrs. Ashburton, gently.

Bell looked surprised; and then, with a little firmness about the mouth, held her peace for some time. It was clear that Master Arthur's absence had some considerable significance in it, which she was slowly determining in her own mind.

When Bell next spoke, she proposed that we should set out, rain or no rain.

"It will not take much time to drive down to Henley," she said. "And if we begin by paying too much attention to slight showers, we shall never get on. Besides, Count von Rosen ought to see how fine are our English rain-landscapes—what softened colors are brought out in the trees and in the grays of the distance under a dark sky. It is not nearly so dismal as a wet day abroad, in a level country, with nothing but rows of poplars along the horizon. Here," she said, turning to the Lieutenant, who had probably heard of her recent successes in water-color, "you have light mists hanging about the woods; and there is a rough surface on the rivers; and all the hedges and fields get dark and intense, and a bit of scarlet—say a woman's cloak—is very fine under the gloom of the sky. I know you are not afraid of wet, and I know that the rest of us never got into such good spirits during our Surrey drives as when we were dashing through torrents and shaking the rain from about our faces; and this is nothing—a mere passing shower—and the country down

by Hounslow will look very well under dark clouds; and we can not do better than start at once for Henley!"

"What is the matter, Bell?" said Tita, looking at the girl with her clear, observant eyes. "One would think you were vexed about our staying in Twickenham until to-morrow, and yet nobody has proposed that yet."

"I don't wish to waste time," said Bell, looking down.

Here the Lieutenant laughed aloud.

"Forgive me, mademoiselle," he said, "but what you say is very much like the English people. They are always much afraid of losing time, though it does not matter to them. I think your commercial habits have become national, and got amongst people who have nothing to do with commerce. I find English ladies who have weeks and months at their disposal travel all night by train, and make themselves very wretched. Why? To save a day, they tell you. I find English people, with two months' holiday before them, undertake all the un comforts of a night passage from Dover to Calais. Why? To save a day. How does it matter to you, for example, that we start to-day, or to-morrow, or next week? Only that you feel you must be doing something—you must accomplish something—you must save time. It is all English. It is with your amusements as with your making of money. You are never satisfied. You are always looking forward—wishing to do or have certain things—never content to stop, and rest, and enjoy doing nothing."

Now what do you think our Bell did on being lectured in this fashion? Say something in reply, only kept from being saucy by the sweet manner of her saying it? Or rise and leave the room, and refuse to be coaxed into a good humor for hours? Why, no. She said, in the gentlest way—

"I think you are quite right, Count von Rosen. It really does not matter to me whether we go to-day or to-morrow."

"But you shall go to-day, Bell," say I, "even though it should rain Duke Georges. At four of the clock we start."

"My dear," says Tita, "this is absurd."

"Probably; but none the less Castor and Pollux shall start at that hour."

"You are beginning to show your authority somewhat early," says my Lady, with a suspicious sweetness in her tone.

"What there is left of it," I remark, looking at Bell, who describes a fight in the distance, and is all attention.

"Count von Rosen," says Tita, turning in her calmest manner to the young man, "what do you think of this piece of folly? It may clear up long before that: it may be raining heavily then. Why should we run the risk of incurring serious illness by determining to start at a particular hour? It is monstrous. It is absurd. It is—— it is——"

"Well," said the Lieutenant, with an easy shrug and a laugh, "it is not of much consequence you make the rule; for you will break it if it is not agreeable. For myself, I have been accustomed to start at a particular hour, whatever happens; but for pleasure, what is the use?"

"Yes; what is the use?" repeats Tita, turning to the rest of us with a certain ill-concealed air of triumph.

"St. Augustine," I observed to this rebellious person, "remarks that the obedience of a wife to her husband is no virtue, so long as she does only that which is reasonable, just, and pleasing to herself."

"I don't believe St. Augustine said any thing of the kind," replied she; "and if he did, he hadn't a wife, and didn't know what he was talking about. I will not allow Bell to catch her death of cold. We shall *not* start at four."

"Two o'clock, luncheon. Half-past two, the moon enters Capricorn. Three o'clock, madness rages. Four, colds attack the human race. We start at four."

By this time breakfast was over, and all the reply that Tita vouchsafed was to wear a pleased smile of defiance as she left the room. The Count, too, went out; and in a few minutes we saw him in the road, leading the pony he had bought. The boys had been kept upstairs, and were told nothing of the surprise in store for them; so that we were promised a stirring scene in front of the Doctor's house.

Presently the Lieutenant arrived at the gate, and summoned Bell from the window. She having gone to the door, and spoken to him for a second or two, went into the house, and reappeared with a bundle of coarse cloths. Was the foolish young man going to groom the pony in front of the house merely out of bravado? At all events, he roughly dried the shaggy coat of the sturdy little animal, and then carefully wiped the mud from its small legs

and hoofs. Bell went down and took the bridle; the Lieutenant was behind, to give a push if necessary.

"Come up, Dick! Come along!" she said; and after a few frightened stumbles on the steps the pony stood in the Doctor's hall!

The clatter of the small hoofs on the waxcloth had brought the boys out to the first landing, and they were looking down with intense surprise on the appearance of a live horse inside the house. When Bell had called them, and told them that the Count had brought this pony for them, that it was a real pony, and that they would have to feed it every day, they came down the stairs with quite a frightened air. They regarded the animal from a distance, and then at last Master Jack ventured to go up and touch its neck.

"Why," he said, as if suddenly struck with the notion that it was really alive, "I'll get it an apple!"

He went upstairs, three steps at a bound; and by the time he came back Master Tom had got into the saddle, and was for riding his steed into the breakfast-room. Then he would ride him out into the garden. Jack insisted on his having the apple first. The mother of both called out from above that if they went into the garden in the rain she would have the whole house whipped. But all the same, Master Tom, led by the Lieutenant, and followed by Bell—whose attentions in holding him on he regarded with great dislike—rode in state along the passage, and through the kitchen, and out by a back door into the garden.

"Let me go, Auntie Bell!" he said, shaking himself free. "I can ride very well—I have ridden often at Leatherhead."

"Off you go, then," said the Lieutenant: "lean well back—don't kick him with your heels—off you go."

The pony shook his rough little mane, and started upon a very sedate and patient walk along the smooth path.

"Fist! Hei! Go ahead!" cried Master Tom, and he twitched at the bridle in quite a knowing way.

Thus admonished, the pony broke into a brisk trot, which at first jogged Master Tom on to its neck, but he managed to riggle back into the saddle and get hold of the reins again. His riding was not a masterly performance, but at all events he

stuck on; and when, after having trotted thrice round the garden, he slid off of his own will and brought the pony up to us, his chubby round face was gleaming with pride, and flushed color, and rain. Then it was Jack's turn; but this young gentleman, having had less experience, was attended by the Lieutenant, who walked round the garden with him, and gave him his first lessons in the art of horsemanship. This was a very pretty amusement for those of us who remained under the archway, but for those in the garden it was beginning to prove a trifle damp. Nevertheless, Bell begged hard for the boys to be let alone, seeing that they were overjoyed beyond expression by their new toy; and it is probable that both they and their instructor would have got soaked to the skin had not my Lady Titania appeared, with her face full of an awful wrath.

What occurred then it is difficult to relate; for in the midst of the storm Bell laughed; and the boys, being deprived of their senses by the gift of the pony, laughed also—at their own mother. Tita fell from her high estate directly. The splendors of her anger faded away from her face, and she ran out into the rain and cuffed the boys' ears, and kissed them, and drove them into the house before her. And she was so good as to thank the Count formally for his present; and bade the boys be good boys and attend to their lessons when they had so much amusement provided for them; and finally turned to Bell, and said that as we had to start at four o'clock, we might as well have our things packed before luncheon.

Now such was the reward of this wifely obedience that at four o'clock the rain had actually and definitely ceased; and the clouds, though they still hung low, were gathering themselves up into distinct forms. When the phaeton was brought round, there was not even any necessity for putting up the hood; and Tita, having seen that every thing was placed in the vehicle, was graciously pleased to ask the Lieutenant if he would drive, that she might sit beside him and point out objects of interest.

Then she kissed the boys very affectionately, and bade them take care not to tumble off the pony. The Doctor and his wife wished us every good fortune. Bell threw a wistful glance up and down the road, and then turned her face a little



aside. The Count shook the reins, and our phaeton rolled slowly away from Twickenham.

"Why, Bell," I said, as we were crossing the railway-bridge, and my companion looked round to see if there were a train at the station, "you have been crying!"

"Not much," said Bell, frankly, but in a very low voice.

"But why?" I ask.

"You know," she said.

"I know that Arthur has been very unreasonable, and that he has gone up to London in a fit of temper; and I know what I think of the whole transaction, and what I consider he deserves. But I didn't think you cared for him so much, Bell, or were so vexed about it."

"Care for him?" she said, with a glance at the people before us, lest the low sound of her voice might not be entirely drowned by the noise of the wheels in the muddy road. "That may mean much or little. You know I like Arthur very well; and—and I am afraid he is vexed with me; and it is not pleasant to part like that with one's friends."

"He will write to you, Bell; or he will drop down on us suddenly some evening when we are at Oxford, or Worcester, or Shrewsbury——"

"I hope he will not do that," said Bell, with some expression of alarm. "If he does, I know something dreadful will happen."

"But Master Arthur, Bell, is not exactly the sort of person to displace the geological strata."

"Oh! you don't know what a temper he has at times," she said; and then, suddenly recovering herself, she added hastily, "but he is exceedingly good and kind for all that: only he is vexed, you know, at not being able to get on; and perhaps he is a little jealous of people who are successful, and in good circumstances, and independent; and he is apt to think that—that—that——"

"His lady-love will be carried off by some wealthy suitor before he has been able to amass a fortune?"

"You mustn't talk as if I were engaged to Arthur Ashburton," said Bell, rather proudly, "or even that I am ever likely to be!"

Our Bonny Bell soon recovered her spirits, for she felt that we had at last real-

ly set out on our journey to Scotland, and her keen liking for all out-of-door sights and sounds was now heightened by a vague and glad anticipation. If Arthur Ashburton, as I deemed highly probable, should endeavor to overtake us, and effect a reconciliation or final understanding with Bell, we were, for the present, at least, speeding rapidly away from him.

As we drove through the narrow lane running down by Whitton Park and Whitton Dean, the warm, moist winds were blowing a dozen odors about from the far, low-stretching fields and gardens; and the prevailing sweetness of the air seemed to herald our departure from the last suburban traces of London. Splash! went the horses' hoofs into the yellow pools of the roads, and the rattle of the wheels seemed to send an echo through the stillness of the quiet country-side; while overhead the dark and level clouds became more fixed and gray, and we hoped they would ultimately draw together and break, so as to give us a glimpse of pallid sunshine. Then we drove up through Hounslow to the famous inn at the cross-roads, which was known to travelers in the highway-robbery days; and here our Bell complained that so many of these hostelries should bear her name. Tita, we could hear, was telling her companion of all the strange incidents connected with this inn and its neighborhood which she could recall from the pages of those various old-fashioned fictions which are much more interesting to some folks than the most accurate histories. Up this long and level Bath road, which now lay before us, had come many a gay and picturesque party whose adventures were recorded in the olden time. Was it not here that Strap rode up to the coach in which Roderick Random was going to Bath, and alarmed every body by the intelligence that two horsemen were coming over the Heath upon them; and was it not to this very village that the frightened servant hastened to get assistance? When Sophia escaped from the various adventures that befell her in the inn at Upton, did she not come up this very road to London, making the journey in two days? When Peregrine Pickle used to pay forbidden visits to London, doubtless he rode through Hounslow at dead of night on each occasion: and it is needless to say that once upon a time a youth called Humphrey Clinker acted as

postilion to Matt. Bramble, and Tabitha, and Miss Liddy, when they, having dined at Salthill, were passing through Hounslow to London, and to Scotland. These, and a hundred other reminiscences, not unfamiliar to the Lieutenant, who had a fair knowledge of English novels, were being recorded by Queen Titania as we bowled along the Bath road, over Cranford Bridge, past the Magpies, through Colnbrook, and on to Langley Marsh, when the Count suddenly exclaimed—

"But the Heath? I have not seen Hounslow Heath, where the highwaymen used to be!"

Alas! there was no more Heath to show him—only the level and wooded beauties of a cultivated English plain. And yet these, as we saw them then, under the conditions that Bell had described in the morning, were sufficiently pleasant to see. All around us stretched a fertile landscape, with the various greens of its trees and fields and hedges grown dark and strong under the gloom of the sky. The winding road ran through this country like the delicate gray streak of a river: and there were distant farmhouses peeping from the sombre foliage; an occasional wayside inn standing deserted amid its rude outhouses; a passing tramp plodding through the mire. Strange and sweet came the damp, warm winds from over the fields of beans and of clover, and it seemed as if the wild roses in the tall and straggling hedges had increased in multitude so as to perfume the whole land. And then, as we began to see in the west, with a great joy, some faint streaks of sunshine descend like a shimmering comb upon the gloomy landscape, lo! in the south there arose before us a great and stately building, whose tall gray towers and spacious walls, seen against the dark clouds of the horizon, were distant, and pale, and spectral.

"It looks like a phantom castle, does it not?" said Bell, speaking in quite a low voice. "Don't you think it has sprung up in the heavens like the Fata Morgana, or the spectral ship, and that it will fade away again and disappear?"

Indeed, it looked like the ghost of one of the castles of King Arthur's time—that old, strange time, when England lay steeped in gray mists and the fogs blown about by the sea-winds, when there does not seem to have been any sunshine, but

only a gloom of shifting vapors, half hiding the ghostly knights and the shadowy queens, and all their faint and mystical stories and pilgrimages and visions. The castle down there looked as if it had never been touched by sharp, clear, modern sunlight, that is cruel to ghosts and phantoms.

But here Bell's reveries were interrupted by Lieutenant von Rosen, who, catching sight of the castle in the south and all its hazy lines of forest, said—

"Ah! what is that?"

"That," said Bell, suddenly recovering from her trance, "is a hotel for German princes."

She had no sooner uttered the words, however, than she looked thoroughly alarmed; and with a prodigious shame and mortification she begged the Count's pardon, who merely laughed, and said he regretted he was not a Prince.

"It is Windsor, is it not?" he said.

"Yes," replied Bell, humbly, while her face was still pained and glowing. "I—I hope you will forgive my rudeness: I think I must have heard some one say that recently, and it escaped me before I thought what it meant."

Of course, the Lieutenant passed the matter off lightly, as a very harmless saying; but all the same Bell seemed determined for some time after to make him amends, and quite took away my Lady's occupation by pointing out to our young Uhlan, in a very respectful and submissive manner, whatever she thought of note on the road. Whether the Lieutenant perceived this intention or not I do not know; but at all events, he took enormous pains to be interested in what she said, and paid far more attention to her than to his own companion. Moreover, he once or twice, in looking back, pretty nearly ran us into a cart, inasmuch that Queen Tita had laughingly to recall him to his duties.

In this wise we went down through the sweetly-smelling country, with its lines of wood and hedge and its breadths of field and meadow still suffering from the gloom of a darkened sky. We cut through the village of Slough, passed the famous Salthill, got over the Two Mill Brook at Cuckfield Bridge, and were rapidly nearing Maidenhead, where we proposed to rest an hour or two and dine. Bell had pledged her word there would be a bright evening, and had thrown out vague hints

about a boating-excursion up to the wooded heights of Cliefden. In the meantime, the sun had made little way in breaking through the clouds. There were faint indications here and there of a luminous grayish-yellow lying in the interstices of the heavy sky; but the pale and shimmering comb in the west had disappeared.

"What has come over your fine weather, Bell?" said my Lady. "Do you remember how you used to dream of our setting out, and what heaps of color and sunshine you lavished on your picture?"

"My dear," said Bell, "you are unacquainted with the art of a stage-manager. Do you think I would begin my pantomime with a blaze of light, and bright music, and a great show of costume? No! First of all, comes the dungeon scene—darkness and gloom—thunder and solemn music—nothing but demons appearing through the smoke; and then, when you have all got impressed and terrified and attentive, you will hear in the distance a little sound of melody, there will be a flutter of wings, just as if the fairies were preparing a surprise, and then all at once into the darkness leaps the queen herself, and a blaze of sunlight dashes on to her silver wings, and you see her gauzy costume, and the scarlet and gold of a thousand attendants who have all swarmed into the light."

"How long have we to wait, made-moiselle?" said the Lieutenant seriously.

"I have not quite settled that," replied Bell, with a fine air of reflection, "but I will see about it while you are having dinner."

Comforted by these promises—which ought, however, to have come from Queen Titania, if the fairies were supposed to be invoked—we drove underneath the railway-line and past the station of Taplow, and so forward to the hotel by the bridge. When, having, with some exercise of patience, seen Castor and Pollux housed and fed, I went into the parlor, I found dinner on the point of being served, and the Count grown almost eloquent about the comforts of English inns. Indeed, there was a considerable difference, as he pointed out, between the hard, bright, cheery public-room of a German inn, and this long, low-roofed apartment, with its old-fashioned furniture, its carpets, and general air of gravity and respectability. Then

the series of pictures around the wall—venerable lithographs, glazed and yellow, representing all manner of wild adventures in driving and hunting—amused him much.

"That is very like your English humor," he said,—“of the country, I mean. The joke is a man thrown into a ditch, and many horses coming over on him; or it is a carriage upset in the road, and men crawling from underneath, and women trying to get through the window. It is rough, strong, practical fun, at the expense of unfortunate people that you like."

"At least," I point out, "it is quite as good a sort of public-house furniture as pictures of bleeding saints, or lithographs of smooth-headed princes."

"Oh! I do not object to it," he said, "not in the least. I do like your sporting pictures very much."

"And when you talk of German lithographs," struck in Bell, quite warmly, "I suppose you know that it is to the German printsellers our poorer classes owe all the possession of art they can afford. They would never have a picture in their house but for those cheap lithographs that come over from Germany; and, although they are very bad, and even carelessly bad often, they are surely better than nothing for cottages and country inns, that would never otherwise have any thing to show but coarse patterns of wall-paper."

"My dear child," remarked Queen Tita, "we are none of us accusing Germany of any crime whatever."

"But it is very good-natured of made-moiselle to defend my country, for all that," said the Lieutenant, with a smile. "We are unpopular with you just now, I believe. That I can not help. It is a pity. But it is only a family quarrel, you know, and it will go away. And just now, it requires some courage, does it not, to say a word for Germany?"

"Why, Bell has been your bitterest enemy all through the war," said Tita, ashamed of the defection of her ancient ally.

"I think you behaved very badly to the poor French people," said Bell, looking down, and evidently wishing that some good spirit or bad one would fly away with this embarrassing topic.

The spirit appeared. There came to the open space in front of the inn a young girl of about fifteen or sixteen, with a careworn and yet healthily-colored face, and

shrewd blue eyes. She wore a man's jacket, and she had a shillelagh in her hand, which she twirled about as she glanced at the windows of the inn. Then, in a hard, cracked voice, she began to sing a song. It was supposed to be rather a dashing and aristocratic ballad, in which this oddly-clad girl with the shillelagh recounted her experiences of the opera, and told us how she loved champagne, and croquet, and various other fashionable diversions. There was something very curious in the forced gayety with which she entered into these particulars, the shillelagh meanwhile being kept as still as circumstances would permit. But presently she sang an Irish song, describing herself as some free and easy Irish lover and fighter; and here the bit of wood came into play. She thrust one of her hands, with an audacious air, into the pocket of the jacket she wore, while she twirled the shillelagh with the other; and then, so soon as she had finished, her face dropped into a plaintive and matter-of-fact air, and she came forward to receive pence.

"She is scarcely our Lorelei," said the Count, "who sits over the Rhine in the evening. But she is a hard-working girl, you can see that. She has not much pleasure in life. If we give her a shilling, it will be much comfort to her."

And with that he went out. But what was Tita's surprise to see him go up to the girl and begin to talk to her! She, looking up to the big, brown-bearded man with a sort of awe, answered his questions with some appearance of shamefaced embarrassment; and then, when he gave her a piece of money, she performed something like a courtesy, and looked after him as he returned whistling to the door of the inn.

Then we had dinner—a plain, comfortable, wholesome meal enough; and it seemed somehow in this old-fashioned parlor that we formed quite a family party. We were cut off at last from the world of friends and acquaintances, and thrown upon each other's society in a very peculiar fashion. In what manner should we sit down to our final repast, after all this journey and its perils and accidents were over? Tita, I could see, was rather grave, and perhaps speculating on the future; while Bell and the young Lieutenant had got to talk of some people they recollected as living at Bonn some dozen years before. Nobody said a word about Arthur.

## CHAPTER V.

## QUEEN TITANIA AFLOAT.

"Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen  
Full many a sprightly race,  
Disporting on thy margent green,  
The paths of pleasure trace,  
Who foremost now delight to cleave  
With pliant arm thy glassy wave?"

At length we hit upon one thing that Count von Rosen could not do. When we had wandered down to the side of the Thames, just by Maidenhead Bridge, and opposite the fine old houses, and smooth lawns, and green banks that stand on the other margin of the broad and shallow river, we discovered that the Lieutenant was of no use in a boat. And so, as the young folks would have us go up under the shadows of the leafy hills of Cliefden, there was nothing for it but that Tita and I should resort to the habits of earlier years, and show a later generation how to feather an oar with skill and dexterity. As Queen Titania stood by the boat-house, pulling off her gloves with economic forethought, and looking rather pensively at the landing-place and the boats and the water, she suddenly said—

"Is not this like long ago?"

"You talk like an old woman, Tita," says one of the party. "And yet your eyes are as pretty as they were a dozen years ago, when you used to walk along the beach at Eastbourne, and cry because you were afraid of becoming the mistress of a house. And now the house has been too much for you; and you are full of confused facts, and unintelligible figures, and petty anxieties, until your responsibilities have hidden away the old tenderness of your look, except at such a moment as this, when you forget yourself. Tita, do you remember who pricked your finger to sign a document in her own blood, when she was only a schoolgirl, and who produced it years afterwards with something of a shamefaced pride?"

"Stuff!" says Tita, angrily, but blushing dreadfully all the same; and so, with a frown and an imperious manner, she stepped down to the margin of the river.

Now mark this circumstance. In the old days of which my Lady was then thinking, she used to be very well content with pulling bow-oar when we two used to go out in the evenings. Now, when the Lieutenant and Bell had been comfortably placed in the stern, Tita daintily stepped



into the boat and sat down quite naturally to pull stroke. She made no apology. She took the place as if it were hers by right. Such are the changes which a few years of married life produce.

So Bell pulled the white tiller-ropes over her shoulder, and we glided out and up the glassy stream, into that world of greenness and soft sounds and sweet odors that lay all around. Already something of Bell's prophecy was likely to come true; for the clouds were perceptibly growing thinner overhead, and a diffused yellow light falling from no particular place seemed to dwell over the hanging woods of Clifden. It gave a new look, too, to the smooth river, to the rounded elms and tall poplars on the banks, and the long aits beyond the bridge, where the swans were sailing close in by the reeds.

We had got but a short way up the river when our coxswain, without a word of warning, shot us into a half-submerged forest that seemed to hide from us a lake on the other side. Tita had so little time to ship her oar that no protest was possible; and then the Lieutenant catching hold of the branches pulled us through the narrow channel, and lo! we were in a still piece of water, with a smooth curve of the river-bank on one side and a long island on the other, and with a pretty little house looking quietly down at us over this inland sea. We were still in the Thames; but this house seemed so entirely to have become owner of the charming landscape around and its stretch of water in front, that Bell asked in a hurry how we could get away. Tita, being still a little indignant, answered not, but put her oar into the outrigger again, and commenced pulling. And then our coxswain, who was not so familiar with the tricks of the Thames at Maidenhead as some of us, discovered a north-west passage by which it was possible to return into the main channel of the stream, and we continued our voyage.

When, at length, we had got past the picturesque old mill, and reached the sea of tumbling white water that came rushing down from the weir, it seemed as though the sky had entered into a compact with Bell to fulfill her predictions. For as we lay and rocked in the surge—watching the long level line of foam come tumbling over in spouts, and jets, and white masses, listening to the roar of the fall, and

regarding the swirling circles of white bells that swept away downward on the stream—there appeared in the west, just over the line of the weir, a parallel line of dark blood-red. It was but a streak as yet; but presently it widened and grew more intense—a great glow of crimson color came shining forth—and it seemed as if all the western heavens, just over that line of white foam, were becoming a mass of fire. Bell's transformation-scene was positively blinding; and the bewilderment of the splendid colors was not lessened by the roar of the tumbling river, that seemed strangely wild in the stillness of the evening.

But when we turned to drop quietly down stream, the scene around was so lovely that Queen Titania had no heart to pull away from it. For now the hanging woods of beech and birch and oak had caught a glow of the sunset along their masses of yellow and green, and the broad stream had the purple of its glassy sweeps dashed here and there with red, and in the far east a reflected tinge of pink mingled with the cold green, and lay soft and pure and clear over the low woods, and the river, and the bridge. As if by magic, the world had grown suddenly light, ethereal, and full of beautiful colors: and the clouds that still remained overhead had parted into long cirrhous lines, with pearly edges, and a touch of scarlet and gold along their western side.

"What a drive we shall have this evening!" cried Bell. "It will be a clear night when we get to Henley, and there will be stars over the river, and perhaps a moon, who knows?"

"I thought you would have provided a moon, mademoiselle," said the Lieutenant, gravely. "You have done very well for us this evening—oh! very well indeed. I have not seen any such beautiful picture for many years. You did very well to keep a dark day all day, and make us tired of cold colors and green trees; and then you surprise us by this picture of magic—oh! it is very well done."

"All that it wants," said Bell, with a critical eye, "is a little woman in a scarlet shawl under the trees there, and over the green of the rushes—one of those nice fat little women who always wear bright shawls just to please landscape-painters—making a little blob of strong color, you know, just like a ladybird among green moss. Do you know, I am quite grateful

to a pleasant little countrywoman when she dresses herself ridiculously merely to make a landscape look fine; and how can you laugh at her when she comes near? I sometimes think that she wears those colors, especially those in her bonnet, out of mere modesty. She does not know what will please you—she puts in a little of every thing to give you a choice. She holds up to you a whole bouquet of flowers, and says, 'Please, miss, do you like blue?—for here is corn-cockle; or red?—for here are poppies; or yellow?—for here are rock-roses.' She is like Perdita, you know, going about with an armful of blossoms, and giving to every one what she thinks will please them."

"My dear," said Tita, "you are too generous; I am afraid the woman wears those things out of vanity. She does not know what color suits her complexion best, and so wears a variety, quite sure that one of them must be the right one. And there are plenty of women in town, as well as in the country, who do that too."

"I hope you don't mean me," said Bell, contritely, as she leant her arm over the side of the boat, and dipped the tips of her fingers into the glassy stream.

But if we were to get to Henley that night, there was no time for lingering longer about that bend by the river, with its islands and mills and woods. That great burst of color in the west had been the expiring effort of the sun; and when we got back to the inn, there was nothing left in the sky but the last golden and crimson traces of his going down. The river was becoming gray, and the Cliefden woods were preparing for the night by drawing over themselves a thin veil of mist, which rendered them distant and shadowy, as they lay under the lambent sky.

The phaeton was at the door; our bill paid; an extra shawl got out of the imperial—although, in that operation, the Lieutenant nearly succeeded in smashing Bell's guitar.

"It will be dark before we get to Henley," says Tita.

"Yes," I answered obediently.

"And we are going now by cross-roads," she remarks.

"The road is a very good one," I venture to reply.

"But still it is a cross-road," she says.

"Very well, then, my dear," I say, wondering what the little woman is after.

"You must drive," she continues, "for none of us know the road."

"Yes, m'm, please m'm: any more orders?"

"Oh, Bell," says my Lady, with a gracious air (she can change the expression of her face in a second,) "would you mind taking Count von Rosen under your charge until we get to Henley? I am afraid it will take both of us to find the road in the dark."

"No, I will take you under my charge, mademoiselle," said the Lieutenant, frankly; and therewith he helped Bell into the phaeton, and followed himself.

The consequence of this little arrangement was that while Tita and I were in front, the young folks were behind; and no sooner had we started from the inn, got across the bridge, and were going down the road towards the village of Maidenhead proper, than Titania says, in a very low voice—

"Do you know, my dear, our pulling together in that boat quite brought back old times; and—and—and I wanted to be sitting up here beside you for a while, just to recall the old, old drives we used to have, you know, about here, and Henley, and Reading. How long ago is it, do you think?"

That wife of mine is a wonderful creature. You would have thought she was as innocent as a lamb when she uttered these words, looking up with a world of sincerity and pathos in the big, clear, earnest, brown eyes. And the courage of the small creature, too, who thought she could deceive her husband by this open, transparent, audacious piece of hypocrisy!

"Madam," I said, with some care that the young folks should not overhear, "your tenderness overwhelms me."

"What do you mean?" she says, suddenly becoming as cold and as rigid as Lot's wife after the accident happened.

"Perhaps," I ventured to suggest, "you would like to have the hood up, and so leave them quite alone? Our presence must be very embarrassing."

"You are insulting Bell in saying such things," she says warmly, "or perhaps it is that you would rather have her for a companion than your own wife."

"Well, to tell you the truth, I would."

"She shall not sit by the Lieutenant again."

"I hope you don't mean to strangle her,

We should arrive in Edinburgh in a sort of unicorn-fashion."

Tita relapsed into a dignified silence—that is always the way with her when she has been found out; but she was probably satisfied by hearing the Count and Bell chatting very briskly together, thus testifying to the success of her petty stratagem.

It was a pleasant drive, on that quiet evening, from Maidenhead across the wild, untenanted country that lies within the great curve of the Thames. Instead of turning off at the corner of Stubbing's Heath, and so getting into the road that runs by Hurley Bottom, we held straight on towards Wargrave, so as to have the last part of the journey lead us up by the side of the river. So still it was! The road led through undulating stretches of common and passed the edges of silent woods, while the sky was becoming pale and beautiful overhead, and the heights on the northern horizon—between Cookham and Hurley—were growing more and more visionary in the dusk. Sometimes, but rarely, we met a solitary wanderer coming along through the twilight, and a gruff "good-night" greeted us; but for the most part there seemed no life in this lonely part of the country, where rabbits ran across the road in front of us, and the last rooks that flew by in the dusk seemed hastening on to the neighborhood of some distant village. It was a mild, fresh evening, with the air still damp and odorous after the rain; but overhead the sky still remained clear, and here and there, in the partings of the thin cloud, a pale star or planet had become faintly visible.

At last we got down into the village of Wargrave, and then it was nearly dark. There were a few people, mostly women, standing at the doors of the cottages; and here and there a ray of yellow light gleamed out from a small window. As we struck into the road that runs parallel with the Thames, there were men coming home from their work; and their talk was heard at a great distance in the stillness of the night.

"How far are we from Henley?" said Bell.

"Are you anxious to get there?" replied Queen Titania, smiling quite benignly.

"No," said Bell, "this is so pleasant that I should like to be driving on until midnight, and we could see the moon coming through the trees."

"You have to consider the horses," said the Lieutenant, bluntly. "If you do tire them too much on the first days, they will not go so long a journey. But yet we are some way off, I suppose; and if *mademoiselle* will sing something for us, I will get out the guitar."

"You'd better get down and light the lamps, rather," I remark to those indolent young people; whereupon the Count was instantly in the road, striking wax matches, and making use of curious expressions that seemed chiefly to consist of *g's* and *r's*.

So, with the lamps flaring down the dark road, we rolled along the highway that here skirts the side of a series of heights looking down into the Thames. Sometimes we could see a gray glimmer of the river beneath us through the trees; at other times the road took us down close to the side of the water, and Castor got an opportunity of making a playful little shy or two; but for the most part we drove through dense woods, that completely shut off the starlight overhead.

More than once, indeed, we came to a steep descent that was buried in such total darkness that the Lieutenant jumped down and took the horses' heads, lest some unlucky step or stumble should throw us into the river. So far as we could make out, however, there was a sufficient wall on the side of the highway next the stream—a rough old wall, covered with plants and moss, that ran along the high and wooded bank.

Suddenly Bell uttered a cry of delight. We had come to a cleft in the glade which showed us the river running by some sixty feet beneath us, and on the surface of the water the young crescent of the moon was clearly mirrored. There was not enough moonlight to pierce the trees, or even to drown the pale light of the stars; but the sharp disk of silver, as it glimmered on the water, was sufficiently beautiful, and contained in itself the promise of many a lovely night.

"It has begun the journey with us," said Bell. "It is a young moon; it will go with us all the month; and we shall see it on the Severn, and on Windermere, and on the Solway, and on the Tweed. Didn't I promise you all a moon, sooner or later? And there it is!"

"It does not do so much good, Bell," said the driver, ruefully, the very horses seeming afraid to plunge into the gulfs of

darkness that were spectrally peered into by the light of the lamps.

"The moon is not for use," said Bell, "it is for magic; and once we have got to Henley, and put the horses up, and gone out again to the river, you shall all stand back, and watch in a corner, and let Queen Titania go forward to summon the fairies. And as you listen in the dark, you will hear a little crackling and rustling along the opposite shore, and you will see small blue lights come out from the banks, and small boats, with a glowworm at their prow, come out into the stream. And then from the boats, and from all the fields near—where the mist of the river lies at night—you will see wonderful small men and women of radiant blue flame come forward, and there will be a strange sound like music in the trees, and the river itself will begin to say, in a kind of laugh, "*Titania, Titania! you have been so long away—years and years—looking after servants, and the schooling of boys, and the temper of a fractious husband—*"

"Bell, you are impertinent."

"There are true words spoken in jest, sometimes," says Tita, with a dainty malice.

"Your bearing-rein in England is a cruelty to the horse—you must take it away to-morrow," said the Lieutenant; and this continuation of a practical subject recalled these scapegraces from their jibes.

Here the road took us down by a gradual dip to the river again, and for the last mile before reaching our destination we had a pleasant and rapid run along the side of the stream. Then the lights of Henley were seen to glimmer before us; we crossed over the bridge, and swerving round to the right drove into the archway of the "Red Lion."

"No, sir," remarked Dr. Johnson to Mr. Boswell, "there is nothing which has yet been contrived by man, by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn." He then repeated, with great emotion, we are told, Shentone's lines—

"Whoe'er has traveled life's dull round,  
Where'er his stages may have been,  
May sigh to think he still has found  
The warmest welcome at an inn."

And Mr. Boswell goes on to say: "We happened to lie this night at the inn at Henley, where Shentone wrote these lines."

Now, surely, if ever belated travelers had reason to expect a cordial welcome, it was we four as we drove into the famous hostelry which had awakened enthusiasm in the poets and lexicographers of bygone days. But as Castor and Pollux stood under the archway, looking into the great dark yard before them, and as we gazed round in vain for the appearance of any waiter or other official, it occurred to Tita that the Bell Inn must have changed hands since Shentone's time. Where was our comfortable welcome? A bewildered maid-servant came out to stare at our phaeton with some alarm. Plaintive howls for the ostler produced a lad from the darkness of the stables, who told us that the ostler was away somewhere. Another maid-servant came out, and also looked alarmed. The present writer, fearing that Tony Lumpkin, transformed into an invisible spirit, had played him a trick, humbly begged this young woman to say whether he had driven by mistake into a private house. The young person looked afraid.

"My good girl," says Tita, with a gracious condescension, "will you tell us if this is the Bell Inn?"

"Yes, 'm; of course, 'm."

"And can we stay here to-night?"

"I'll bring the waiter, ma'am, directly."

Meanwhile the Lieutenant had got down, and was fuming about the yard to rout out the ostler's assistants, or some people who could put up the horses. He managed to unearth no fewer than three men, whom he brought in a gang. He was evidently determined not to form his grooming of the horses at Twickenham into a precedent.

At last there came a waiter, looking rather sleepy and a trifle helpless; whereupon my Lady and Bell departed into the inn, and left the luggage to be sent after them. There appeared to be no one inside the house. The gases were lit in the spacious coffee-room; some rugs and bags were brought in and placed upon the table; and then Tita and her companion, not daring to remove their bonnets, sat down in arm-chairs and stared at each other.

"I fly from pomp, I fly from plate;  
I fly from falsehood's specious grin;  
But risk a ten times worse fate  
In choosing lodgings at an inn!"

—this was what Bell repeated, in a gentle



voice, on the very spot that is sacred to the memory of Shenstone's satisfaction.

I requested the young man in the white tie to assign some reason for this state of affairs; and his answer was immediately forthcoming. There had been a regatta a few days before. The excitement in the small town, and more especially in the Bell, had been dreadful. Now a reaction had set in; Henley and the Bell were alike deserted; and we were the victims of a collapse. I complimented the waiter on his philosophical acumen, and went out to see what had befallen Count von Rosen and the horses.

I found him standing in a stable that was dimly lighted by a solitary candle stuck against the wall, superintending the somewhat amateurish operations of the man who had undertaken to supply the ostler's place. The Lieutenant had evidently not been hectoring his companions; on the contrary, he was on rather good terms with them, and was making inquiries about the familiar English names for chopped hay and other luxuries of the stable. He was examining the corn, too, and pronouncing opinion on the split beans which he had ordered. On the whole, he was satisfied with the place; although he expressed his surprise that the ostler of so big an inn should be absent.

When, at length, we had seen each of the horses supplied with an ample feed, fresh straw, and plenty of hay, the men were turned out and the stable-door locked. He allowed them on this occasion to retain the key. As we crossed the yard, a rotund, frank, cheery-looking man appeared, who was presumably the ostler. He made a remark or two; but the night-air was chill.

"Now," said Von Rosen, when we got into the big parlor, "we have to make ourselves pleasant and comfortable. I do think we must all drink whisky. For myself, I do not like the taste very much; but it looks very comfortable to see some people with steaming glasses before them. And I have brought out mademoiselle's guitar, and she will sing us some songs."

"But you must also," says Bell, looking down.

"Oh, a hundred! a thousand! as many as you like!" he said; and then, with a sort of sigh, he took his cigar-case out of his pocket and laid it pathetically on the mantelpiece. There was an air of renunciation in his face. Forthwith he rang the

bell; and the waiter was asked to bring us certain liquors which, although not exclusively whisky, could be drunk in those steaming tumblers which the Lieutenant loved to see.

"O, come you from Newcastle?"

—this was what Bell sang, with the blue ribbon of her guitar slung round her neck:

"O, come you from Newcastle?

Come you not there away?

And did you meet my true love,

Riding on a bonny bay?"

And as she sang, with her eyes cast down, the Lieutenant seemed to be regarding her face with a peculiar interest. He forgot to lift the hot tumbler that was opposite him on the table—he had even forgotten Tita's gracious permission that he might have a cigar—he was listening and gazing merely, in a blank silence. And when she had finished, he eagerly begged her to sing another of the old English songs. And she sang—

"O mistress mine, where are you roaming?

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?

O stay and hear, your true love's coming,

That can sing both high and low."

And when she had finished, he once more eagerly begged her to sing another of those old songs; and then, all of a sudden, catching sight of a smile on my Lady's face, he stopped, and apologized, and blushed rather, and said it was too bad—that he had forgotten, and would himself try something on the guitar.

When, at length, the women had gone upstairs, he fetched down his cigar from the mantelpiece, lit it, stretched out his long legs, and said—

"How very English she is!"

"She? who?"

"Why, your Miss Bell. I do like to hear her talk of England as if she had a pride in it, and mention the names of towns as if she loved them because they were English, and speak of the fairies and stories as if she was familiar with them because they belong to her own country. You can see how she is fond of every thing that is like old times,—an old house, an old milestone, an old bridge,—every thing that is peculiar and old and English. And then she sings, oh! so very well—so very well indeed; and these old songs, about English places and English customs of village-life, they seem to suit her very well, and you think she herself is the

heroine of them. But as for that young man in Twickenham, he is a very pitiful fellow."

"How have you suddenly come to that conclusion?" I inquire of our Lieutenant, who is lazily letting the cigar-smoke curl about his mustache and beard as he lies back, and fixes his light blue eyes contemplatively on the ceiling.

"How do I know? I do not know: I think so. He ought to be very well satisfied of knowing a young lady like that—and very proud of going to marry her—instead of annoying her with bad tempers."

"That is true. A young man under such circumstances can not be too grateful or too amiable. They are not always so, however. You yourself, for example, when you parted from Fräulein Fallersleben—"

Here the Lieutenant jumped up in his chair, and said, with an unnecessary vehemence—

"Donnerwetter! look at the provocation I had! It was not my ill-temper; I am not more ill-tempered than other men: but when you know you mean very well, and that you treat a woman as perhaps not all men would be inclined to do in the same case, and she is a hypocrite, and she pretends much, at the same time she is writing to you, she is—pfui! I can not speak of it!

"You were very fond of her."

"Worse luck."

"And you had a great fight, and used hard words of each other, and parted so that you would rather meet Beelzebub than her."

"Why, yes, it is so: I would rather meet twenty Beelzebubs than her."

"That is the way of old boys. You don't know that in after years, when all these things have got smooth and misty and distant, you will come to like her again; and then what will you think of your hard words and your quarrels? If your children could only understand how very short youth is, how very long middle age is, and how very dull old age is,—if you could only understand how the chief occupation of the longer half of your life is looking back on the first short half of it,—you would know the value of storing up only pleasant recollections of all your old friends. If you find that your sweetheart is a woman compelled by her nature to fall in love with the man nearest her, and for-

get him who is out of the way, why devote her to the infernal gods? In after years, you will be grateful to her for the pleasant days and weeks you spent with her, when you were both happy together, and you will look back on the old times very tenderly; and then, on those occasions when your German folks drink to the health of your absent dear ones, won't you be sorry that you can't include her who was dear enough to you in your youth?"

"That is very good; it is quite true," said the Lieutenant, in almost an injured tone—as if Fräulein Fallersleben were responsible.

"Look for a moment," I say to my pensive pupil, "at the pull a man has who has spent his youth in pleasant scenery. When he gets old, and can do nothing but live the old life over again by looking back, he has only to shut his eyes, and his brain is full of fresh and bright pictures of the old times in the country; and the commonest landscape of his youth he will remember then as if it were steeped in sunlight."

"That is quite true," said Von Rosen, thoughtfully; but the next moment he uttered an angry exclamation, started up from his chair, and began walking up and down the room.

"It is all very well," he said, with an impatient vehemence, "to be amiable and forgiving when you are old—because you don't care about it, that is the reason. When you are young, you expect fair play. Do you think if I should be seventy I will care one brass farthing whether Pauline—that is, Fräulein Fallersleben—was honest or no? I will laugh at the whole affair then. But now, when you are ashamed of the deceit of a woman, is it not right you tell her? Is it not right she knows what honest men and women think of her? What will she think of you if you say to her, '*Farewell, Fräulein. You have behaved not very well; but I am amiable; I will forgive you.*'"

"There, again: you parted with her in wrath, because you did not like to appear weak and complaisant in her eyes."

"At all events, I said what I felt," said the Lieutenant, warmly. "I do think it is only hypocrisy and selfishness to say, '*I hate this woman, but I will be kind to her, because when I grow old I will look back and consider myself to have been very good.*'"

"You have been deeply hit, my poor lad; you are quite fevered about it now.

You can not even see how a man's own self-respect will make him courteous to a woman whom he despises; and is he likely to be sorry for that courtesy, when he looks at it in cold blood, and recognizes the stupendous fact that the man who complains of the inconstancy of a woman utters a reflection against Providence?"

"But you don't know—you don't know," said the Count, pitching his cigar into the grate, "what a woman this one showed herself to be. After all, it does not matter. But when I look at such a woman as your Miss Bell here——"

"Yes: when you look at her?"

"Why, I see the difference," said the Lieutenant, gloomily; and therewith he pulled out another cigar.

I stopped this, however, and rang for candles. As he lit his in rather a melancholy fashion, he said—

"It is a very good thing to see a woman like that—young-hearted, frank, honest in her eyes, and full of pleasantness, too, and good spirits—oh! it is very fine indeed, merely to look at her; for you do believe that she is a very good girl, and you think that there are good women in the world. But as for that young man at Twickenham——"

"Well, what of him?"

The Lieutenant looked up from the candle; but saw nothing to awaken his suspicions.

"Oh," he said, carelessly, as we left the room, "I do think him a most pitiful fellow."

#### CHAPTER VI.

##### A GIFT OF TONGUES.

"My lady is an archer rare,  
And in the greenwood joyeth she;  
There never was a marksman yet who could compare  
In skill with my ladie."

EARLY morning in Henley! From over the wooded hills in the east there comes a great flood of sunshine that lies warmly on the ruddy side of the old inn, on its evergreens, and on the slopes of sweet-scented mignonette, and sweetbrier, and various blossoms that adorn the bank of the river. The river itself, lying apparently motionless between level and green meadows, has its blue surface marred here and there by a white ripple of wind; the poplars that stand on its banks are rustling in the breeze; there are swallows dipping and skimming about the old bridge, and ducks paddling

along among the rushes and weeds, and cattle browsing in the deep green; and further on, some high-lying stretches of rye-grass struck into long and silvery waves by the morning wind.

All the stir and the motion of the new day have come upon us; and Henley, clean, white, and red, with its town-hall shining brightly down its chief street, and all its high clusters of old-fashioned houses backed by a fringe of dark-wooded hill, shows as much life and briskness as are usually seen in a quaint, small, old-fashioned English town. But where the silence and the stillness of the morning dwell is away up the reach of the river. Standing on the bridge, you see the dark blue stream, reflecting a thousand bright colors underneath the town, gradually become gray in hue until it gets out amid the meadows and woods; and then, with a bold white curve, that is glimmering like silver in the north, it sweeps under that line of low, soft green hills which have grown pearly and gray in the tender morning mist. Bell is standing on the bridge, too. The Lieutenant has brought out her sketch-book, and she has placed it on the stone parapet before her. But somehow she seems disinclined to begin work thus early on our journey; and, instead, her eyes are looking blankly and wistfully at the rich green meadows, and the red cows, and the long white reach of the river shining palely beneath the faint green heights in the north.

"Is Henley the prettiest town in the world, I wonder?" she said.

"Yes, if you think so, mademoiselle," replied Von Rosen, gently.

She lifted her eyes towards him, as though she had been unaware of his presence. Then she turned to the stream.

"I suppose if one were to live always among those bright colors one would get not to see them, and would forget how fine is this old bridge, with the pretty town, and the meadows, and the stream. Seeing it only once, I shall never forget Henley, or the brightness of this morning."

With that, she closed her sketch-book, and looked around for Tita. That small person was engaged in making herself extremely wretched about her boys and the pony; and was becoming vastly indignant because she could get no one to sympathize with her wild imaginings of diverse perils and dangers.

"Why, to hear you talk," she was saying

at this moment, "one would think you had never experienced the feelings of a parent—that you did not know you were the father of those two poor boys."

"That," I remark to her, is not a matter on which I am bound to express an opinion."

"Very pretty—very!" she said, with a contemptuous smile. "But I will say this—that if *you* had had to buy the pony, the boys would have had to wait long enough before they were exposed to the dangers you think so little about now."

"Madam," I observe, sternly, "you are the victim of what theologians call invincible ignorance. I might have bought that pony and all its belongings for a 20*l.* note; whereas I shall have to pay 40*l.* a year for its keep."

"Oh, I know," says my Lady, with great sweetness, "how men exaggerate those things. It is convenient. They complain of the cost of the horses, of the heaviness of taxes, and other things; when the real fact is that they are trying to hide what they spend out of their income on cigars, and in their clubs when they go to town. I counted up our taxes the other day, and I don't believe they have been over 8*l.* for the whole of the last six months. Now you know you said they were nearly 35*l.* a year."

"And you counted in those that are due next week, I suppose?"

"Did you leave money to pay for them?" she asks, mildly.

"And you based your calculations on some solitary installment for armorial bearings?—which you brought into the family, you know."

"Yes," she replies, with an engaging smile. "That was one thing you did not require before—I am sorry to have caused you so much expense. But you need not avoid the subject. Mrs. Quinet told me last week that she knows her husband pays every year 65*l.* for club subscriptions alone, and nearly 40*l.* for cigars."

"Then Mrs. Quinet must have looked into your eyes, my dear, and seen what a simple little thing you are; for your knowledge of housekeeping and other expenses, I will say, is as slight as need be, and Mrs. Quinet has been simply making a fool of you. For the Major belongs to two clubs, and in the one he pays eight guineas and in the other ten guineas a year. And he smokes Manillas at 25*s.* a hundred, which

is equivalent, my dear—though you will scarcely credit it—to threepence a piece."

"The money must go somehow," says Tita, defiantly.

"That is a customary saying among women; but it generally refers to their own little arrangements."

"You avoid the question very skillfully."

"I should have thought you would have preferred that."

"Why?" she says, looking up.

"Because you accused me of stinginess in not buying a pony for the boys, and I showed you that I should have to pay 40*l.* a year for the brute."

"Yes, *showed* me! I suppose by that pleasing fiction you will gain other 20*l.* a year to spend in Partagas, and Murias, and trumpery stuff that the tobacconists tell you came from abroad."

"My dear," I say, "your insolence is astounding."

"If you call speaking the plain truth insolence, I can not help it. Bell, breakfast must be ready."

"Yes, my Lady," says Bell, coming forward demurely. "But I wasn't doing any thing."

So they went off; and the Count and I followed.

"What is the matter?" says he.

"Do you know what a 'relish' is at breakfast?"

"No."

"Then don't marry, or you will find out."

The tall young man with the brown beard and the light eyes shrugged his shoulders, and only said, as we walked to the inn—

"That is a very pleasant comedy, when it means nothing. If it was earnest you would not find so much enjoyment in it—no, not at all—you would not amuse yourselves, like two children, instead of the parents of a family. But, my dear friend, it is a dangerous thing; for some day you will meet with a stupid person, who will not understand how Madame and yourself do make-believe in that way, and that person will be astonished, and will talk of it, and you will both have a very bad reputation among your friends."

However, there was one amiable person at the breakfast-table, and that was Bell.

"Bell," I said, "I am going to sit by you. You never provoke useless quarrels about nothing; you are never impertinent;



you never argue; and you can look after a breakfast table better than people twice your age."

Bell prudently pretended not to hear; indeed, she was very busy helping every body and making herself very useful and pleasant all round. She seemed to have forgotten her independent ways; and was so good-naturedly anxious to see that the Lieutenant's coffee was all right, that he was apparently quite touched by her friendliness. And then she was very cheerful, too; and was bent on waking up the spirits of the whole party—but in a bright, submissive, simple fashion that the audacious young lady did not always affect.

"Did you hear the cocks crowing this morning?" she said, turning to Von Rosen, with her frank eyes. I thought it was so pleasant to be woke up that way instead of listening to the milkman coming along a dismal London square, and calling up the maid-servants with his '*El-cho! El-cho!*' But did you notice that one of the cocks cried quite plainly, '*Oh, go away! Oh, go away-a-ay!*'—which was a stupid animal to have near an inn; and another fine fellow, who always started with a famous flourish, had got a cold, and at the highest note he went off at a tangent into something like a plaintiff squeak. The intention of the crow, so far as it went, was far better than the feeble '*Oh, go away!*' of the other; and I was quite sorry for the poor animal.—Do have some more toast, Count.—He reminded me of poor Major Quinet, Tita, who begins a sentence very well; but all at once it jerks up into the air—goes off like a squib, you know, just below his nose; and he looks amazed and ashamed, like a boy that has let a bird escape out of a bag."

"You need not amuse yourself with the personal defects of your neighbors, Bell," says Tita, who did not expect to have Major Quinet brought forward again. "Major Quinet is a very well-informed and gentlemanly man, and looks after his family and his estate with the greatest care."

"I must say, Tita," retorted Bell, (and I trembled for the girl,) "that you have an odd trick of furnishing people with a sort of certificate of character, whenever you hear their names mentioned. Very likely the Major can manage his affairs in spite of his cracked voice; but you know you told me yourself, Tita, that he had been

unfortunate in money matters, and was rather perplexed just now. Of course, I wouldn't say such a thing of one of your friends; but I have heard of bankrupts; and I have heard of a poor little man being so burdened with debt, that he looked like a mouse drawing a brougham, and then, of course, he had to go into the Court, to ask them to unharness him.—Do have some more coffee, Count; I am sure that is quite cold."

"You ought to be a little careful, Bell," says my Lady. "You know absolutely nothing of Major Quinet, and yet you hint that he is insolvent."

"I didn't—did I?" says Bell, turning to her companion.

"No," replies the Count, boldly.

At this Tita looked astonished for a second; but presently she deigned to smile, and say something about the wickedness of young people. Indeed, my Lady seemed rather pleased by Bell's audacity in appealing to the Lieutenant; and she was in a better humor when, some time after, we went out to the river and got a boat.

Once more upon the Thames, we pulled up the river, that lies here between wooded hills on the one side, and level meadows on the other. The broad blue stream was almost deserted; and as we got near the green islands, we could see an occasional young moor-hen paddle out from among the rushes, and then go quickly in again, with its white tail bobbing in unison with its small head and beak. We rowed into the sluice of the mill that lies under Park Place, and there, having floated down a bit under some willows, we fixed the boat to a stump of a tree, landed, and managed to get into the road along which we had driven the previous night. As we ascended this pleasant path, which is cut through the woods of various mansions, and looks down upon the green level of Wargrave Marsh, and the shining meadows beyond the other bank of the river, the ascents and descents of the road seemed less precipitous than they had appeared the night before. What we had taken, further, for wild masses of rock, and fearful chasms, and dangerous bridges, were found to be part of the ornamentation of a park—the bridge spanning a hollow having been built of sham rock-work, which, in the daylight, clearly revealed its origin. Nevertheless, this road leading through the river-side woods is a sufficiently picturesque and

pleasant one; and in sauntering along for a mile or two and back we consumed a goodly portion of the morning. Then there was a brisk pull back to Henley; and the phaeton was summoned to appear.

When the horses were put in, and the phaeton brought out, I found that Von Rosen had quietly abstracted the bearing reins from the harness, some time during the morning. However, no one could grudge the animals this relief, for the journey they had to make to-day, though not over twenty-three miles, was considerably hilly.

Now Tita had come early out, and had evidently planned a nice little arrangement. She got in behind. Then she bade Bell get up in front. The Lieutenant had lingered for a moment in search of a cigar-case; and my Lady had clearly determined to ask him to drive so soon as he came out. But, as she had not expressed any contrition for her conduct of that morning, some punishment was required; and so, just as Von Rosen came out, I took the reins, stepped up beside Bell, and he, of course, was left to join the furious little lady behind.

"I thought the Count was going to drive," says Tita, with a certain cold air. "Surely the road to Oxford is easy to find."

"It is," I say to her. "For you know all roads lead to Rome, and they say that Oxford is half-way to Rome—*argal*—"

But knowing what effect this reference to her theological sympathies was likely to have on Tita, I thought it prudent to send the horses on; and as they sprang forward and rattled up the main street of Henley, her retort, if any, was lost in the noise. There was a laugh in Bell's eyes; but she seemed rather frightened all the same, and said nothing for some time.

The drive from Henley to Oxford is one of the finest in England, the road leading gradually up through pleasant pastures and great woods until it brings you on to a common—the highest ground south of the Trent—from which you see an immeasurable wooded plain stretching away into the western horizon. First of all, as we left Henley on that bright morning, the sweet air blowing coolly among the trees, and bringing us odors from wild flowers and breadths of new-mown hay, we leisurely rolled along what is appropriately called the Fair Mile, a broad smooth highway running between Lambridge Wood and

No 'Man's Hill, and having a space of grassy common on each side of it. This brought us up to Assenton Cross, and here, the ascent getting much more stiff, Bell took the reins, and the Count and I walked up the hill until we reached Bix turnpike.

"What a curious name?" said Bell, as she pulled the horses up.

"Most likely," said the Lieutenant, who was looking at an ancient edition of Cary's Itinerary, "it is from the old Saxon *bece*, the beech tree, which is plentiful here. But in this book I find it is Bixgibwen, which is not in the modern books. Now what is *gibwen*?"

"St. Caedwyn, of course," said Bell, merrily.

"You laugh, but perhaps it is true," replied the Lieutenant, with the gravity befitting a student: "why not St. Caedwyn's beeches? You do call many places about here by the trees. There is Assenton; that is the place of ash-trees. We shall soon be at Nettlebed; and then comes Nuffield, which is Nutfield—how do you call your wildnut-tree in England?"

"The hazel," said Bell. "But that is commonplace; I like the discovery about St. Caedwyn's beeches better; and here, sure enough, they are."

The road at this point—something less than a mile past Bix turnpike—plunges into a spacious forest of beeches, which stretches along the summit of the hill almost on to Nettlebed. And this road is bordered by a strip of common, which again leads into a tangled mass of bracken and brier; and then you have the innumerable stems of the beeches, showing long vistas into the green heart of the wood. The sunlight was shimmering down on this wilderness, lying warmly on the road and its green margin, and piercing here and there with golden arrows the dense canopy of leaves beyond. High as we were the light breeze was shut off by the beeches, and in the long broad cleft in which the road lay the air was filled with resinous odors, that of the tall green and yellow brackens prevailing. An occasional jay fled screaming down between the smooth gray branches, giving us a glimpse of white and blue as it vanished; but otherwise there seemed to be no birds about, and the wild underwood and long alleys lay still and warm in the green twilight of the leaves.

"It is very like the Black Forest, I think," said the Lieutenant.

"Oh, it is much lighter in color," cried Bell. "Look at all those silver grays of the stems and the lichens, and the clear green overhead, and the light browns and reds beneath, where the sunlight shines down through a veil. It is lighter, prettier, more cheerful than your miles of solemn pines, with the great roads cut through them for the carts, and the gloom and stillness underneath, where there is no growth of underwood, but only level beds of green moss, dotted with dropped cones."

"You have a very accurate eye for colors, mademoiselle; no wonder you paint so well," was all that the Lieutenant said. But Tita warmly remonstrated with Bell.

"You know, Bell," she said, "that all the Black Forest is not like that; there is every variety of forest-scenery there. And pray, Miss Criticism, where were the gloomy pines and the solemn avenues in a certain picture which was sold at the Dudley last year for twenty-five solid English sovereigns?"

"You needn't tell Count von Rosen what my income is," said Bell. "I took two months to paint that picture."

"That is a very good income," said the Lieutenant, with a smile.

"I do not like people with large incomes," said Bell, dexterously avoiding that part of the subject. "I think they must have qualms sometimes, or else be callous. Now I would have every body provided with a certain income, say 200*l.* a year; but I would not like to prevent all competition, and so I would fix an income at which all people must stop. They might strive and strive if they liked, just like bells of air in a champagne glass, you know, but they should only be able to reach a certain level in the end. I would have nobody with more than 1000*l.* a year; that would be my maximum."

"A thousand a year!" exclaimed Tita. "Isn't a thousand ten hundred?"

"Yes," said Bell, after a second's calculation.

"And suppose you have one hundred to pay for two boys at school, and another hundred for rent, and another hundred for the keep of two horses, and a hundred and twenty for servants' wages——"

"Perhaps, Tita," I suggest in the meekest possible way, "you might as well tell Count von Rosen what you pay for a leg

of mutton, so that when he next comes to dine with us he may enjoy himself the more."

It is well that the lightning which is said to dart from women's eyes is a harmless sort of thing—a flash in the pan, as it were, which is very pretty, but sends no deadly lead out. However, as Queen Tita had really behaved herself very well since we set out from Henley, I begged Bell to stop and let us in, and then I asked the Lieutenant if he would drive.

By this time we had walked the horses nearly to the end of the pleasant stretch of beechwood, which is about a mile and a half long, and before us was a bit of breezy common and the village of Nettlebed. Von Rosen took the reins and sent the horses forward.

"Why did you not continue to drive?" said Tita, rather timidly, when I had taken my seat beside her.

"Because we shall presently have to go down steep hills; and as the Count took off the bearing-reins this morning, we may as well hold him responsible for not letting the horses down."

"I thought perhaps you wanted to sit beside me," she said, in a low voice.

"Well, now you mention it, my dear, that was the reason."

"It would have been a sufficient reason a good many years ago," she said, with a fine affectation of tenderness; "but that is all over now. You have been very rude to me."

"Then don't say any thing more about it; receive my forgiveness, Tita."

"That was not the way you used to speak to me when we were at Eastbourne," she said; and with that she looked very much as if she were going to cry. Of course she was not going to cry. She has had the trick of looking like that from her youth upward; but as it is really about as pretty and pathetic as the real thing, it invariably answers the same purpose. It is understood to be a signal of surrender, a sort of appeal for compassion; and so the rest of this conversation, being of a quite private nature, need not be made public.

The Count was taking us at a brisk pace across the bit of common, and then we rattled into the little clump of red-brick houses which forms the picturesque village of Nettlebed. Now if he had been struck with some recollection of the Black Forest on seeing Nettlebed Wood, imagine his

surprise on finding the little inn in the village surmounted by a picture of a white deer with a royal crown on its head, a fair resemblance to the legendary creature that appeared to St. Hubertus, and that figures in so many of the Schwarzwald stories and pictures. However, we were out of Nettlebed before he could properly express his astonishment, and in the vast picture that was now opening out before us there was little that was German.

We stopped on the summit of Nuffield Heath, and found below us, as far as the eye could reach, the great and fertile plain of Berkshire, with a long and irregular line of hill shutting it in on the south. In this plain of Fields as they are called—Wallingford Field, Didcot Field, Long Wittenham Field, and so on—small villages peeped out from among the green woods and pastures, where a faint blue smoke rose up into the sunshine. Here, as Bell began to expound—for she had been reading “The Scouring of the White Horse” and various other books to which that romantic monograph had directed her,—some great deeds had happened in the olden time. Along that smooth line of hill in the south—now lying blue in the haze of the light—the Romans had cut a road which is still called the Ridgeway or Icicleton Street; and in the villages of the plain, from Pangbourne in the south-east to Shellingford in the north-west, traces of the Roman occupation were frequently found. And then, underneath that blue ridge of hill and down lay Wantage, in which King Alfred was born; and further on the ridge itself becomes Dragon’s Hill, where St. George slew the beast that ravaged this fair land, and there, as all men know, is the figure of the White Horse cut on the slope to commemorate the great battle of Ashdown.

“And Ashdown, is that there also?” asked the Lieutenant.

“Well, no,” said Bell, trying to remember what she had been told; “I think there is some doubt about it. King Alfred, you know, fell back from Reading, when he was beaten, but he stopped somewhere on the hills near—”

“Why not the hill we have just come up?” said the Lieutenant, with a laugh. “It is near Reading, is it not? and there, you have Assenton, which is Ashenton which is Ashendown, which is Ashdown.”

“Precisely,” says Tita, with a gracious smile. “All you have to do is to change

John into Julius, and Smith into Caesar, and there you are.”

“But that is not fair, Tita,” said Bell, turning round, and pleading quite seriously. “Assenton is the same as Ashendon, and that is the name of the place where the battle was fought. I think Count von Rosen is quite right.”

“Well, if you think so, Bell, that settles it,” said my Lady, looking rather pleased than otherwise.

And so we began to descend into this plain of many memories by a steep road that is appropriately called Gangsdown Hill. From thence a succession of undulations carried us into the green breadths of Crowmarsh Field; until, finally, we drove into the village of Bensington, and pulled up at the “Crown” there, where we proposed to have some luncheon.

“This is a village of the dead,” said Tita, looking down the main thoroughfare, where not a living soul was to be seen.

But at all events a human being appeared in the yard—not a withered and silent ostler, but a stout, hale, cheerful person, whose white shirt-sleeves and gold chain proclaimed him landlord. With the aid of a small boy, he undertook to put the horses up for an hour or two; and then we went into the inn. Here we found that, as the man in the yard was at once landlord and ostler, his wife inside was landlady, cook, and waitress; and in a short space of time she had brought us some excellent chops. Not much time was spent over the meal, for the parlor in which we sat—albeit it was a sort of museum of wonderful curiosities, and was, moreover, enlivened by the presence of a crack-voiced cockatoo—was rather small and dark. Accordingly, while the horses were having their rest, we sauntered out to have a look at Bensington.

It is probably not the dullest little village in England, but it would be hard to find a duller. There was an old shepherd with a crook in his hand and a well-worn smockfrock on his back, who was leaning over the wooden palings in front of a house, and playfully talking to a small boy who stood at an open door. With many old country people it is considered the height of railery to alarm a boy with stories of the punishment he is about to receive for something, and to visit him with an intimation that all his sins have been found out. This old Shepherd, with



his withered pippin-face, and his humorous grin, and his lazy arms folded on the top of the palings, was evidently enjoying himself vastly.

"A wur a-watchin' o' thee, a wur, and thy vather, he knaws, too, and he'll gie thee thy vairin wi' a good tharn stick when he comes hwom. A zah thee this mornin', my lad—thou'lt think nah one wur thear, eh?"

We left this good-natured old gentleman frightening the boy, and went round to the outskirts of the village. Here, at least, we found one explanation of the inordinate silence of Bensington—the children were all at their lessons. The door of the plain little building, which had *BRITISH SCHOOL* inscribed over the entrance, was open, and from within there issued a low, confused murmur. The Prussian, anxious to see something of the interior of an English school, walked up to the place; but he had just managed to cast a glance round on the rows of children when the door was politely shut in his face, and he returned, saying—

"I am not an inspector; why need they fear?"

But when, after wandering about the suburban gardens and by-ways for a space, we returned to Bensington, we found that important village in a state of profound excitement. In the main thoroughfare a concourse of five people had assembled—three women and two children—and from the doors of the houses on both sides of the street innumerable faces, certainly not less than a dozen, were gazing forth. It is true that the people did not themselves come out—they seemed rather to shrink from courting publicity; but they were keenly alive to what was going on, and Bensington had become excited.

For there had appeared in the main street a little, dry, odd old man, who was leading a small donkey-cart, and who was evidently rather the worse for liquor. He was a seller of peas. He had summoned the inhabitants to come out and buy the peas, and he was offering them at what we were told were very reasonable terms. But just as the old man was beginning to enjoy the receipt of customs, there drove into the place a sharp, brisk, middle-aged man, with a shiny face, a fine presence, and a ringing voice. This man had a neat cart, a handsome pony, and his name was printed in large letters so that all could

read. He was also a seller of peas. Now, although this rude and ostentatious owner of the pony was selling his produce at fourpence, while the humble proprietor of the donkey sold his at threepence, the women recalled their children and bade them go to the dearer market. There was something in the appearance of the man, in the neatness of his cart, and in the ringing cheerfulness of his voice, which told you he sold good peas. This was the cause of the great perturbation in Bensington; for no sooner did the half-tipsy old man see that his rival was carrying the day before him than he leaned his arms over his donkey's head, and began to make ironical comments on his enemy and on the people of Bensington. He was apparently in the best of spirits. You would have thought it delighted him to see small girls come timidly forward to him, and then be warned away by a cry from their mothers that they were to go to the other cart. Nay, he went the length of advertising his neighbor's wares. He addressed the assembled multitudes—by this time there were nearly fifteen people visible in Bensington—and told them he wouldn't sell his peas if he was to get a fortune for them.

"Pay your foppence," he said to them, in accents which showed he was not of Bensington born, "there are yer right good peas. Its all along o' my donkey as you'll not take mine, though they're only thrippence. I wouldn't sell. I won't sell this day. Take back yer money. I won't sell my peas at a crown apiece—darned if I do!"

And with that he left his donkey and went over to the proprietor of the pony. He was not in a fighting mood—not he. He challenged his rival to run the pony against the donkey, and offered to bet the donkey would be in London a week before the other. The man in the cart took no notice of these sallies. In a brisk, practical, methodical fashion, he was measuring out his peas, and handing them down to the uplifted bowls that surrounded him. Sometimes he grinned in a good-natured way at the facetious remarks of his unfortunate antagonist; but all the same he stuck to his business and drove a thriving trade. How there came to be on that afternoon so many people in Bensington who wished to buy peas must remain a mystery.

"And now," said Bell, as we once more got into the phaeton, "we shall be in Oxford in two hours. Do you think the post-office will be open?"

"Very likely," said Tita, with some surprise; "but do you expect letters already, Bell?"

"You can not tell," said the young lady, with just a shade of embarrassment, "how soon Kate may send letters after us. And she knows we are to stop a day at Oxford. It will not be too dark to go hunting for the post-office, will it?"

"But you shall not go," said the Lieutenant, giving a shake to the reins, as if in obedience to Bell's wish. "When you have got to the hotel, I will go and get your letters for you."

"Oh no, thank you," said Bell, in rather a hurried and anxious way. "I should prefer much to go for them myself, thank you."

That was all that was said on the subject; and Bell, we noticed, was rather silent for the first few miles of our afternoon drive. The Lieutenant did his best to amuse her, and carried on a lively conversation chiefly by himself. That mention of letters seemed to have left Bell rather serious; and she was obviously not over delighted at the prospect of reaching Oxford.

The road from Bensington thither is pleasant enough, but not particularly interesting. For the most part it descends by a series of undulations into the level plain watered by the Isis, the Cherwell, and the Thames. But the mere notion of approaching that famous city, which is consecrated with memories of England's greatest men—statesmen and divines, melancholy philosophers and ill-starred poets—is in itself impressive, and lends to the rather commonplace landscape an air of romance. While as yet the old town lies unseen amid the woods that crowd up to the very edge of the sky, one fancies the bells of the colleges are to be heard, as Pope heard them when he rode, a solitary horseman, over these very hills, and down into the plain, and up to Magdalen Bridge.\* We cared little to look at the

villages, strung like beads on the winding thread of the road—Shellingford, Dorchester, Nuneham Courtenay, and Sandford—nor did we even turn aside to go down to Iffley and the Thames. It was seven when we drew near Oxford. There were people sauntering out from the town to have their evening walk. When, at last, we stopped to pay toll in front of the old lichen-covered bridge across the Cherwell, the tower of Magdalen College, and the magnificent elms on the other side of the way, had caught a tinge of red from the dusky sunset, and there was a faint reflection of crimson down on the still waters that lay among the rank green meadows. Then we drove on into the High Street, and here, in the gathering dusk, the yellow lamps were beginning to glimmer. Should we pull up at the Angel—that famous hostelry of ancient times, whose name used to be inscribed on so many notable coaches? "We put up at the Angel Inn," writes Mr. Boswell, "and passed the evening by ourselves in easy and familiar conversation." Alas! the Angel has now been pulled down. Or shall we follow the hero of the Splendid Shilling, who,

"When nightly mists arise,  
To Juniper's Magpie or Town Hall repairs?"

They, too, are gone. But as Castor and Pollux, during these moments of doubt and useless reminiscence, are still taking us over the rough stones of the "High," some decision must be come to; and so, at a sudden instigation, Count von Rosen pulls up in front of the Mitre, which is an appropriate sign for the High Street of Oxford, and betokens age and respectability.

The stables of the Mitre are clean, well-ventilated, and well-managed—indeed, no better stables could have been found for putting up the horses for their next day's

falls of cataracts below, and the murmuring of the winds above; the gloomy verdure of Stonor succeeded to these, and then the shades of evening overtook me. The moon rose in the clearest sky I ever saw, by whose solemn light I paced on slowly, without company, or any interruption to the range of my thoughts. About a mile before I reached Oxford, all the bells tolled in different notes; the clocks of every college answered one another and sounded forth (some in deeper, some in a softer tone) that it was eleven at night. All this was no ill preparation to the life I have led since among those old walls, venerable galleries, stone porticos, studious walks, and solitary scenes of the University."—*Pope to Mrs. Martha Blount.* [Stonor Park lies about two miles to the right of Bix turnpike.]

\* "Nothing could have more of that melancholy which once used to please me, than my last day's journey; for after having passed through my favorite woods in the forest, with a thousand reveries of past pleasures, I rode over hanging hills, whose tops were edged with groves, and whose feet watered with winding rivers, listening to the

rest. When we had seen to their comfort, we returned to the inn, and found that my Lady and Bell had not only had all the luggage conveyed to our respective rooms, but had ordered dinner, changed their attire, and were waiting for us in the square, old-fashioned, low-roofed coffee-room which looks out into the High Street. A tall waiter was laying the cloth for us; the lights were lit all round the wall; our only companions were two elderly gentlemen who sat in a remote corner, and gave themselves up to politics; and Bell, having resolved to postpone her inquiry about letters until next morning—in obedience to the very urgent entreaties of the Lieutenant—seemed all the more cheerful for that resolution.

But if our two friends by the fireplace could not overhear our talk, we could overhear theirs; and all the time we sat at dinner, we were receiving a vast amount of enlightenment about the condition of the country. The chief spokesman was a short, stout person, with a fresh healthy, energetic face, keen gray eyes, bushy gray whiskers, a bald head, and a black satin waistcoat; his companion, a taller and thinner man, with straight black hair, sallow cheeks, and melancholy dark eyes: and the former, in a somewhat pompous manner, was demonstrating the blindness of ordinary politicians to the wrath that was to come. Lord Palmerston saw it, he said. There was no statesman ever like Lord Palmerston—there would never be his like again. For was the North not bound to fight the South in every country? And what should we do if the men of the great manufacturing towns were to come down on us? There were two Englands in this island—and the Westminster Houses knew nothing of the rival camps that were being formed. And did not the North always beat the South? Did not Rome beat Carthage? and the Huns the Romans? and the Northern States the Southern States? and Prussia Austria? and Germany France? And when the big-limbed and determined men of Birmingham, Leeds, Manchester, Preston, Newcastle, and such towns, rose to sweep aside the last feudal institutions of this country, of what avail would be a protest on the part of the feeble and self-indulgent South?

"This kingdom, sir," said the gentleman with the satin waistcoat and gold seals, in such lofty tones that Count von Rosen scarcely minded his dinner—"this

kingdom, sir, is more divided at this moment than it was during the Wars of the Roses. It is split into hostile factions; and which is the more patriotic? Neither. There is no patriotism left—only the selfishness of class. We care no more for the country as a country. We are cosmopolitan. The skepticism of the first French Revolution has poisoned our big towns. We tolerate a monarchy as a harmless toy. We tolerate an endowed priesthood, because we think they can not make our peasantry more ignorant than they are. We allow pauperism to increase and eat into the heart of the State, because we think it no business of ours to interfere. We see our lowest classes growing up to starve or steal, in ignorance and dirt; our middle classes scrambling for wealth to get out of the state they were born in; our upper classes given over to luxury and debauchery—patriotism gone—continental nations laughing at us—our army a mere handful of men with incompetent officers—our navy made the subject of destructive experiments by interested cliques—our Government ready to seize on the most revolutionary schemes to get together a majority and remain in power—selfishness, incompetence, indifference become paramount—it is horrible, sir, it is *Orrible*."

In his anxiety to be emphatic, he left out that one "h;" it was his only slip. Our Lieutenant turned to Tita, and said: "I have met many English people in Germany who have spoken to me like that. They do seem to have a pride in criticising themselves and their country. Is it because they feel they are so strong, and so rich, and so good, that they can afford to dispraise themselves? Is it because they feel themselves so very safe in this island that they think little of patriotism? But I have observed this thing—that when it is a foreigner who begins to say such things of England, your countryman he instantly changes his tone. He may say himself bad things of his country; but he will not allow any one else. That is very good—very right. But I would rather have a Frenchman who is very vain of his country, and says so at every moment, than an Englishman who is very vain and pretends to disparage it. The Frenchman is more honest."

"But there are many Englishmen who think England wants great improvements," said Tita.

"Improvements! Yes. But it is an-

other thing you hear so many Englishmen say, that their country is all wrong—'going to the dogs' is what you say for that. Well, they do not believe it true—it is impossible to be true; and they do not look well with us foreigners when they say so. For myself, I like to see a man proud of his country, whatever country it is; and if my country were England, do not you think I should be proud of her great history, and her great men, and her powers of filling the world with colonies, and—what I think most of all—her courage in making the country free to every man, and protecting opinions that she herself does not believe, because it is right? When my countrymen hear Englishmen talk like that, they can not understand."

"You should have seen Bell's face—the pride and the gratitude that were in her eyes, while she did not speak."

"You would not have us go about praising ourselves for doing right?" said Tita.

"No," he said, "but you ought not to go about professing yourselves to be less satisfied with your country than you are."

Before breaking up for the night we came to a reckoning about our progress, and probable line of route. Fifty-eight miles—that was the exact distance, by straight road, we had got on our way to Scotland at the end of the third day.

"And to-morrow," said Tita, as she finished giving the Lieutenant his first lesson in bezique, "counts for nothing, as we remain here. Fifty-eight miles in three days looks rather small, does it not? But I suppose we shall get there in course of time."

"Yes," said Bell, gently, as she put the markers straight, "in Pollux' course of time."

My lady rose, and in her severest tones ordered the girl to bed.

[*Note by Queen Titania, written at Oxford, the day after our arrival there.*—"If these jottings of our journey come to be published, I beg to say that, so far as I appear in them, they are a little unfair. I hope I am not so very terrible a person as all that comes to. I have noticed in some other families that a man of obstinate will and of uncertain temper likes nothing so much as to pretend to his friends that he suffers dreadfully from the tyranny of his wife. It is merely self-complacency. He knows no one dares thwart him; and so he thinks it rather humorous to give himself the air of being much injured, and of being very good-natured. I dare say, however, most people who look at these memoranda will be able to decide whether the trifling misunderstandings—which have been much exaggerated and made to look serious—were owing to me. But as

for Bell, I do not think it right to joke about her position at all. She does her best to keep up her spirits—and she is a brave, good girl, who likes to be cheerful if only for the sake of those around her; but this affair of Arthur Ashburton is causing her deep anxiety and a good deal of vexation. Why she should have some vague impression that she has treated him badly, I can not see; for the very reverse is the case. But surely it is unfair to make this *lovers' quarrel* the pretext for dragging Bell into a wild romance, which the writer of the foregoing pages seems bent on doing. Indeed, with regard to this subject, I can not do better than repeat a conversation which, with characteristic ingenuity, he has entirely omitted. He said to me, while we were wandering about Benington—and Bell had strolled on with Count von Rosen—

"After all, our phaeton is not a microcosm. We have not the complete elements for a romance. We have no villain with us."

"You flatter yourself," I remarked; which did not seem to please him, but he pretended not to hear.

"There will be no dark background to our adventure—no crime, secrecy, plotting, or malicious thwarting of Bell's happiness. It will be like a magic-lantern slide with all the figures painted in rose-color."

"What do you mean by Bell's happiness?" I asked.

"Her marriage with the Lieutenant, and there is no villain to oppose it. Even if we had a villain, there is no room for him: the phaeton only holds four comfortably."

"Really this was too much. I could scarcely control my impatience with such folly. I have said before that the girl does not wish to marry any one; but if there were any thought of marriage in her mind, surely her anxiety about that letter points in a different way. Of course I was immediately taunted with scheming to throw Bell and Count von Rosen together during our drive. I admit that I did so, and mean to do so. We ought not to expect young folks to be always delighted with the society of their elders. It is only natural that these two young people should become companions; but what of that? And as to the speech about a villain, who ever saw one? Out of a novel or a play, I never saw a villain, and I don't know any body who ever did. It seems to me there is a good deal of self-satisfaction in the notion that we four are all so angelic that it wants some disagreeable person to throw us into relief. Are we all painted in rose-color? Looking back over these pages, I do not think so; but I am not surprised—considering *who had the wielding of the brush*. And yet I think we have so far enjoyed ourselves very well, considering that I am supposed to be very hard to please and very quarrelsome. Perhaps none of us are so amiable as we ought to be; and yet we manage to put up with one another somehow. In the meantime, I am grieved to see Bell, without the intervention of any villain whatever, undergoing great anxiety; and I wish the girl had sufficient courage to sit down at once and write to Arthur Ashburton and absolutely forbid him to do any thing so foolish as seek an interview with her. If he should do so, it is impossible to say what may come of it, for Bell has a good deal of pride with all her gentleness.—T."

(To be continued.)



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## DICKENS IN RELATION TO CRITICISM.

THE old feud between authors and critics, a feud old as literature, has not arisen on the ground of chariness in praise, but rather on the ground of deficient sympathy, and the tendency to interpret an author's work according to some standard which is not his. Instead of placing themselves at his point of view, and seeing what he has attempted, how far he has achieved the aim, and whether the aim itself were worthy of achievement, critics have thrust between his work and the public some vague conception of what they required, and measured it by an academic or conventional standard derived from other works. Fond as an author necessarily is of praise, and pained as he must always be by blame, he is far more touched by a sympathetic recognition of his efforts, and far more hurt by a misrepresentation of them. No hyperbole of laudation gives a tithe of the delight which is given by sympathetic insight. Unhappily for the author, this can but sparingly be given by critics, who trust less to their emotions than to their standards of judgment; for the greater the originality of the writer, and the less inclination he has for familiar processes and already-trodden tracks, the greater must be the resistance he will meet with from minds accustomed to move in those tracks, and to consider excellence confined within them. It is in the nature of the critical mind to judge according to precedent; and few minds have flexibility enough to adopt at once a novelty which is destined in its turn to become a precedent.

There is another source of pain. Besides the very great difficulties of independent judgment, of adjusting the mental focus to new objects under new perspectives, and the various personal considerations which trammel even open minds—considerations of friendship, station, renown, rivalry, etc.—there is the immense difficulty which all men find in giving any thing like an adequate expression to their judgments. It is easy for us to say that a book has stirred, or instructed us; but it is by no means easy to specify the grounds of our pleasure, or profit, except in a very general way; and when we attempt to do so we are apt to make ludicrous mistakes. Thus it is that the criticism which begins

with a general expression of gratitude to the author, will often deeply pain him by misplaced praise, or blame misdirected.

Longinus declares that criticism is the last result of abundant experience; he might have added that even the amplest experience is no safeguard against utter failure. For it is true in Art as in the commonest details of life, that our perceptions are mainly determined by our pre-perceptions, our conceptions by our preconceptions. Hence I have long maintained the desirability of preserving as far as possible the individual character of criticism. The artist in his work gives expression to his individual feelings and conceptions, telling us how Life and Nature are mirrored in his mind; we may fairly state how this affects us, whether it accords with our experience, whether it moves or instructs us; but we should be very chary of absolute judgments, and be quite sure of our ground before venturing to assume that the public will feel, or ought to feel, as we feel. Now it is the tendency of criticism to pronounce absolute verdicts, to speak for all; and the exasperation of the artist at finding individual impressions given forth as final judgments is the main cause of the outcry against criticism. The writer who would feel little irritation on hearing that A. and B. were unmoved by his pathos, dead to his humor, unenlightened by his philosophy, may be excused if he writhe under the authoritative announcement that his pathos is maudlin, his humor flat, his philosophy shallow. He may be convicted of bad grammar, bad drawing, bad logic; and if the critic advances reasons for particular objections, these reasons may be weighed, and perhaps accepted with resignation if not without pain; but no verdict which does not distinctly carry its evidence can be accepted as more than an individual judgment; and in matters of Art there is always a great difficulty, sometimes a sheer impossibility, in passing from the individual to the universal. It is impossible to resist feeling. If an author makes me laugh, he is humorous; if he makes me cry, he is pathetic. In vain will any one tell me that such a picture is not laughable, not pathetic; or that I am wrong in being moved.

While from these and other causes, es-

pecially from the tendency to exaggerate what is painful, authors have deeply resented "the malevolence" of critics—a malevolence which has been mostly incompetence, or inconsiderateness—it is not less true that there has been much heartfelt gratitude given by authors to critics who have sympathized with and encouraged them; and many lasting friendships have been thus cemented. It was thus that the lifelong friendship of Dickens and his biographer began, and was sustained. Nor is it just to object to Mr. Forster's enthusiasm on the ground of his friendship, since he may fairly answer, "Dickens was my friend because I so greatly admired him." One thing is certain: his admiration was expressed long before all the world had acknowledged Dickens's genius, and was continued through the long years when the majority of writers had ceased to express much fervor of admiration, preferring rather to dwell on his shortcomings and exaggerations.

And this brings me to the noticeable fact that there probably never was a writer of so vast a popularity whose genius was so little *appreciated* by the critics. The very splendor of his success so deepened the shadow of his failures that to many eyes the shadows supplanted the splendor. Fastidious readers were loth to admit that a writer could be justly called great whose defects were so glaring. They admitted, because it was indisputable, that Dickens delighted thousands, that his admirers were found in all classes, and in all countries; that he stirred the sympathy of masses not easily reached through literature, and always stirred healthy, generous emotions; that he impressed a new direction on popular writing, and modified the Literature of his age, in its spirit no less than in its form; but they nevertheless insisted on his defects as if these outweighed all positive qualities; and spoke of him either with condescending patronage, or with sneering irritation. Surely this is a fact worthy of investigation? Were the critics wrong, and if so, in what consisted their error? How are we to reconcile this immense popularity with this critical contempt? The private readers and the public critics who were eager to take up each successive number of his works as it appeared, whose very talk was seasoned with quotations from and allusions to these works, who, to my knowledge, were wont to lay

aside books of which they could only speak in terms of eulogy, in order to bury themselves in the "new number" when the well-known green cover made its appearance—were nevertheless at this very time niggard in their praise, and lavish in their scorn of the popular humorist. It is not long since I heard a very distinguished man express measureless contempt for Dickens, and a few minutes afterwards, in reply to some representations on the other side, admit that Dickens had "entered into his life."

Dickens has proved his power by a popularity almost unexampled, embracing all classes. Surely it is a task for criticism to exhibit the sources of that power? If every thing that has ever been alleged against the works be admitted, there still remains an immense success to be accounted for. It was not by their defects that these works were carried over Europe and America. It was not their defects which made them the delight of gray heads on the bench, and the study of youngsters in the counting-house and school-room. Other writers have been exaggerated, untrue, fantastic, and melodramatic; but they have gained so little notice that no one thinks of pointing out their defects. It is clear, therefore, that Dickens had powers which enabled him to triumph in spite of the weaknesses which clogged them; and it is worth inquiring what those powers were, and their relation to his undeniable defects.

I am not about to attempt such an inquiry, but simply to indicate two or three general points of view. It will be enough merely to mention in passing the primary cause of his success, his overflowing fun, because even uncompromising opponents admit it. They may be ashamed of their laughter, but they laugh. A revulsion of feeling at the preposterousness or extravagance of the image may follow the burst of laughter, but the laughter is irresistible, whether rational or not, and there is no arguing away such a fact.

Great as Dickens is in fun, so great that Fielding and Smollett are small in comparison, he would have been only a passing amusement for the world had he not been gifted with an imagination of marvelous vividness, and an emotional, sympathetic nature capable of furnishing that imagination with elements of universal power. Of him it may be said with less

exaggeration than of most poets, that he was of "imagination all compact;" if the other higher faculties were singularly deficient in him, this faculty was imperial. He was a seer of visions; and his visions were of objects at once familiar and potent. Psychologists will understand both the extent and the limitation of the remark, when I say that in no other perfectly sane mind (Blake, I believe, was not perfectly sane) have I observed vividness of imagination approaching so closely to hallucination. Many who are not psychologists may have had some experience in themselves, or in others, of that abnormal condition in which a man hears voices, and sees objects, with the distinctness of direct perception, although silence and darkness are without him; these *revived* impressions, revived by an internal cause, have precisely the same force and clearness which the impressions originally had when produced by an external cause. In the same degree of vividness are the images *constructed* by his mind in explanation of the voices heard or objects seen: when he imagines that the voice proceeds from a personal friend, or from Satan tempting him, the friend or Satan stands before him with the distinctness of objective reality; when he imagines that he himself has been transformed into a bear, his hands are seen by him as paws. In vain you represent to him that the voices he hears have no external existence; he will answer, as a patient pertinently answered Lélut: "You believe that I am speaking to you because you hear me, is it not so? Very well, I believe that voices are speaking to me because I hear them." There is no power of effacing such conviction by argument. You may get the patient to assent to any premises you please, he will not swerve from his conclusions. I once argued with a patient who believed he had been transformed into a bear; he was quite willing to admit that the idea of such a transformation was utterly at variance with all experience; but he always returned to his position that God being omnipotent there was no reason to doubt his power of transforming men into bears: what remained fixed in his mind was the image of himself under a bear's form.

The characteristic point in the hallucinations of the insane, that which distinguishes them from hallucinations equally vivid in the sane, is the coercion of the

image in *suppressing comparison* and all control of experience. Belief always accompanies a vivid image, for a time; but in the sane this belief will not persist against rational control. If I see a stick partly under water, it is impossible for me not to have the same feeling which would be produced by a bent stick out of the water—if I see two plane images in the stereoscope, it is impossible not to have the feeling of seeing one solid object. But these beliefs are rapidly displaced by reference to experience. I know the stick is not bent, and that it will not appear bent when removed from the water. I know the seeming solid is not an object in relief, but two plane pictures. It is by similar focal adjustment of the mind that sane people know that their hallucinations are unreal. The images may have the vividness of real objects, but they have not the properties of real objects, they do not preserve consistent relations with other facts, they appear in contradiction to other beliefs. Thus, if I see a black cat on the chair opposite, yet on my approaching the chair feel no soft object; and if my terrier on the hearth-rug looking in the direction of the chair shows none of the well-known agitation which the sight of a cat produces, I conclude, in spite of its distinctness, that the image is an hallucination.

Returning from this digression, let me say that I am very far indeed from wishing to imply any agreement in the common notion that "great wits to madness nearly are allied;" on the contrary, my studies have led to the conviction that nothing is less like genius than insanity, although some men of genius have had occasional attacks; and further, that I have never observed any trace of the insane temperament in Dickens's works, or life, they being indeed singularly free even from the eccentricities which often accompany exceptional powers; nevertheless, with all due limitations, it is true that there is considerable light shed upon his works by the action of the imagination in hallucination. To him also *revived* images have the vividness of sensations; to him, also, *created* images have the coercive force of realities, excluding all control, all contradiction. What seems preposterous, impossible to us, seemed to him simple fact of observation. When he imagined a street, a house, a room, a figure, he saw it not in the vague schematic way of ordina-

ry imagination, but in the sharp definition of actual perception, all the salient details obtruding themselves on his attention. He, seeing it thus vividly, made us also see it; and believing in its reality however fantastic, he communicated something of his belief to us. He presented it in such relief that we ceased to think of it as a picture. So definite and insistent was the image, that even while knowing it was false we could not help, for a moment, being affected, as it were, by his hallucination.

This glorious energy of imagination is that which Dickens had in common with all great writers. It was this which made him a creator, and made his creations universally intelligible, no matter how fantastic and unreal. His types established themselves in the public mind like personal experiences. Their falsity was unnoticed in the blaze of their illumination. Every humbug seemed a Pecksniff, every nurse a Gamp, every jovial improvident a Micawber, every stunted serving-wench a Marchioness. Universal experiences became individualized in these types; an image and a name were given, and the image was so suggestive that it seemed to express all that it was found to recall, and Dickens was held to have depicted what his readers supplied. Against such power criticism was almost idle. In vain critical reflection showed these figures to be merely masks—not characters, but personified characteristics, caricatures and distortions of human nature—the vividness of their presentation triumphed over reflection: their creator managed to communicate to the public his own unhesitating belief. Unreal and impossible as these types were, speaking a language never heard in life, moving, like pieces of simple mechanism, always in one way, (instead of moving with the infinite fluctuations of organisms, incalculable yet intelligible, surprising yet familiar,) these unreal figures affected the uncritical reader with the force of reality; and they did so in virtue of their embodiment of some real characteristic vividly presented. The imagination of the author laid hold of some well-marked physical trait, some peculiarity of aspect, speech, or manner which every one recognized at once; and the force with which this was presented made it occupy the mind to the exclusion of all critical doubts: only reflection could detect the incongruity.

Think of what this implies! Think how little the mass of men are given to reflect on their impressions, and how their minds are for the most part occupied with sensations rather than ideas, and you will see why Dickens held an undisputed sway. Give a child a wooden horse, with hair for mane and tail, and wafer spots for coloring, he will never be disturbed by the fact that this horse does not move its legs, but runs on wheels—the general suggestion suffices for his belief; and this wooden horse, which he can handle and draw, is believed in more than a pictured horse by a Wouvermanns or an Ansdell. It may be said of Dickens's human figures that they too are wooden, and run on wheels; but these are details which scarcely disturb the belief of admirers. Just as the wooden horse is brought within the range of the child's emotions, and dramatizing tendencies, when he can handle and draw it, so Dickens's figures are brought within the range of the reader's interests, and receive from these interests a sudden illumination, when they are the puppets of a drama every incident of which appeals to the sympathies. With a fine felicity of instinct he seized upon situations having an irresistible hold over the domestic affections and ordinary sympathies. He spoke in the mother-tongue of the heart, and was always sure of ready listeners. He painted the life he knew—the life every one knew; for if the scenes and manners were unlike those we were familiar with, the feelings and motives, the joys and griefs, the mistakes and efforts of the actors were universal, and therefore universally intelligible; so that even critical spectators who complained that these broadly-painted pictures were artistic daubs, could not wholly resist their effective suggestiveness. He set in motion the secret springs of sympathy by touching the domestic affections. He painted nothing ideal, heroic; but all the resources of the bourgeois epic were in his grasp. The world of thought and passion lay beyond his horizon. But the joys and pains of childhood, the petty tyrannies of ignoble natures, the genial pleasantries of happy natures, the life of the poor, the struggles of the street and back parlor, the insolence of office, the sharp social contrasts, east-wind and Christmas jollity, hunger, misery, and hot punch—these he could deal with, so that we laughed and cried, were startled at the



revelation of familiar facts hitherto unnoticed, and felt our pulses quicken as we were hurried along with him in his fanciful flight.

Such were the sources of his power. To understand how it is that critics quite competent to recognize such power, and even so far amenable to it as to be moved and interested by the works in spite of all their drawbacks, should have forgotten this undenied power, and written or spoken of Dickens with mingled irritation and contempt, we must take into account two natural tendencies—the bias of opposition, and the bias of technical estimate.

The bias of opposition may be illustrated in a parallel case. Let us suppose a scientific book to be attracting the attention of Europe by the boldness, suggestiveness, and theoretic plausibility of its hypotheses; this work falls into the hands of a critic sufficiently grounded in the science treated to be aware that its writer, although gifted with great theoretic power and occasional insight into unexplored relations, is nevertheless pitifully ignorant of the elementary facts and principles of the science; the critic noticing the power, and the talent of lucid exposition, is yet perplexed and irritated at ignorance which is inexcusable, and a reckless twisting of known facts into impossible relations, which seems willful; will he not pass from marveling at this inextricable web of sense and nonsense, suggestive insight and mischievous error, so jumbled together that the combination of this sagacity with this glaring inefficiency is a paradox, and be driven by the anger of opposition into an emphatic assertion that the belauded philosopher is a charlatan and an ignoramus? A chorus of admirers proclaims the author to be a great teacher, before whom all contemporaries must bow; and the critic observes this teacher on one page throwing out a striking hypothesis of some geometric relations in the planetary movements, and on another assuming that the hypothenuse is equal to its perpendicular and base, because the square of the hypothenuse is equal to the squares of its sides—in one chapter ridiculing the atomic theory, and in another arguing that carbonic acid is obtained from carbon and nitrogen—can this critic be expected to join in the chorus of admirers? and will he not rather be exasperated into an opposition which will lead him to undervalue the undeniable

qualities in his insistence on the undeniable defects?

Something like this is the feeling produced by Dickens's works in many cultivated and critical readers. They see there human character and ordinary events portrayed with a mingled verisimilitude and falsity altogether unexampled. The drawing is so vivid yet so incorrect, or else is so blurred and formless, with such excess of *effort* (as of a showman beating on the drum) that the doubt arises how an observer so remarkably keen could make observations so remarkably false, and miss such very obvious facts; how the rapid glance which could swoop down on a peculiarity with hawk-like precision, could overlook all that accompanied and was organically related to that peculiarity; how the eye for characteristics could be so blind to character, and the ear for dramatic idiom be so deaf to dramatic language; finally, how the writer's exquisite susceptibility to the grotesque could be insensible to the occasional grotesqueness of his own attitude. Michael Angelo is intelligible, and Giotto is intelligible; but a critic is nonplussed at finding the invention of Angelo with the drawing of Giotto. It is indeed surprising that Dickens should have observed man, and not been impressed with the fact that man is, in the words of Montaigne, *un être ondoyant et diverse*. And the critic is distressed to observe the substitution of mechanisms for minds, puppets for characters. It is needless to dwell on such monstrous failures as Mantalini, Rosa Dartle, Lady Dedlock, Esther Summerson, Mr. Dick, Arthur Grice, Edith Dombey, Mr. Carker—needless, because if one studies the successful figures one finds even in them only touches of verisimilitude. When one thinks of Micawber always presenting himself in the same situation, moved with the same springs, and uttering the same sounds, always confident on something turning up, always crushed and rebounding, always making punch—and his wife always declaring she will never part from him, always referring to his talents and her family—when one thinks of the “catch-words” personified as characters, one is reminded of the frogs whose brains have been taken out for physiological purposes, and whose actions henceforth want the distinctive peculiarity of organic action, that of fluctuating spontaneity. Place one of these brainless frogs on his back and he

will at once recover the sitting posture; draw a leg from under him, and he will draw it back again; tickle or prick him and he will push away the object, or take *one* hop out of the way; stroke his back, and he will utter *one* croak. All these things resemble the actions of the unmulatiled frog, but they differ in being *isolated* actions, and *always the same*: they are as uniform and calculable as the movements of a machine. The uninjured frog may or may not croak, may or may not hop away; the result is never calculable, and is rarely a single croak or a single hop. It is this complexity of the organism which Dickens wholly fails to conceive; his characters have nothing fluctuating and incalculable in them, even when they embody true observations; and very often they are creations so fantastic that one is at a loss to understand how he could, without hallucination, believe them to be like reality. There are dialogues bearing the traces of straining effort at effect, which in their incongruity painfully resemble the absurd and eager expositions which insane patients pour into the listener's ear when detailing their wrongs, or their schemes. Dickens once declared to me that every word said by his characters was distinctly *heard* by him; I was at first not a little puzzled to account for the fact that he could hear language so utterly unlike the language of real feeling, and not be aware of its preposterousness; but the surprise vanished when I thought of the phenomena of hallucination. And here it may be needful to remark in passing that it is not because the characters are badly drawn and their language unreal, that they are to be classed among the excesses of imagination; otherwise all the bad novelists and dramatists would be credited with that which they especially want—powerful imagination. His peculiarity is not the incorrectness of the drawing, but the vividness of the imagination which while rendering that incorrectness insensible to him, also renders it potent with multitudes of his fellowmen. For although his weakness comes from excess in one direction, the force which is in excess must not be overlooked; and it is overlooked or undervalued by critics who, with what I have called the bias of opposition, insist only on the weakness.

This leads me to the second point, the bias of technical estimate. The main pur-

pose of Art is delight. Whatever influences may radiate from that centre,—and however it may elevate or modify,—the one primary condition of influence is stirred emotion. No art can teach which does not move; no Art can move without teaching. Criticism has to consider Art under two aspects, that of emotional pleasure, and that of technical pleasure. We all—public and critics—are susceptible of the former, are capable of being moved, and are delighted with what stirs the emotions, filling the mind with images having emotional influence; but only the critics are much affected by technical skill, and the pleasure it creates. *What* is done, what is suggested, constitutes the first aspect; *how* it is done the second. We all delight in imitation, and in the skill which represents one object in another medium; but the refinements of skill can only be appreciated by study. To a savage there is so little suggestion of a human face and form in a painted portrait that it is not even recognized as the representation of a man; whereas the same savage would delight in a waxwork figure, or a wooden Scotchman at the door of a tobacconist. The educated eye sees exquisite skill in the portrait, a skill which gives exquisite delight; but this eye which traces and estimates the subtle effects of color and distribution of light and shade in the portrait, turns with disgust from the wax figure, or the wooden Highlander. In the course of time the pleasure derived from the perception of difficulty overcome, leads to such a preponderance of the technical estimate, that the sweep of the brush, or the composition of lines, becomes of supreme importance, and the connoisseur no longer asks, *What is painted?* but *How is it painted?* The *what* may be a patch of meadow, the bend of a river, or a street boy munching bread and cheese, and yet give greater delight by its *how*, than another picture which represented the Andes, Niagara, or a Madonna and child. When the critic observes technical skill in a picture, he pronounces the painter to be admirable, and is quite unmoved by any great subject badly painted. In like manner a great poet is estimated by the greatness of his execution of great conceptions, not by the greatness of his intention.

How easily the critic falls into the mistake of overvaluing technical skill, and not allowing for the primary condition, how

easily he misjudges works by applying to them technical rules derived from the works of others, need not here be dwelt on. What I wish to indicate is the bias of technical estimate which, acting with that bias of opposition just noted, has caused the critics to overlook in Dickens the great artistic powers which are proved by his immense success; and to dwell only on those great artistic deficiencies which exclude him from the class of exquisite writers. He worked in delf, not in porcelain. But his prodigal imagination created in delf forms which delighted thousands. He only touched common life, but he touched it to "fine issues;" and since we are all susceptible of being moved by pictures of children in droll and pathetic situations, and by pictures of common suffering and common joy, any writer who can paint such pictures with sufficient skill to awaken these emotions is powerful in proportion to the emotion stirred. That Dickens had this skill is undisputed; and if critical reflection shows that the means he employs are not such as will satisfy the technical estimate, and consequently that the pictures will not move the cultivated mind, nor give it the deep content which perfect Art continues to create, making the work a "joy for ever," we must still remember that in the present state of Literature, with hundreds daily exerting their utmost efforts to paint such pictures, it requires prodigious force and rare skill to impress images that will stir the universal heart. Murders are perpetrated without stint, but the murder of Nancy is unforgettable. Children figure in numberless plays and novels, but the deaths of little Nell and little Paul were national griefs. Seduction is one of the commonest of tragedies, but the scene in Peggotty's boat-house burns itself into the memory. Captain Cuttle and Richard Swiveller, the Marchioness and Tilly Slowboy, Pecksniff and Micawber, Tiny Tim and Mrs. Gamp, may be imperfect representations of human character, but they are types which no one can forget. Dr. Johnson explained the popularity of some writer by saying, "Sir, his nonsense suited *their* nonsense;" let us add, "and his sense suited *their* sense," and it will explain the popularity of Dickens. Readers to whom all the refinements of Art and Literature are as meaningless hieroglyphs, were at once laid hold of by the reproduction of their own feelings, their own experiences, their own prejudices, in

the irradiating splendor of his imagination; while readers whose cultivated sensibilities were alive to the most delicate and evanescent touches were, by virtue of their common nature, ready to be moved and delighted at his pictures and suggestions. The cultivated and uncultivated were affected by his admirable *mise en scène*, his fertile invention, his striking selection of incident, his intense vision of physical details. Only the cultivated who are made fastidious by cultivation paused to consider the pervading commonness of the works, and remarked that they are wholly without glimpses of a nobler life; and that the writer presents an almost unique example of a mind of singular force in which, so to speak, sensations never passed into ideas. Dickens sees and feels, but the logic of feeling seems the only logic he can manage. Thought is strangely absent from his works. I do not suppose a single thoughtful remark on life or character could be found throughout the twenty volumes. Not only is there a marked absence of the reflective tendency, but one sees no indication of the past life of humanity having ever occupied him; keenly as he observes the objects before him, he never connects his observations into a general expression, never seems interested in the general relations of things. Compared with that of Fielding or Thackeray, his was merely an *animal* intelligence, *i.e.*, restricted to perceptions. On this ground his early education was more fruitful and less injurious than it would have been to a nature constructed on a more reflective and intellectual type. It furnished him with rare and valuable experience, early developed his sympathies with the lowly and struggling, and did not starve any intellectual ambition. He never was and never would have been a student.

My acquaintance with him began soon after the completion of *Pickwick*. Something I had written on that book pleased him, and caused him to ask me to call on him. (It is pleasant for me to remember that I made Thackeray's acquaintance in a similar way.) He was then living in Doughty street; and those who remember him at that period will understand the somewhat disturbing effect produced on my enthusiasm for the new author by the sight of his bookshelves, on which were ranged nothing but three-volume novels and books of travel, all obviously the pre-

sentation copies from authors and publishers, with none of the treasures of the book-stall, each of which has its history, and all giving the collection its individual physiognomy. A man's library expresses much of his hidden life. I did not expect to find a bookworm, nor even a student in the marvelous "Boz;" but nevertheless this collection of books was a shock. He shortly came in, and his sunny presence quickly dispelled all misgivings. He was then, as to the last, a delightful companion, full of sagacity as well as animal spirits; but I came away more impressed with the fullness of life and energy than with any sense of distinction. I believe I only saw him once more before I went to Germany, and two years had elapsed when next we met. While waiting in his library (in Devonshire Terrace) I of course glanced at the books. The well-known paper boards of the three-volume novel no longer vulgarized the place; a goodly array of standard works, well-bound, showed a more respectable and conventional ambition; but there was no physiognomy in the collection. A greater change was visible in Dickens himself. In these two years he had remarkably developed. His conversation turned on graver subjects than theatres and actors, periodicals and London life. His interest in public affairs, especially in social questions, was keener. He still remained completely outside philosophy, science, and the higher literature, and was too unaffected a man to pretend to feel any interest in them. But the vivacity which gave a charm to intercourse with him had become weighted with a seriousness which from that time forward became more and more prominent in his conversation and his writings. He had already learned to look upon the world as a scene where it was the duty of each man in his own way to make the lot of the miserable many a little less miserable; and, having learned that his genius gave him great power, he was bent on using that power effectively. He was sometimes laughed at for the importance he seemed to attach to every thing relating to himself, and the solemnity with which he spoke of his aims and affairs; but this belonged to his quality. *Il se prenait au sérieux*, and was admirable because he did so. Whatever faults he may have committed there were none attributable to carelessness. He gave us his best. If the effort were sometimes too

strained, and the desire for effect too obtrusive, there was no lazy indulgence, no trading on a great renown, no "scumblng" in his work. "Whatever I have tried to do in life," he said, speaking through Copperfield, "I have tried with all my heart to do well. Never to put one hand to anything on which I could throw my whole self, and never to affect depreciation of my work, whatever it was, I now find to have been my golden rules."

Since I have been led in the course of argument to touch upon my personal acquaintance with Dickens, I may take advantage of the opening to introduce a point not mentioned in Mr. Forster's memoir, though he most probably is familiar with it. Mr. Forster has narrated Dickens's intense grief at the death of his sister-in-law, Mary—a grief which for two months interrupted the writing of *Pickwick*, and which five years afterwards thus moves him in a letter to Mr. Forster on the death of her grandmother. The passage itself is in every way interesting, displaying a depth and delicacy of feeling, combined with a tenderness towards the sacredness due to the wishes of the dead, which is very noticeable:

"It is a great trial to me to give up Mary's grave; greater than I can possibly express. I thought of moving her to the catacomb, and saying nothing about it; but then I remembered that the poor old lady is buried next her at her own desire, and could not find it in my heart directly she is laid in the earth to take her grandchild away. The desire to be buried next her is as strong upon me now as it was five years ago; and I *know* (for I don't think there ever was love like that I bear her) that it will never diminish. I can not bear the thought of being excluded from her dust; and yet I feel that her brothers and sisters and her mother have a better right than I to be placed beside her. It is but an idea. I neither hope nor think (God forbid) that our spirits would ever mingle *there*. I ought to get the better of it, but it is very hard. I never contemplated this; and coming so suddenly, and after being ill, it disturbs me more than it ought. It seems like losing her a second time."

Again, when writing from America and describing his delight at the Niagara Falls, he says:

"What would I give if you and Mac were here to share the sensations of this time! I was going to add, what would I give if the dear girl whose ashes lie in Kensal Green had lived to come so far along with us; but she has been here many times, I doubt not, since her sweet face faded from my earthly sight."

Several years afterwards, in the course of a quiet chat over a cigar, we got on a subject which always interested him, on which



he had stored many striking anecdotes—dreams. He then narrated, in his quietest and most impressive manner, that after Mary's death her image not only haunted him by day, but for twelve months visited his dreams every night. At first he had refrained from mentioning it to his wife; and after deferring this some time, felt unable to mention it to her. He had occasion to go to Liverpool, and as he went to bed that night there was a strong hope that the change of bed might break the spell of his dreams. It was not so however. That night as usual the old dream was dreamt. He resolved to unburden his mind to his wife, and wrote that very morning a full account of his strange experience. From that time he ceased to dream of her. I forget whether he said he had never dreamt of her since; but I am certain of the fact that the spell had been broken then and there.

Here is another contribution to the subject of dreams, which I had from him shortly before his death. One night after one of his public readings, he dreamt that he was in a room where every one was dressed in scarlet. (The probable origin of this was the mass of scarlet opera-cloaks worn by the ladies among the audience, having left a sort of *afterglow* on his retina.) He stumbled against a lady standing with her back towards him. As he apologized she turned her head and said, quite unprovoked, "My name is Napier." The face was one perfectly unknown to him, nor did he know any one named Napier. Two days after he had another reading in the same town, and before it began a lady-friend came into the waiting room accompanied by an unknown lady in a scarlet opera-cloak, "who," said his friend, "is very desirous of being introduced." "Not Miss

Napier?" he jokingly inquired. "Yes, Miss Napier." Although the face of his dream-lady was not the face of this Miss Napier, the coincidence of the scarlet cloak and the name was striking.

In bringing these detached observations to a close, let me resume their drift by saying that while on the one hand the critics seem to me to have been fully justified in denying him the possession of many technical excellencies, they have been thrown into unwise antagonism which has made them overlook or undervalue the great qualities which distinguished him; and that even on technical grounds their criticism has been so far defective that it failed to recognize the supreme powers which insured his triumph in spite of all defects. For the reader of cultivated taste there is little in his works beyond the stirring of their emotions—but what a large exception! We do not turn over the pages in search of thought, delicate psychological observation, grace of style, charm of composition; but we enjoy them like children at a play, laughing and crying at the images which pass before us. And this illustration suggests the explanation of how learned and thoughtful men can have been almost as much delighted with the works as ignorant and juvenile readers; how Lord Jeffrey could have been so affected by the presentation of *Little Nell*, which most critical readers pronounce maudlin and unreal. Persons unfamiliar with theatrical representations, consequently unable to criticise the acting, are stirred by the suggestions of the scenes presented; and hence a great philosopher, poet, or man of science, may be found applauding an actor whom every play-going apprentice despises as stagey and inartistic.

GEORGE HENRY LEWES.

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Temple Bar.

#### RECOLLECTIONS OF FELIX MENDELSSOHN AND HIS FRIENDS.

BY DR. DORN, CAPELLMEISTER OF BERLIN.

I was a young man of three-and-twenty, prosecuting my legal studies in Berlin, when I first knew Felix Mendelssohn, then a lad of twelve years old. One winter's experience showed me, that though I could get through my college terms, I should never be able to pass all the necessary law examinations, as I had so much musical

business on my hands. At evening parties I was in constant request, being found very useful, as I was at once a pianoforte-player, an accompanist, and a solo-singer—a rare combination in one individual, of which I can recall no other instances than Gustav Reichardt and Reissiger. Musical parties in Berlin at that time were at the height

of their glory, and attended only by ladies and gentlemen who really loved music and cultivated it as an art, and who were able upon emergency to perform whole operas or oratorios. Tea was handed round before the musical business of the evening began, and we wound up with cold refreshments and quartet-singing.

One Friday, at the "at home" evening of my old countryman Abraham Friedländer, as I was in the midst of the well-known duet of Spohr's between Faust and Röschen, with a talented young singer, a commotion arose in the anteroom, which was most unusual, for a profound silence always prevailed when any thing was going on. During the pathetic air, "Fort von hier auf schönere Auen," my partner whispered to me, "Felix is come;" and when the duet was finished, I made the acquaintance of Felix Mendelssohn, then a lad of twelve years old, residing with his parents on the Neue Promenade, only a few steps from Friedländer's house. He apologized for having interrupted our song by his entrance, and offered to play the accompaniments for me; "or shall we play them alternately?" he said—a regular Mendelssohn way of putting the question, which, even twenty years later, he made use of to a stranger in a similar position. At that time it would have been difficult to picture a more prepossessing exterior than that of Felix Mendelssohn; though every one made use of the familiar "Du" in addressing him, yet it was very evident that even his most intimate acquaintances set a great value on his presence amongst them. He was rarely allowed to go to such large parties, but when he did so, the music, and the *con amore* spirit with which it was carried on, seemed to afford him real pleasure, and he, in his turn, contributed largely to the enjoyment. People made a great deal of him, and Johanna Zimmermann, Friedländer's niece, who had lost her husband while bathing in the Tyrol, regularly persecuted the young fellow, so that he could scarcely escape from her attentions. Young as he was, he even then accompanied singing in a manner only to be met with amongst the older and more thorough musicians who possessed that especial gift. At Königsberg the orchestral management of the piano was an unknown thing, and even in Berlin I had as yet had no opportunity of admiring this skill and facility in any one. That man was considered a very

respectable musician who played from the printed copy *con amore*, and thus helped the singer now and then; but he who was able to enrich the slender pianoforte accompaniment with octave basses and full chords, of course stood in a much higher position. Such a gifted being was Felix even at that time, and in the duet between Florestan and Leonora, which he accompanied, he astonished me in the passage, "Du wieder nun in meinen Armen, o Gott!" by the way in which he represented the violoncello and the contre-basso parts on the piano, playing them two octaves apart. I afterwards asked him why he had chosen this striking way of rendering the passage, and he explained all to me in the kindest manner. How many times since has that duet been sung in Berlin to the pianoforte, but how rarely has it been accompanied in such a manner! In the winter of 1824-25 I was quite at home in the Mendelssohns' house—that is to say, I made my appearance there every Sunday morning at the musical entertainments, and was always invited to their evening parties, as a singer to be reckoned upon, and as one always ready to take a part in the dance. At the *matinées* I became by degrees personally acquainted with all the musicians of importance in Berlin. Men, such as Lanska, who had instructed both Felix and his sister Fanny, (Fanny Mendelssohn at this time played more brilliantly than her brother Felix,) Wollank, (councillor of justice, and the composer of many well-known songs,) and Karl Friedrich Zelter, almost alone marked that heavy period of Berlin's musical history, during which time no creative talent of any importance appeared. Simultaneously, however, with the recall of Spontini from Paris, three stars arose, and the whole attention of the musical world was directed to the native genius of Berlin, in the persons of Ludwig Berger, Bernhard Klein, and Felix Mendelssohn, all in the different ages of life.

I very seldom missed one of those interesting gatherings at the Neue Promenade, where, besides the greater compositions, which were henceforth studied under Berger's guidance, the newest works of the wonderful boy Felix were regularly played over—mostly sets of symphonies for stringed instruments with pianoforte accompaniment—by a small number selected from the royal chamber-musicians.

Professor Zelter, with whom Felix had studied counterpoint, was his most eager auditor, and at the same time his most severe censor. More than once after the performance, I myself have heard Zelter call out in a loud voice to his pupil that several alterations were necessary, whereupon, without saying a word, Felix would quietly fold up the score, and before the next Sunday he would go over it, and then play the composition with the desired corrections. In these rooms also, before the family removed to Leipziger Strasse, a three-act comic opera was performed, all the characters being apportioned and the dialogue read out at the piano. The *Libretto* for "The Uncle from Boston" was written by a young physician, Dr. Caspar, who afterwards became a famous man. Every one who came in contact with him had something to relate of his wit, and I remember even now Holtei telling me, when I was at Riga, of the sparkling witty farewell speech addressed by Caspar to the Councillor Nernst, on the removal of the latter as Postmaster-General from Berlin to Tilsit. He finished with "Depart, and the peace of Tilsit be with you!"

Although the musical compositions of this "American Uncle" pleased all the parties connected with it extremely, the subject of it was nevertheless very weak. Dévrient, and his *fiancée*, Therese Schlesinger, Johanna Zimmermann, the Doctors Andriessen and Dittmar, all took part in this opera. I was also a chorus-singer in it, and from one circumstance this evening will never be forgotten by me. When the opera was finished, there were the regular slices of bread-and-butter, with the usual addition of anchovies, cold meat, cheese, etc. Edward Rietz and myself were enjoying our portion, when Felix, who was going the round of the room to thank all the singers personally, stopped before us to ask how we were faring in the way of refreshment. I showed him my share of the spoil.

"And which do you consider your *dux*?" (the leading, principal subject,) he asked; "and which is your *comes*?" (the secondary theme.)

"Well, of course I consider my bread-and-butter my *dux*."

"Oh, no," said he, "a guest must always regard his bread-and-butter as only the *comes*."

Just as he had uttered this little sally,

Zelter's voice resounded through the room:

"Felix, come here."

The old gentleman stood in the middle of the room with a brimming glass in his hand, and whilst every one was listening intently, he said: "Felix, you have hitherto only been an apprentice; from to-day you are an assistant, and now work on till you become a master."

Therewith he gave him a tap on the cheek, as if he were dubbing him a knight, and then the whole party pressed forward to congratulate the affected and astonished parents, as well as Felix, who pressed his old master's hand warmly more than once. This is one of those scenes that can never be effaced from one's memory. It made such a powerful impression on me that I wrote the following day to my guardian to ask if I might become a pupil of Zelter's, and by his help rise to the higher grades. This permission I certainly received, but how different anticipation is to reality! Zelter was a whimsical old fellow, to whom it was all the same whether his pupils were young or old, gifted or without talent, beginners or advanced. All were treated alike, except as in the case of Mendelssohn's private lessons, when he really did instruct. I bore it for half a year, then I could not put up with it any more, and so I went over to Bernhard Klein, and never had reason to repent doing so.

With the removal of the Mendelssohn family from the Neue Promenade to Leipziger Strasse, to the same house where our present Chamber of Deputies hold their sittings, the circle of their acquaintance was much extended, owing in a great measure to Felix's increasing fame. Among the more intimate acquaintances may be reckoned Rietz, Klingemann, Marx, Franck, and Dévrient. Rietz, elder brother of the royal chapel-master at Dresden, was himself a member of the royal orchestra, and Mendelssohn's instructor on the violin. I may safely say that of all Felix's friends no one loved him more enthusiastically than Rietz. He was a grave, silent person, of a middle size and spare figure, endowed with a large share of nose between two fiery eyes, and always dressed in a tail-coat. When the two friends were together, the idea was always suggested to me of Faust and Mephistopheles, though there was certainly little enough of the diabolic in either of them. Robert and Bertram might perhaps have been more suitable, but such a

connection had not then been proclaimed by Scribe and Meyerbeer. Rietz's artistic career was early cut short by the nerve of his third finger being injured during the performance of "Olympia." He died in 1832. Mendelssohn has dedicated his famous "Octett" to him.

Klingemann, the son of the well-known composer of plays, and manager of the theatre at Brunswick, made the most agreeable impression upon me of all Mendelssohn's more intimate acquaintances. He was attached to the Hanoverian Embassy, and was therefore admitted to the higher circles of society. Both his appearance and demeanor had something unaffectedly aristocratic in them, and in his whole manner to the ladies of the house he was vastly superior to the other visitors. It always appeared to me that Klingemann was most correct in his judgment of Felix. He did not worship him, and it could never have entered into his head to rival him, for he did not compose; he was neither insensible to the great qualities nor blind to the weak points of his young friend; and that he thoroughly knew how to appreciate the strongest side of Mendelssohn's talents is shown in the words which he wrote for Felix to set to music. A great many songs which Mendelssohn has arranged have been quite as well, perhaps even better, set by other musicians, but no one has ever yet succeeded in surpassing a song of Mendelssohn's with Klingemann's words; it was like two hearts beating with one pulsation. The capabilities of the youthful Secretary to the Embassy were certainly not equal to the composition of opera librettos; this was not, however, the field on which Felix ever earned any laurels, even when master of his profession; indeed they never bloomed for him at any time, as is shown by the production of his opera, "The Wedding of Camacho," written in the high tide of his youth. Klingemann was an eager supporter of the Berlin *Musical Times*, which had been started in 1824.

A great contrast in appearance with his colleague was the editor of this paper, A. B. Marx, who, although he had a more thorough education, both as regards music and his profession as a lawyer, than either of the above-named gentlemen, and far exceeded them in cutting sharpness of intellect, yet, from his lack of polish and manner, his real scientific and dialectic superiority did not have the happy effect on

those around that it would otherwise have done. He quickly interested himself about persons and things, and his sympathy once aroused, there would be no warmer or more skillful advocate than he. He soon gained a great influence over Felix, which was often annoying to the elder Mendelssohn; but he had his own good reasons for not abruptly breaking off the connection. Marx was the editor of the *Musical Times*, at that period the only critical organ, and therefore not to be despised, especially as it was supported by many gifted friends of the Mendelssohns. Moreover, the elder Mendelssohn was very fond of contradicting, and of being contradicted; and in our Abbé (as he was called, after his initials A. B.) he found the right sort of opponent.

Midway between Klingemann and Marx stood Dr. Franck, of Breslau, possessing much of the refinement of the former, with more reserve of manner, and all the liveliness of conversation of the latter, with, however, less solidity. He had a sound judgment in musical matters, and soon discovered the weakness in Spontini's "Cortez;" he wrote a stinging article upon that opera in 1826, which was the signal for a complete rupture between Marx and Spontini; he had only armed his party with spectacles, and had overlooked many bright spots in the opera, rejecting the good with the bad. Spontini afterwards led the whole opposition against Mendelssohn; and as previously there had been little affinity between two such different elements, any nearer approach was now rendered impossible.

In 1849 I again met Franck—now, instead of the life-loving, exuberant man that he had been, a complete hypochondriac. He still took an eager interest in literature, and was quite imbued with the Wagner mania, and sent me that composer's "Nibelungen-Tetralogie." What would Mendelssohn have said to this, had he been alive at that time? Franck came to an untimely end soon afterwards in London; but these are painful recollections, and the circle of Felix's friends shall be concluded with the name of Dévrient, to the truth of whose interesting book about Mendelssohn, which has lately appeared, I can vouch. I had frequent opportunities of meeting Mendelssohn at the rooms of Johanna Zimmermann, the young widow previously mentioned, who, although some-



what eccentric, possessed a thoroughly musical nature; so that Felix felt himself completely at his ease in that unconstrained artistic atmosphere. His own home was, of course, much frequented by interesting and celebrated people, but the greater portion of them were not musicians. Foreign musical celebrities were, indeed, always hospitably received, but native talent was very weakly represented. Although Felix was by no means insensible to praise, he was not at all blind as to whether it was given with discrimination or the reverse. Marx and he were at Dehn's rooms on one occasion I remember, and the first part of the evening we employed ourselves in all sorts of fools' tricks, such as cutting out figures with paper and apple-parings, until Felix got up and, unasked, played on the old piano till long after midnight a number of his own and other compositions. This gave him more real satisfaction than on many an occasion at his parents' house, where, with a first-rate Broadwood at his command, he had a large but very mixed audience. I well recollect a lady (Rahel Varnhagen) asking him for the A Minor fugue of Bach's. "If I had played some variations of Czerny's, it would have been all the same to her," he remarked to me afterwards. Such an uncongenial assembly was never to be found at Madame Zimmerman's; there all participated equally, listening and performing; and I have never heard Felix extemporize better than at this house, where he was conscious of being thoroughly understood.

Before I left Berlin in March, 1828, I was present at the first performance of the overture to the "Midsummer Night's Dream," conducted by Mendelssohn himself, with a full orchestra, at his father's house. This work certainly contains the germ and bloom of all Mendelssohn's compositions, and the grand chorus of St. Paul, "Mache dir auf, werde Licht," alone deserves to be put by its side.

In May, 1830, Mendelssohn visited me in Leipzig, where I was officiating as director of music, at what was then the Theatre Royal. He had just returned from London, and having attained his one-and-twentieth year, was about to commence his travels through Italy, to which we are indebted for that interesting collection of letters, which afford so deep an insight into a real poetic and musical nature. I invited him with Marschner, who was then busy

on his latest work, "The Templar and the Jewess," to come to my house the following evening, and I quickly asked a few other celebrities to meet him; in spite of the party being of the ill-omened number of thirteen, we were most animated, and every thing went off admirably until the time arrived for my grand finale. A present I had received some time back of some rare old wine of a celebrated vintage, all covered with cobwebs and dust and dirt of half a century, was to be brought forward on a certain sign from me. The auspicious moment arrived, the maid put fresh glasses on the table and disappeared, and I prepared the minds of my guests for the monstrous sight they were about to see by drawing an exaggerated picture of its horrors. In the midst of my flourishing address, the maid walked in, and placed on the table four brightly scoured, shining bottles, exactly resembling those containing that agreeable *vin ordinaire* called "Kutscher;" mark, seal, label, all had disappeared, and fallen a sacrifice to the principle, "Cleanliness is next to godliness." My disgust can be well imagined. Fortunately, our palates bore testimony to the excellency of the wine, and so my friend Kistner's honor was retrieved.

On the 2d of June, 1830, I received the following letter from Mendelssohn, dated from Weimar:

"DEAR DORN: Herewith follows my symphony, very punctually, and still in time I hope to be copied out, studied, and performed by the day before yesterday. Seriously, however, I am very sorry that I could not fulfil my promise. You always declared you knew how it would be, but I can assure you I had quite made up my mind to do it, and the very first day of my arrival here I began the necessary corrections in the score, which soon became so numerous that I had to take away much of the old part, and to add to the last portion. If the copyist recommended to me had kept his promise, you would even then have had the symphony in time, but he put me off from day to day, and here I have been fourteen instead of four days. It comes at last, you see, and perhaps you will look through it and communicate with Marschner as to the sufficiency of the abbreviations in the last part; when you have had enough of it, which I am afraid will be very soon, will you kindly forward it to Madame Hensel. Perhaps it is as

well for some reasons that the performance has been postponed, for it occurred to me afterwards that the choral part and the other Catholicisms would have a strange appearance in a theatre, and that a Reformation song would not sound very well at Whitsuntide. In short, I am an optimist. Remember me very warmly to Marschner, and thank him for his many kindnesses, and for the enjoyment he has afforded me by his beautiful compositions. I mean to write him a long musical letter as soon as I get to Munich. Farewell, and think of me always kindly.—Yours, etc.,

"FELIX MENDELSSOHN."

That I have never ceased to do.

On the 13th of September, 1843, Robert Schumann celebrated the birthday of his wife Clara. I appeared as an unexpected guest at the breakfast table, where, besides David and Grützmacher, I met Mendelssohn again after thirteen years. When we had partaken of a bountiful repast, we had a succession of musical enjoyments. Schumann surprised his wife with a new trio, which was instantly tried, and Felix produced as his present "The Spring Song," and played it for the first time. This beautiful piece is the pearl of the fifth book of his "Lieder ohne Worte" which, as is well known, is dedicated to Madame Schumann. The little company was so enraptured with it that the composer had to repeat it twice. It was a worthy conclusion to the celebration of the day.

The next day I dined at Councillor Frege's, and again had the pleasure of meeting Mendelssohn, who even during the dessert placed himself at the piano and gave us some of his beautiful songs, which were sung with full appreciation by Livia Gerhardt, the celebrated singer. My third and last day at Leipzig was devoted to my friend Petschke, who had assembled a little party in honor of Mendelssohn, who seemed to be as much at his ease as he had formerly been as a young man in the house of Johanna Zimmermann. Petschke had asked me to bring some of my own

compositions with me, and I found some attentive listeners to my "Schöpfen von Paris." Mendelssohn, however, greatly surprised me by declaring he already knew one of the airs I had played, and seating himself at the piano, went through ten or twelve bars, where certainly the harmonies of my air occurred, although I failed to recognize where I had heard them before. "Why you do not know your own composition again?" said Mendelssohn; "that is the final chorus to 'The Magician and Monster.'" That was a melodrama for which I had written the music, and which Mendelssohn had liked at the time, and of which now, sixteen years later, he could remember chords, that had long since passed from my mind. When I expressed astonishment at his memory, he said, in a very gratifying manner, "It is only good melodies we should endeavor to retain."

I fear that the musical festival at Cologne, which gave rise to so much unpleasantness between the heads of the various musical societies, also caused a coldness between Mendelssohn and myself; I could not, in the interest of my party, approve of all the measures which were carried out, and I fear my conduct was represented to him in a manner calculated to wound. Unfortunately, I had neither time nor opportunity, during his twelve hours' stay, to explain to him the Cologne comedy of "party faction," so I am afraid that he parted from me with resentment in his heart, while my admiration for his genius, profound knowledge, noble striving, and great loveliness always remained the same.

On the 9th of November, 1847, five days after Mendelssohn's death, I directed the second winter concert at Cologne, and, amidst the universal sympathy and expression of the deepest grief, the solemn chorus from St. Paul was introduced: "Behold, we reckon those happy who have endured; for though the body die, yet will the soul live forever."

Fraser's Magazine.

## NOTES ON EAST GREENLAND.

By A. PANSCH, M.D., OF THE GERMAN ARCTIC EXPEDITION OF 1869-70.

[The following paper derives additional interest from being the substance of one of an official series of lectures delivered shortly after the return of the second German Arctic Expedition, by the officers of the two ships, and the scientific gentlemen who accompanied them. Although this occurred at a time when the eyes of Europe were turned in anxious suspense on the mighty events which were happening in her midst, so much attention has already been drawn in this country to the brilliant discoveries of Koldewey, and the thrilling adventures of Hegemann and his brave companions, who, when forced to abandon their ill-fated *Hansa*, made in safety a voyage of 200 days and 1000 miles on a continually diminishing ice-raft, that it is almost unnecessary to enter into any details with regard to the circumstances which brought under Dr. Pansch's notice the remarkable phenomena described below. Suffice it to say, that the writer was the naturalist attached to the steamer *Germania*, which left Bremerhafen in the summer of 1869, and succeeded in reaching the Pendulum Islands on the east coast of Greenland in the early autumn; that numerous meteorological, tidal, and magnetic observations of considerable importance were made during the winter; and that the valuable additions contributed by sledge excursions to our knowledge of the coast line as far north as lat. 77° were crowned, when the ice broke up, by the discovery, between Cape Franklin and Cape Parry, in lat. 73° 12', of a stupendous fiord, branching far into the interior, and combining with lofty mountain-ranges and majestic glaciers to produce scenery of well-nigh unrivaled magnificence. For full information as to the gains accruing to Science from this Expedition, the reader must be referred to the reports which will, we understand, be shortly published *in extenso* in Germany.]

PEOPLE have hitherto been too ready to conclude that the Arctic regions are buried, even through the summer, beneath a covering of snow, and to picture to themselves a steep, bare crag, or peak, towering here and there above this eternal whiteness; or, perhaps, in the height of summer, a few isolated spots free from snow, and affording space for the growth of a scanty vegetation called forth by specially favorable circumstances.

This idea, however exaggerated in many minds, is partially justified by the experience of travelers in some Arctic districts. As these countries are situated in a high latitude, constantly shrouded in mists, and only favored by rare and feeble sunshine, there is not sufficient warmth to melt the mass of a winter's snow, often increased as it is during summer by renewed falls, more

especially as the thawing coast-ice renders latent so great an amount of heat.

We, too, reached the coast of East Greenland under the same impression—the more so, as a stream of ice, and with it one of cold water, flows continually along the coast. But what did we find? A country in the main *completely free* from snow, and that not only in the height of summer, but during three whole months. It will of course be understood that accumulations of frozen snow and ice must always remain on the slopes and in the ravines. And if it is asked, how the ground could possibly be bare so early as June, and continue so for such a length of time, our sojourn there has furnished us with an explanation as interesting as it is satisfactory. Nearly all the snow in that region falls during violent storms, and these have almost always one and the same direction, viz., towards the north. On this account the snow does not cover the ground evenly, but is, for the most part, collected in drifts of various sizes, according to the local formation of the ground. In the same manner, even what falls in a still atmosphere is tossed up and scattered by subsequent winds, so that in every gale we suffered from a heavy drifting of the snow; and how thoroughly the wind sweeps the ground may be concluded from the fact that a considerable amount of earth, sand, and stones is carried with the snow through the air to such a distance, that after one of these storms the ice becomes of a dirty brown color for miles around. In this way, the otherwise singular fact is explained, that we really only *once* saw a totally white landscape, (it was at the end of June,) and even this completely disappeared in the course of a few days. Indeed, there are many places, such as steep declivities and open plains, which remain free from snow nearly all the winter; the rest of the country is covered by snow from one to three inches thick; and drifts on every scale from the largest to the smallest are found scattered in every direction. As the snow melts from our roofs in the spring, and they become heated by the sun long before the temperature

of the air is correspondingly raised, so it is in that mountainous country in a still higher degree. Favored by the generally clear and dry air, the snow disappears as early as April; after which, with the interruption of an occasional snow-fall, the dark rocky soil proceeds, in a most surprising manner, to absorb the heat that incessantly streams from the now unsetting sun. While the temperature of the air had, till the end of May, been continually below the freezing-point, the ground at the same time, at a depth of a few centimètres, had already risen several degrees above it. In our latitudes the ground cools down every night, and stones become perceptibly cold even at midsummer, so that the moisture of the air falls upon them as dew; in these parts of the Arctic regions there is only a trifling nocturnal cooling in the height of summer; dew is almost as unknown to the Esquimaux as snow to the inhabitants of the tropics. In the course of the summer, the heating of the ground is, indeed, somewhat moderated, as the sun is often hid by mists and clouds; but, to make up for this, the radiation from the ground is checked also. It thaws, according to circumstances, to a depth of from 12 to 18 inches, and possesses a temperature very well adapted to stimulate energetically the growth of the roots of existing plants. A considerable degree of warmth, too, must, even in a cold atmosphere, reach the parts of plants above the surface, as well from the heat radiated by the ground as from the sun, which never sets, but shines in turn on every side. The heating of the ground is so considerable, that by day the ascending warm currents keep the air every where in tremulous, undulating motion, so that it is necessary to make all exact trigonometrical measurements by night; and at times the eye discerns even the summits of the highest mountains only in distorted images. This mass of warm ascending air naturally follows the slope of the mountains to their highest points, and instead of becoming cooled here, is further heated by the purer rays of the sun, which fall both more continuously and more directly. And since, moreover, the summits of the mountains rise above the densest fogs that shroud the land, it is readily understood that, if other circumstances be favorable, vegetation may exist to quite the same extent on the mountains, (I speak only of those observed, from 1000 to 3000 feet in height,)

as in the plain, and that there is here really no line of highest vegetation. On the summits of the lower mountains we found the saxifrage, silene, dryas, and other plants, often in finer development than on the plain; and is it not a wonderful fact that, on a peak 7000 feet high, in addition to beautiful lichens, moss several inches long is found growing in thick cushions!

There is a complete contrast between the whole method and operation of the Arctic summer, as well as of every single summer's day, and that with which we are familiar in the frozen regions of the Alps. In the latter there is a daily alternation between cold and heat, darkness and light, winter and summer; and on both sides the change is rapid and sudden, the several forces operating quickly, energetically, and with immediate result. In the north there is properly no cycle of twenty-four hours; the day is not divided into light and darkness, heat and cold, but each of these opposite conditions holds its sway during a whole season; they do not advance with consciousness of victory and rapid results, but their lack of power is amply compensated by the exhaustive use of all existing advantages. Thus it is that the summer heat of East Greenland, though beginning slowly, yet steadily continuing, increasing and sometimes even becoming intense, renders it possible, during the short time in which the ground remains unfrozen, for a rich and vigorous vegetation to be developed. Thus it is that some plants send long tap-roots deep into the soil; that they all ripen their seed; that some attain the height of many inches above ground; that the leaves are large and vigorous, and the colors of the blossoms bright and beautiful.

Here, too, the other essential condition of all vegetation, *moisture*, makes its appearance in quite an unusual manner. Most people imagine all the Arctic regions wrapped, during the summer, in perpetual mist, not unfrequently varied by snow and rain. During the summer of East Greenland there is scarcely any precipitation of moisture from the air, but plants live almost entirely on that which they derive from the ground. It is not, of course, the rich and luxuriant cushions of moss, which grow on the banks of the merrily-rippling stream, that one must expect to find here; these are seen but rarely. But we find large tracts uniformly watered and saturated with moisture from the melt-



ing of a slope of snow; for, since the lower stratum of the ground is frozen, the water can not penetrate it and run off below, but precolates down the whole slope through the uppermost stratum to the shore. To pass such places, which are often miles in breadth, is one of the severest labors of spring and summer traveling, as one often sinks knee-deep in loamy mud. A multitude of plants, however, rejoice in this soil, so that we find them flourishing in these wet tracts in great profusion. On the other hand, where there are real river-beds, the banks are generally barren; for, when the thaw commences, the water rushes along with such tremendous force as to carry down quantities of earth, plants, and stones.

It will be supposed that there must also be many places of greater elevation, which, not being within the reach of melting snow, must therefore be almost entirely devoid of moisture, and unable, through the great dryness of the air, to support the least vegetation. There are certainly many such places; but absolute sterility is exceedingly rare. We saw few spots where we did not meet, every two or three yards, with at least a few blades of grass, a tiny patch of willow, or a little tuft of silene or lychnis. The appearance which these present is, to be sure, dismal enough. Scarcely, even in early spring, can we speak of green shoots; the grass puts forth a dry and stunted blade and ear; in a short time the three or four little leaves, which every stalk of herb or shrub develops, become of a pale brown color, like those of the previous year, which never fall; the tufts produce their occasional short-stalked blossoms, and their summer is passed. Is it not marvelous that just as the Arctic traveler, during his wanderings, suffers from nothing more than from thirst, so we find vegetation here reduced to a minimum, not by cold and wet, but by drought and parching heat? It is these circumstances, too, which impede the growth of lichens and moss to such an extent that, even in this "kingdom of mosses and lichens," we had often to search for a long time before finding a locality answering in any degree to this description; and though many reindeer are found, the reindeer-moss is one of the rarest plants. I can not, in these few words, draw any thing like a complete picture of the vegetation of the *Pendulum* Islands, as many and various additional details would have to be taken into account.

But the mainland, exposed as it is to a more intense heat, produces a vegetation of considerably higher character. There, not only at the foot of the mountains, but also to a height of more than 1000 feet up their slopes, are seen large tracts of uninterrupted green, affording pasture for herds of reindeer and cattle. In many places may be found the most beautiful close grass, which, as with us, is decked with the yellow flowers of the dandelion; the blades, adorned with clusters of ears, reach the height of from one to two feet; the bilberry grows side-by-side with the andromeda, and covers large tracts of ground, as on our own moory heaths. In the damp clefts of the rocks flourish the most delicate ferns, and the acid leaves of the sorrel grow to an unusual size; on the sunny slopes the dark-blue campanula nods on its long stem, and we are attracted by the tender evergreen pyrola with its marble-white flowers. Among the rounded pebbles of the streams and seashore the epilobium unfolds its large blossoms, which, with their magnificently bright-red color, entice from afar even the most indifferent. Among the bare rocks the curious polemonium has settled in great profusion, and out of the feathery circle of odoriferous leaves rise the thick clusters of its large, bright, light-blue flowers. Clothed as they are in such a very familiar dress, these plants seem like strangers in their Arctic surroundings. And that peculiar color of the mountain slope is produced, as we find to our astonishment, by very small but vigorous dwarf-birch, which, although it grows but little every year, seems to thrive very well, as it has ripened both blossoms and fruit. Close by stand bilberry-bushes, bearing ripe and peculiarly sweet fruit, which is plucked and enjoyed with child-like pleasure; and, lastly, the botanist is enraptured at the discovery of some beautiful Alpine roses, which have, alas! already shed their blossoms. This rhododendron brings him back at once to the Alps; he even hears, in imagination, the tinkling of the cow-bells and the herdsman's call.

Thus, then, is it possible for the vegetable world in East Greenland to expand into unwonted beauty and to ripen its annual blossoms and fruit: in winter receiving from the snow its needful protection against the cruel frost, and in the short summer subjected to the influence of a

strong and constant light, and of a heat proceeding both from above and below.

In the midst of such luxuriant vegetable life, we were prepared for the presence of many herbivorous animals, and particularly of the reindeer and snow-white Arctic hare, which inhabit all parts of the icy north. On the rich and extensive pastures of the mainland we found large herds of the splendid reindeer, undisturbed and unaffrighted by bloodthirsty man. But there was another gregarious animal, quite as important and interesting, which we met there, and whose discovery in East Greenland was, curiously enough, reserved for our expedition. It was the Arctic ox, known as the "musk-ox" by the Franklin expeditions, with its low stature, long dark hair and heavy horns, immensely thick at the roots. Here, too, this strange animal lives in herds, gains access to its food in winter by scraping from it the thin covering of snow, and affords, as well as the reindeer and hare, an excellent and wholesome food for man. Lesser animals, also, live on plants; the little gray lemming digs for the smaller roots; and among the birds we saw geese feeding on the meadows, and the pretty ptarmigan eating the young shoots of the willows. But here, also, as throughout the realms of nature, these animals have their peculiar enemies. The ermine, which lives among the stones, and the ever-prowling fox, are ready to pounce upon them on land, as the owl and falcon to swoop down on them from the air. Nevertheless, the snow-bunting chirps and sings its joyous song in the bitter cold of early spring, the plover (*charadrius*) and sandpiper cry in the hollows of the shore, as they waylay the little larvæ, gnats, and flies, which also spend an unobtrusive existence there.

A plentiful source of nourishment for birds and mammiferous animals is afforded by the sea. In the beds of seaweed on the flat beach, and in the forests of gigantic *Laminaria*, reside millions of the small species of crustacea which, favored by the equable temperature of the water, that never varies from year to year, attain an unusual size; bivalves and snails live among the rocks and at the bottom of the sea; they are partly the same as in the Baltic, but are generally of a stronger build. And these crustacea, along with other small fishes, serve for nutriment to hosts of water-birds, such as eider-ducks,

gulls, divers, terns, and others. These birds, which build their nests on the high cliffs, wheel restless and screeching day and night through the air, or splash about in the calm water. They, too, have to defend their young from the birds of prey just mentioned, to whose number we may also add the glaucous-gull, and, above all, the black raven. But, however acceptable to the European explorer the flesh and the eggs, the fur and the feathers of these quadrupeds and birds may be, their value to the natives is insignificant compared with that of the walrus and seal. These are the most important animals on all ice-bound coasts, on whose existence and use the whole life of the Esquimaux there depends. Even they do not enjoy their spoil unmolested; that mightiest beast of prey, the polar bear, lays equal claim with them on seals, walruses, and reindeer; and between the strength and cunning of the beast, and the intelligence and perseverance of man, is maintained the most wonderful conflict and rivalry.

#### ON THE INHABITANTS OF EAST GREENLAND.

As to the population of East Greenland, we met no living human being on the whole stretch of coast over which we traveled. The settlement in which Clavering found twelve men, in 1823, must, to all appearance, have been deserted at least twenty years ago. However, all remaining traces of it, especially winter and summer dwellings, as well as graves, were carefully searched, and any utensils and weapons that we found were brought home.

Real "winter huts," that is, the stationary winter dwellings of the natives, were found in seven places, to the number of sixteen, the most northerly on Hochstetter's Promontory, the most southerly on Cape Franklin. They are nearly always situated not far from the shore on the south side of those capes which point towards the south-east, and are built in groups of two, three, or sometimes four. Half worked into the ground, the walls are built of suitable and, in the inside, exceedingly smooth stones, pretty regularly set, and as far as they rise above ground, strengthened outside by mounds of earth and stones laid against them. The surface of the walls is only interrupted inside by a few small niches, which are generally found in the corners, especially in the front ones.

The floor is partially paved with flat stones, particularly in the corners, which probably served as fire-places.

The average length of the interior of these huts is, according to several exact measurements, 11 feet, and their breadth 9 feet. The height of the walls, which probably pretty nearly corresponds with the original heights, is  $3\frac{1}{2}$  feet. At the front end towards the south, or, which is the same thing, towards the water, there is an opening in the floor of  $1\frac{1}{2}$  feet square; it descends to a like depth, and is the commencement of the only egress, a passage or tunnel which extends, in a nearly horizontal direction, under the front wall to a length of from 6 to 12 feet. It is constructed of stone, and terminates in a rather wide opening, being itself of barely sufficient size to admit a man in a creeping position. This is moreover the only opening to the hut, for there is no sort of window in the roof. The roof is constructed, as we could clearly prove from some that had fallen down, of two or three wooden poles or laths placed lengthwise over the walls, on which flat stones are laid diagonally, and sometimes supported by more laths, the whole of which is covered and made tight with smaller stones, sods of grass and other things. The whole arrangement of the huts insures the greatest possible maintenance of heat, as owing to the depth of the door no continual ventilation can be produced, but only the most necessary exchange of air. As to how many inhabitants such huts contained, we can not, of course, be certain; if we computed them at six, it would be certainly within the mark. In the corners, especially the front ones, we sometimes found so-called "lamps" (Kudluk) of the most primitive form; a stone, with a hollow, which was still, in some instances, thickly blackened; in others we found the remains of food, the fat, bones, and flesh of seals.

In digging through the rubbish of earth and stones, which covered the floor of the huts, in a layer of from six to twelve inches, we obtained several utensils, or fragments of them, as well as a number of pieces of wood, bone, etc., the waste of their work.

Of their summer dwellings also traces are everywhere found, viz., the so-called "tent-rings," that is, stones left there after being used in fastening the border of the tent. They are arranged in circles of from

ten to twelve feet in diameter, with an opening turned towards the water, and generally divided into a front and back half by a diametrical row of stones. They are met with on nearly all parts of the coast, both close to the winter huts and also at a great distance from them. They were most numerous on Walrus Island and on Shannon Island, (Cape Philip Broke,) where they not only lay close to one another, but, so to speak, in several generations on the top of one another. As for the rest, we may also mention holes, lined and covered with stones, from 12 to 18 inches in diameter, which are found in the vicinity of the dwellings, either made in the ground or built against a larger stone or rock, and which represent roughly built store-rooms; they are found scattered in every direction, and may have served as places for the safe preservation of game. In the neighborhood of the dwellings, especially of the huts, close and often luxuriant grass, intermingled with the various beautiful flowers, has sprung up, from easily assignable causes. The bleached bones of seals, walruses, narwhals, and other animals, relics of former banquets, which are thickly strewn over this green grass, stand out clearly and characteristically.

The graves must also be mentioned. They are not dug in the ground, at least very seldom, but consist of a superstructure of stones over the corpse, which is placed in either a recumbent or a crouching position. The form of these is either oblong, ( $4\frac{1}{2}$  feet long,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  feet wide,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  feet high,) or circular, ( $3\frac{1}{2}$  feet in diameter.) In the first case, the covering consists of flat long stones or short ones, which are supported by rods placed underneath; in the other case, the roof is arched all round. Any accidental gaps are carefully filled up with stones of all sizes down to the very smallest. In this manner the body can be protected against foxes, but certainly not against hungry bears. The form of the graves seems to have no particular meaning, but to have been regulated by the form of the stones available, as flat stones are necessary for the covering of oblong graves. In the interior we generally found quite a heap of earth and willow leaves, (blown in,) from among which the bones were only partially, or sometimes not at all visible. The bodies must, of course, have decomposed very soon in the Greenland climate; even the bones were already partially de-

cayed in the damp ground. The long graves lie lengthways towards the south; it could be seen from several that the head lay towards the north, and that therefore the dead were buried as if to face the south.

The graves were numerous and scattered, often at a great distance from the dwellings. Nearly all admitted of close investigation; and twelve skulls, as well as many single bones, were brought back for subsequent and more thorough examination. Strange to say, weapons and utensils were very seldom found in the graves, although, as they were made of ivory, they would have been kept in good preservation. On the other hand, we discovered, in what was probably a child's grave, a human figure roughly carved out of wood; and in another grave, among rocks, we found the pieces of a finely carved wooden box of about  $9 \times 4 \times 2\frac{1}{4}$  inches.

The things we discovered were made of wood, horn, bones, ivory, (walrus and narwhal teeth,) and stone.

Besides a pretty goblet, we found a cajak-rudder and several dagger hilts, handles, etc., manufactured of wood; also two figures of animals, roughly carved. A dog-sledge, which lay on the shore, nearly complete in all its parts, deserves special mention. It consists, as is well known to be the case in West Greenland, of two runners, very roughly made, about seven feet long, across which several boards are fastened with thongs, and at the end two sloping pieces fastened as a back. In place of our iron tires, the runners are covered underneath with strips of bone, ivory, or whalebone, fastened with wooden pegs.

All the wood there is drift-wood, which, however, is not very plentiful on those coasts, and whose origin (Siberia or America) and species (fir or larch) have still to be more exactly determined.

As to iron instruments, only one was discovered. It was a piece of iron an inch long, fastened into a wooden handle. As the shaping of all the wooden articles indicates the use of stone instruments, it is very probable that this iron may have been a present from Clavering to the Esquimaux then living there.

We saw nothing made of flint, but several splinters of it, and one whole unbroken stone in the huts. It is to be remarked, that with this exception, we hardly found any flint. Some fine spear-points

and knives were made of slate, parts of vessels constructed of a softer crystalline slate; most of the articles, however, were made of bone or tusk. In default of saws, these are divided into the desired shapes by boring holes close to one another in the intended planes of division, so that at last the parting may be effected by the application of some force. A smooth surface can then be obtained by scraping, grinding, and polishing. Of the mechanism of the boring, we could find no direct explanation.

According to our observations, the huts of the former inhabitants of East Greenland, between lats.  $73^{\circ}$  and  $76^{\circ}$ , may be estimated at about 16, and the population at about 100 persons. In the year 1823, it seems pretty certain that only two inhabited huts were in existence, (observed to contain 12,) and these must have been forsaken between 20 and 30 years ago. This circumstance, and the existence of traces of huts of considerably earlier date at the southern stations, together with the traditions prevalent among many branches of Esquimaux of an impending extinction, may perhaps best answer the question that has universally arisen about the disappearance of those who once lived here. People are too ready to trace the cause to the climate becoming colder, and to the increase of the ice inclosing the coast, and generally cite as proof several facts which are partly false and partly falsely applied. But we all, in consequence of a whole series of reasons, which can not here be more fully developed, are unable to agree with such a view. On the contrary, we have the well-known assertion, that there are periods of favorable and unfavorable years, *i.e.*, winters, confirmed by our own sojourn, and by the state of the ice on the coast. And so the conjecture may not be false that, on account of some such particularly unfavorable years, and owing to hunger and cold, infirmity and mortality may have increased, that the few remaining inhabitants must have been driven by hunger to expose themselves to greater danger and exertions, and that thus, perhaps, the last may have sought safety in a migration towards a more beautiful land, the existence of which they knew or suspected, farther south.

Among the observations and collections here made by us there is, perhaps, little really new, yet their significance may be



quite peculiar, as these settlements in East Greenland have not for many centuries been in communication with those of other Esquimaux. The utmost exertions would have been necessary to hold any commu-

nications with the west, on account of the high mountainous interior, and with the south, owing to the east coast being eternally beset with ice. But time does not allow a further discussion of this point.

London Society

# FRENCH NOVELISTS.

NO II.—GEORGES SAND.

AMANTINE LUCILE MARIE AURORE DUPIN, afterwards Madame la Baronne Dudevant, afterwards Georges Sands, may well be called a European celebrity. In her own country she has excited both the utmost enthusiasm and the extreme of opposition. In Russia, *canards* were circulated as to whether she did not wear a peaked felt hat, sat jauntily over one ear, a mustache, and spurs, and whether she did not make a great-coat of her abundantly flowing hair. In Italy she was welcomed by the advanced party as a fellow-worker; and she met with the recognition of our own country in a magnificent sonnet by our greatest poetess. With all this, we can scarcely go so far as those who say that she is the muse of the nineteenth century—that there is “in her carriage something haughty and proud, which fills with amaze; in her language a mystic melody, which includes at once the rhythm of Homer and Virgil, the *verve* of Juvenal, the sublimity of Dante, and the sarcasm of Byron.” Were she possessed of all these attributes, we might indeed expect to find her a woman with a mustache and spurs, astride upon the back of an awe-inspiring Pegasus, careering through the ether in the midst of lightnings and incense and imprecations. If, on the contrary, we could have looked in upon this prodigy at one period of her life, we should have found her in a garret, painting flowers, and withal somewhat badly off for bread.

Marie Aurore Dupin, *alias* Georges Sand, was the only child of Maurice Dupin, who married and died young, after attaining to a high grade in the army of the Empire. This Maurice Dupin was the only child of a lady who deserves notice, not only for the influence she had upon our heroine, but from her own remarkable originality, and the vivid color of her character. She was a philosopher of a school that is now somewhat lessened in influence,

and she held fast to her doctrines, unevangelical though they might be, with a persistent and charming independence. She doubtless owed something of her characteristic eccentricities to her origin; and we can scarcely wonder at the vagaries of her granddaughter, when we consider the unconventionality and wildness of blood of a long line of her ancestors. The grandmother of Georges Sand was the daughter of the Maréchal de Saxe and an actress who, we are told, formed a unit in his large collection of sultanas. This Maurice de Saxe had fought at Fontenoy, and was the natural son of Auguste II., King of Poland, and the Countess of Kœnigsmark. Marie Aurore de Saxe married Messire Antoine de Horne, who died in three years, when the widow, at that time about thirty, contracted a second alliance with M. Dupin, whose age was sixty-two. This was for her a true love match, it appears, in spite of the disparity of years; and it is worth while to quote the answer of this lady, when aged herself, to her granddaughter of future celebrity, whom she had heard say that it was impossible to love an old man. “An old man loves more than a young one,” said she; “and it is impossible not to love one who loves us perfectly. I called him my old husband and my papa. He shared in this arrangement, and never called me any thing but his daughter, even in public. And besides,” added she, “do you think any one was ever old at that time? *It is the Revolution which has brought old age into the world.* Your grandfather, my child, was handsome, elegant, elaborate, graceful, perfumed, playful, amiable, affectionate, and of an equable temper until the hour of his death. Younger, he would have been too amiable to have a life so calm.” This happy couple were full of refined tastes, and spent their lives in artistic enjoyments, in which they ruined themselves, “in the most amiable manner

in the world," as this old lady-philosopher asserts. She takes occasion, too, to scorn the newer ways of life, and staunchly upholds the superiority of dying at a ball or play, to submitting to fate in one's bed, between four wax tapers, and in the midst of wicked men in black; and her husband's last words of farewell to her were an injunction to survive him as long as possible, and to make herself a happy life. We may thus see what original influences were about Madame Sand in her younger days. She was brought up by this grandmother, at the château of Nohant, and, at fifteen years old, could handle a gun, dance, mount on horseback, and draw a sword. She was, we are told, an adorable and petulant Amazon, a charming feminine demon, who could follow the pastime of coursing under the avenues of Marly, but who was totally ignorant as regards the sign of the cross. It was insinuated to the grandmother that the pious Restoration did not exactly share the doctrines of Jean Jacques Rousseau, (who had been a personal friend of the Dupin family,) but that it was highly desirable that young persons should be educated in a different manner from that practiced with regard to "Emile." The grandmother professed much surprise, and gave her adviser to understand that in matters of philosophy, she held but a poor opinion of the nineteenth century.

In the beautiful garden of the Vallée Noire, where fragrant meadows stretched onwards for league on league, Georges Sand grew out of childhood like a wild flower, untended and unpruned. An enthusiastic old botanist, named Neraud, whom, on account of the fairy-like descriptions which he was wont to give of the Isle of Madagascar and the various regions he had visited in his long voyages, she had baptized Malgache, was her constant companion. He was a dry little copper-colored man, rather worse dressed than a peasant, who had traveled over the mountainous isles of the South Seas in search of rare specimens, until his finances failed him, and he had been compelled to return home in rags and emaciation. He had gained his heart's desire, nevertheless, and a beautiful fern, before unknown, was named after him. This oddity divided his time between planting Madagascar flowers and rare exotics in the soil of Berry, and the study of advanced politics, in the pursuit of which in youth he had gone to every popu-

lar outbreak, and received many a sabre-cut on the head. His first acquaintance with Georges Sand was made in a singular manner. She, galloping past his flowering groves one morning at day-break, was suddenly arrested in her course by the sight of some magnificent dahlias. They were the first seen in France, and the first she had ever seen. She was only sixteen, and she got down from her horse to steal one, and then galloped away with her prize. The old nurseryman—for thus he wished himself to be called—must have witnessed the theft, for, soon after, she received a present from him of a number of roots for planting. From this time dated their acquaintance; and a few years after they became intimate friends.

The girl, with splendid brown hair, her strongly marked features, and her impetuous bearing, ran wild in the pleasant valley which contained her grandmother's château. In perfect liberty she would run about all day, in her short petticoats, pursue butterflies along the winding ways of the valley, and return home to enjoy her brilliant grandmother's stories of the pomps of Versailles, the lives of *roués* and philosophers, and the ways of a society in which rigidity of morals was almost a matter of ridicule. Between her first and second marriage, the old Countess had retired to Abbaye-aux-Bois, and there kept open house for the wits and *savants* of the time. We can scarcely wonder at the admiration excited by this lively old lady in an imaginative and spirited child. In the Château de Nohant, too, there was a large library, to which the young girl had unrestricted access; and at one time, "Corinne," "Atala," and Lavater were her constant companions. As she grew older, more influence was used with her grandmother, with respect to her education. The old lady at length, finding the aristocratic influence too strong for her, feigned compliance with the dictates of Society, and outwardly renounced her philosophic method. Whereupon, under the pressure of the religious reaction and anti-Voltaire feelings which had sprung up, it was decided that Aurora should be sent to a convent to receive the rudiments—of which she was yet entirely ignorant—of religious instruction. The narrow boundaries of conventual life galled greatly, at first, her soaring spirit, and the banishment from her beloved and unconventional grandmother inflicted on

her severe pain; but, after a time, the influences of Catholicism began to gain upon her, and she abandoned herself to the intoxication of religious fervor. She passed, it is said, like Saint Thérèse, whole hours in ecstasy at the altar's foot. About this time the old Countess of Horne died, and her granddaughter, after an absence of a few weeks from the convent, returned with a full intention of taking the veil. The influence of her whole family was, very naturally—she was an heiress of half a million of francs—directed against her taking this step. But the husband chosen for her was unsuitable in every respect. M. le Baron Dudevant was a retired military officer who had turned farmer; and, in place of satisfying the romantic enthusiasm of his young wife, was assiduous in the breeding of his cattle, and himself the superintendent of his laborers on the farm. The depiction of a character meant to represent this unsatisfactory husband is to be found in one of his wife's novels—"Indiana." "He was," we are told, "a man with a gray mustache, a terrible eye; an austere master, before whom all trembled—wife, servants, horses, and dogs." And this was the man destined to realize the passionate ideal of a high-spirited girl just fresh from the exciting spiritualism of a Parisian convent! She was seventeen: and from the midst of a prosaic and monotonous existence, she saw her fortune spent in importing new breeds of sheep, magnificent specimens of bulls, and a large number of farm-wagons. Two children were born to her while doing the honors of the farm, as the Baroness Dudevant; and their infantile affection assisted her much toward that "angelic resignation" with which, we are told, she bore her griefs. Soon, however, the laws of her nature asserted their sway, and even her children were unable to save her from spiritual numbness and despair. She fell ill, and the medical faculty of Berry ordered her the waters of the Pyrenees. From this time commences a new epoch in her life. The bucolic baron was far too closely bound up with his agricultural improvements, to be the companion of his young wife on her journey, so a chance of seeing the world became open to her. At Bordeaux, through which town she passed, letters of introduction from old friends of her family brought her into brilliant society, where, we learn, homage and adoration surrounded her

without ceasing. A ship-owner of Bordeaux—a man of distinction and merit—lost his heart hopelessly to the charming young baroness; but she was possessed of sufficient strength to resist his advances. Still, a sort of sacrificial ceremony appears to have been enacted between them at parting, which took place in the Valley of Agrèles, at the foot of the Pyrenees, the grandiose solemnity of whose peaks, we are told in truly French style, elevated their souls to the required height of sacrifice. After being subject to the waters—and, we might add, the fires—of the Pyrenees, Madame Dudevant returned home to the old, dreary, monotonous round, that was not life, but death, to one of her passionate and idealistic nature. But her travels had taught her a way which seemed to promise relief. She surrounded herself with celebrities in poetry, science, and art, in order to bring as near as possible the life for which she craved, and so the better to fight against the ideas of revolt, over which she began to have less and less the mastery.

It was the old battle—between nature and convention. The strong god of imagination met in an ecstatic wrath with the prosaic shackles of propriety and routine, and hacked and hewed them with his flaming sword. But the sword felt the pain, not the bonds. Though she might surround herself, to some extent, with the artistic society that she loved, yet she did not belong to it; from out the sphere of her drear and inharmonious domesticity she looked upon it as through a grating. She sickened of her captivity. Her grandmother had inoculated her early with philosophic notions of liberty; Malgache had offered her glimpses of a political creed of the most advanced type, and possibly had also communicated to her something of the restlessness of his travel-loving spirit. Her ancestors had supplied her with a heaving flood of impetuous blood, and nothing of the fibrous element of discipline and self-control; their history, too, was a register giving evidence rather of eccentric freedom than of decorum. She heard Art, with a mystic voice, call her to a land of beautiful liberty, a land wherein she dreamed her soul could take delight. She listened with more and more emotion to the seductive whispers of this impulsive voice, and at length she obeyed them. One day, early in the year 1828, she was missing.

Among the persons of literary tastes who had frequented her home *soirées*, was a young man of the name of Jules Sandeau, who, like every one else, had fallen desperately in love with his fair hostess, and with whom—they were both equally young and inexperienced—she had shared much in literary sympathies. We are told that these two made the journey to Paris together; but it appears that immediately after her arrival there the runaway made application to be received back into the convent of the "Dames-Anglaises," where she had spent the last days of her maidenhood. Into this tranquil retreat, after some little difficulty—for her readmission was not in accordance with rule—our *ci-devant* farmer's-wife fled for refuge, but only to become painfully sensible that she had but exchanged one cage for another. After a few days, she broke again through her bars, and found herself alone in Paris. "Here, then," says a French sympathizer, "is this wife, who has violently made herself free, this poet who has taken flight, cast without support, without protectors, into this gulf which is called Paris—hell for some, paradise for others. What is to become of this young and noble lady, without resources, without friends?" She had quitted her home without money; she had no friends. Yes, there was one—the young aspirant with whom she had traveled. In a very short time, the pair were looking out upon Paris together from the windows of a modest garret. We must not now picture to ourselves, as their place of abode, the fusty and squalid attic-rooms, such as are to be found in many a London lodging-house. The little rooms of a Parisian *hôtel garni* or *maison meublée* will generally be found, from ground-floor to roof, bright, fresh and cheerful. Here our fugitive drank of the cup of liberty to the dregs. The following paragraph, taken from one of her romances, may be taken as embodying the wild delight of the escaped captive: "Oh, green Bohemia, fantastic realm of souls without ambition and without shackles, I go then to revisit thee! Oft have I wandered upon thy mountains, and fluttered above the summits of thy fir-trees. Well indeed do I remember it, although I was yet unborn among men; and the misfortune that came to me is, not to have been able to forget thee while living here." In Paris she did indeed enjoy to the full the regained "green Bohemia" of her dreams. While, in her

earlier days, an inmate of the decorous and aristocratic convent of the "Dames-Anglaises," she had, on account of her brusque and energetic manners, been nicknamed by her companions "The Little Boy." They would have found stronger grounds for their *soubriquet* had they met with her in this stage of her career. She would take long, wandering walks over Paris, with her companion, freed from the incommodious and embarrassing garments of her sex, and admitted to equal fellowship with her brother Bohemian by her investiture in the nobler apparel of man. But there was that unfortunate nuisance, the pecuniary question. They were both almost without means; and the contemplation of the manner of their future subsistence became serious. The baroness painted flowers; but this placed but a feeble barrier between them and starvation. At length her energy began to manifest itself. She wrote an article, and presented herself in person at the office of *Figaro*. She must have been in feminine attire, for the editor-in-chief described her to one of his friends as "a young and pretty woman." With respect to her literary *début* we find two accounts given. One takes note of no difficulties whatever, and leads us to understand that she was asked for articles, which were immediately published; whereupon she was recommended to compose a romance, the road being made all smooth to her, with no difficulty or disappointment whatever coming in her way. We are inclined to give credit to the other account, as more natural. She offered her article to the editor, who replied that his supply of matter was sufficient, and that he had no room for the work of outsiders; but, remarking something noble in her mien and accent, and something extraordinary in the depth of her eye, he bade her leave the article for him to examine. It proved detestable, he avowed to his friend; but, after canceling several passages, and adding others, he published it in a totally modified form. Three days afterwards, the importunate beauty returned to the charge with a second article, which was worth still less than the former one. The accommodating editor published it; but his patience was limited—he refused the third. The fair authoress again presented herself at the office. We will let the editor give his own account of what passed between them: "Madame," said I to our lady from the



country, with that frankness, which characterizes me, and at the risk even of wounding her self-love, "I declare to you that your two articles have produced a sad effect. I counsel you, then, to renounce a profession which, besides, affords a very poor maintenance even for writers endowed with incontestable talent." "Well, then," answered our lady, resignedly, "I understand painting; I will make pictures." "Painting!" cried the editor, "that is even worse than letters. Write a novel, madame, I believe that you will succeed." And so journalism was renounced.

On the lady's return from the newspaper office, the two in the garret put their heads together; and the result was, that they both set to work, and produced between them a romance, to which they gave the title of "Rose et Blanche; ou, la Religieuse et la Comédienne." It may easily be imagined, from this title, that some of the lady's experiences in the aristocratic seminary were utilized. They were indeed made the subject of a caustic sketch. The manuscript was taken to the kind editor of the *Figaro*, who read it, and deemed it worth printing. He even took some trouble to look out a publisher for it, and shortly afterwards the novel made its appearance in the world. As to the author's name, which should appear on the title-page, there had been a little difficulty, Madame Dudevant not wishing her name to appear, and M. Sandeau being subject to a like hesitation, not wishing his father to become aware of the pursuit in which he was engaged. A happy suggestion was made by the ingenious editor, which put an end to the dilemma. He recommended Sandeau to chop a piece off his name, and so publish the remainder without fear of recognition. The romance consequently appeared bearing the superscription of "Jules Sand." "Rose et Blanche" met with but little success, and, indeed, never came into the sphere of general criticism. A bookseller, however, who was crafty enough to keep one eye open to discover the germs of nascent genius, read the book, and was struck with certain points in it which betokened originality and vigor.

At this period our two companions chanced to be separated for a short time. On parting, they had entered into a mutual arrangement for the composition of another romance, of which each was to supply the half when they met again. On

the gentleman's return to Paris, he was asked for his portion of the work, and was obliged to confess that he had not written a chapter of it. He was much the weaker vessel, this young man. Here is my share, said the lady, bringing forward a complete work, which she had composed by herself. Now comes our lynx-eyed bookseller upon the scene. He knocks at the door of the little garret, and after passing the threshold, asks for "the author of 'Rose et Blanche,' if you please." "It is I," answered Sandeau, who was writing at a table. The lady was seated in a corner, coloring flowers: and the bookseller, depositing himself between them, began to enter into conversation on literary topics. He soon convinced himself that the young dame was the object of which he was in search. He praised her work, and suggested that, instead of coloring flowers, she ought to occupy herself exclusively with literature. Her answer to these encouraging counsels was the production, from a drawer, of the complete manuscript of "Indiana." He read a page or two, was pleased with the title, and carried the whole away with him, to examine it at his leisure, parting with the fair authoress with the remark that times were bad, and that books were scarcely selling at all—without some general observations of which description it would seem impossible for trade to be carried on. In a few days he returned, and purchased, probably for a very small sum, the wonderful manuscript. In a few weeks every one was asking every one else, "Have you read Indiana?" Again, there had been a difficulty about the author's name. M. Jules Sandeau would have nothing to do with the affair. Some one happening to look in an almanac, found that it was St. George's day. Keep the name Sand, this individual advised, and substitute Georges for Jules. Here we have, at least, the name that has been famous for the last forty years. Without carefully prepared announcements, without any mysterious surprises, without a name that was in any way familiar in the literary world, the book had an immediate success. The story occupies itself chiefly with four characters: the Baron Delmare, an old French colonel, who, after retiring from the service, has grown rich, as a merchant in the Isle of Bourbon; his wife, Indiana, a young and ethereal creole, married solely through submission to her fa-

ther's will; her cousin, Sir Ralph Brown; and Raymon de Ramière, a graceful and corrupt *roué*, an incarnation of brilliant selfishness. After considering its author's antecedents, we can scarcely wonder that the book should hinge upon the question of the institution of marriage. Baron Delmare is a rough and rusty old grumbler, despotic, peevish, and unsympathetic. Indiana is bodily delicate, but full of soul, and suffering intensely from her isolation from love. Sir Ralph is good, kind, and rather quiet, and has entertained an affection for Indiana from the time of her being a child. Raymon appears to Indiana as the ideal being for whom she has been waiting all her life. He fascinates her. She takes his advances seriously; and then, an ecstatic passion having completely got the better of her, she is ready, with the absolute confidence which love engenders, to fly with him—indeed, resolves to do so rather than remain with her husband. In her grand abandonment of self, as the result of her faith in Raymon, and of her inexperience; and in the vivid analysis of the storm as it passes through her soul, lies the great strength of the book. So soon as she discovers his worthlessness, changes too rapid take place in the characters to be quite natural. She recovers serenity as if by magic, while, at the same time, Sir Ralph, who had always been true to her in spirit, but was considerably older than herself, bursts forth with all the passionate adoration of a young man. On this latter transformation-scene the great critic, Sainte-Beuve, who reviewed "Indiana" within a year of its first appearance, is especially severe. Knowing nothing, however, of the actual experience of the author—for at this time her real name, and even her sex, were matters of uncertainty to the Parisian world—he could not be aware of the special reasons for believing in the possible perfection of an old man's love which the stories told to her by her lively grandmother at the Château Nohant must have supplied her with.

In the midst of the success attending the publication of "Indiana," the authoress and her old fellow-laborer, Jules Sandeau, separated from each other. In one of Georges Sand's later works there is a touching story told, which evidently bears reference to this separation. We proceed to translate it: "It matters little to me to grow old; it would be of much importance

not to grow old alone: but I have never met the being with whom I would have wished to live and die; or if I had met him, I have not been able to keep him. Listen to a story, and weep. There lived a good artist, whose name was Watelet, who engraved with aquafortis better than any man of his time. He loved Marguerite Lecomte, and taught her to engrave as well as himself. She left her husband, her property, and her country, in order to go and live with Watelet. The world cursed them; afterwards, as they were poor and modest, they were forgotten. Forty years afterwards there were discovered in the environs of Paris, in a tiny house called Moulin-Joli, an old man who engraved with aquafortis, and an old woman, whom he called his *meunière*, (miller's wife—an allusion to the name of the house,) and who engraved with aquafortis, seated at the same table. The last design which they engraved represented Moulin-Joli, Marguerite's house, with this motto:

"Cur valde permutem Sabinā  
Divitias operosiores?"

It is framed in my bed-room, above a portrait of which no one here has seen the original. For a year, the being who gave me that portrait sat with me every night at a little table, and he lived by the same work as myself. At the rising of the day we consulted each other with regard to our work, and we used to sup at the same little table, talking all the while of art, sentiment, and the future. The future has broken its word to us. Pray for me, oh Marguerite Lecomte!"

The institution of marriage in France being what it is, we can scarcely wonder at "a voice from the inner Light-sea and Flame-sea, Nature's and Truth's own heart," as Carlyle would say, being raised against it in wrath and revolt; nor can we be astonished that a number of women, suddenly finding a fiery interpreter of their smoldering sentiments of injury, should at once crowd around her with acclamations. The French system of marrying and giving in marriage is worked somewhat after this fashion: A man who has led a gay bachelor life finds himself approaching his fortieth year; and being somewhat weary of frivolity, and disillusioned, besides, of his youthful dreams, he thinks the best thing to do will be to settle down and enlarge his business. So he goes to some lady-friend or professional matchmaker, and,

after stating the amount of his means, requests to be furnished with a wife who can command a similar sum for her *dot*. The lady looks around among her friends. In such or such a seminary there is a young girl waiting until her father can provide her with a suitable *parti*. An introduction is effected between the two gentlemen, and Benedict is invited once to meet the girl in the presence of her friends. Her dowry is proved to be in order. Will she do? Yes; Benedict is satisfied. Then the girl is asked, will he do? She has been in her boarding-school until she is utterly weary of its narrow walls and rigid rules; all her dreams are of the world outside; and she would give any thing to escape from tutelage; so she accepts her fate. The marriage is arranged to take place with but small delay; and until the arrival of that auspicious day, the betrothed pair have never met save in the presence of a third party. This is not an exaggerated account of love-making, as practiced in Paris. "We ourselves have met—under exceptional circumstances, owing to our nationality, but under conditions of most strict propriety—a buxom Cécile, of about seventeen, who was immured in a boarding-school near the Bois-de-Boulogne, and whose dreams were evidently wandering far beyond the scholastic atmosphere in which she found herself. She had, it is true, certain advantages over most of her sex in a similar position; for her guardian, being a count, and one of the chiefs of the Emperor's household, had been enabled to procure her admission, now and then, to the balls given by the Empress. Once, too, he came to the establishment to take her away with him on a more important errand—to be inspected by an eligible candidate for her hand and dowry. Unfortunately, according to the gentlemen's views, she "would not do," and charming Cécile had to return to her *pensionnat*. This was less than two years ago as we write; and we often wonder what, under conditions so vastly changed, has become of poor Cécile, who was so frivolous and so pretty. We were not favorably impressed with her guardian, who was suffering from some excitement, owing to the presence in the room of an anti-Imperialist novel-writer and editor of one of the Republican papers. The occasion was a school celebration. Speaking to us of such *canaille*, he said, in English,

"I would strike them with my stick." Poor fellow! the stick has been since turned the other way.

A few months after the publication of "Indiana"—some say six, others say only two—appeared "Valentine." The institution of marriage was again the point against which the force of the author was directed; but this time the characters were disposed with more skill, and the criticism was carried out with more delicacy and less virulence. Admiration rose to its height. Even critics, *un peu retardataires*—as Sainte-Beuve avows himself—who had deemed "Indiana" as possibly the isolated cry of an injured woman, who, when she had fumed herself out on the subject of her own experiences, would have nothing left to say, were brought to acknowledge "Valentine" as the work of a person of true genius, who possessed the key of the human heart.

Now curiosity seized upon the Parisian world, with regard to this newly-risen star, and gossip of all descriptions went abroad. The author was a man, a woman, a blonde, a brunette, a Dantesque virago, an expert at billiards, a smoker of innumerable cigars. Every one had some special information concerning her. An "interviewer" who was introduced to her presence found, to his surprise, a pretty, plump woman, dressed in ordinary style; but the smoke of a badly-hidden *cigarito* went up behind the prophetess in little tell-tale clouds. She appears to have cultivated two sides to her character. Among her associates she was plain "Georges," and sometimes sported male attire; before the outside world she was decorously dressed, and "Madame Sand." When Paris learned that it was indebted to a pretty woman of twenty-seven for the marvelous romances, excitement rose to fanaticism.

Then came "Lélia," which was a lyrical and philosophical romance, a cry against moral torpor, half St.-Simonian and half Byronic. Loud cries of reprobation were raised against this book, as including passages which contained too great nakedness of avowal; but—we go to steady Sainte-Beuve again—"the elevation of the sentiment rendered even these passages much more chaste than three-quarters of the trivial scenes admired and celebrated by critics in the novels of every day."

Her fourth romance—not counting "Rose et Blanche," written in partnership

with M. Sandeau, and which, indeed, had not come, to any great degree, before the world—was “Jacques.” This treated of marriage again; but the loud exclamations which, from some quarters, were raised against it, served but to increase Madame Sand’s renown. Then came a number of works in rapid succession, one of which was strongly depreciative of man—*male* man, that is to say, and directed, with much power, against his influence. In 1837 Madame Sand engaged in a lawsuit with her husband, with a view to separation and for the recovery of her property, which owing to his giving up the proceedings at a late stage of the case, she regained entire possession of. She then spent some time in travel, and, on her return, made the acquaintance of the great Lamennais, who was editing a journal called the *Monde*. She contributed to his journal, and from himself received a strong influence in the direction of progressive Christianity. In the political and social sphere, too, she found her ideas rapidly developing, until she became a pronounced advocate of advanced social and humanitarian views. Her quitting the domain of poetical and imaginative composition, for works with a pronounced democratic aim, was the signal for a new and more violent outcry against her. She was accused of scandalous and disgraceful immorality, of atheism, of impiety, of desolating doctrines, and savage negations. Her publishers became alarmed at her outspokenness, and she was driven to the establishment of a journal of her own. The first work from her pen, which appeared in this new periodical, the *Revue Indépendante*, was the romance of “Consuelo,” which met with an

European success. It is one of her longest works, and is probably better known in this country than any other of her very numerous family of romances.

In 1848 we find Madame Sand giving assistance to the provisional government of the newly-established Republic. In addition to the composition of romances, Madame Sand has also turned her attention to dramatic writing. The author of a drama which fell dead in 1830, she met, in 1850, however, with one of the most complete successes that the stage affords.

As the missionary of a new social faith, she is considered by the keen-sighted Mazzini to have fallen away. To us it appears that the stimulus under which she has worked has generally been one arising rather from a sense of personal pain than from that yearning after justice and right which would actuate the more ideal soul of a Lamennais. The temperament of Madame Sand would appear to be of the uncontrollably emotional order—a nature including, with a passionate idealism, a large element of sensuousness. Mrs. Brownrigg’s splendid sonnet, “A Recognition,” well depicts Georges Sand, and testifies to the enthusiastic sympathy felt for the French authoress by the highest intelligences:

“True genius, but true woman! dost deny  
Thy woman’s nature with a manly scorn,  
And break away the gauds and armlets worn  
By weaker women in captivity?  
Oh, vain denial! that revolted cry  
Is sobbed in by a woman’s voice forlorn:—  
Thy woman’s hair, my sister, all unshorn  
Floats back dishevelled strength in agony,  
Disproving thy man’s name. And while before  
The world thou burnest in poetic fire,  
We see thy woman-heart beat evermore.”

St. Paul’s.

## THE ART OF BEAUTY.

### PRACTICAL HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

It may not be superfluous to say a few words on the decoration of rooms as affecting our personal appearance, and to offer a few modest hints upon wearing apparel itself, and the shapes and colors suitable to old and young, fat and thin, dark and fair, short and tall.

1st, as to Color in Rooms.

Too much can not be said against the pale, glossy, or white papers so much in

fashion for drawing-rooms and boudoirs. They are ruination to any material, to any picture hung upon them, to any complexion. The same must be urged against white ceilings, and still more against white carpets. A pale carpet not only destroys every thing in the room, but it visibly decreases the size of the room—pictures simply disappear. A light ceiling may pass unnoticed, since we have got out of the



habit of ever looking upwards in a room, owing firstly to the glare, and secondly to the certainty of there being nothing to see; but a light floor can not be forgotten. It forces itself on your attention whichever way you turn, casts up unpleasant reflected lights upon the polished legs of chairs, and destroys the colors and forms of all the furniture by its own obtrusiveness. Once, having purchased a curious carved cabinet of light oak, made in the sixteenth century, and brought it home to my white drawing-room, I experienced an unaccountable sense of disappointment on seeing it in its place. I found it only half the size I expected. I found the carving more trivial, the color more dull—the whole thing an eyesore. I could not for a time understand how I had been deceived into spending money on it. I mourned over my empty purse, and decided, not without feeling rather small, on selling it again without boasting about it to my friends. About that time I conceived a plan of covering the walls of my drawing-room with some very dark tapestry which I possessed, and did so, just before my cabinet's destined departure. When all was done, behold, my eyes were opened—a sudden light flashed upon me! To my astonishment, against the darkened walls my cabinet once more became its former self. Never had I supposed that oak could "tell" against brown—but it did so; it rose in height, it spread in breadth, the color brightened, and the carving seemed to be under a spell—to move and live! I hardly recognized my lamented bargain now that it was going away. And then I saw at once that the whole thing was owing to the altered background; and I have waged eternal war against pale walls ever since.

To Mr. Owen Jones, Mr. Morris, Mr. Cottier, and a few other intelligent artists and architects, we owe a debt of gratitude. These gentlemen, especially Mr. Cottier, a pupil of Ruskin's, have lavished their great gift of an "eye" for form and color in the direction of mural and room decoration—the stained glass, the ceilings, and stencils designed by them are quite perfect. The forms are studied and adapted from the finest examples in old Roman and Greek decoration, and their colors are all exquisite in themselves and exquisitely harmonized. Queer blues, that are neither blue, nor green, nor lilac; queerer greens and yellows, and all variations of tertiary tints,

are tenderly united and mixed; at rare intervals a small bit of raw color is introduced with peculiarly brilliant effect. Very little gold is employed; but what there is, is most craftily managed. Many colors are clouded or gradated in tint, in one pattern; black comes in well, or invisible greens or browns. The stenciling, though always effective, are never sufficiently so to kill the after furnishing of the apartment, or the people in it. The whole beauty is subservient to these, and arranged with a view rather to enhance and set off every thing that is brought in contact with it, and especially human beings.

Let me entreat those who are about to redecorate their dwellings, if they do not make over to one of these artistic firms the entire responsibility of so arduous an undertaking, at least to study their works and rules, and follow them as far as they can. It is not more expensive to paint one's rooms with some warm tertiary color, here and there stenciled with some standard pattern (procurable for a few pence at any decorator's) in a darker or lighter shade of the same color, or an opposing color, *not too vivid*, than to paper it with some shiny monstrosity; rather the reverse, it is a good deal cheaper. Neither is it more difficult to make a wall dark in color half-way up, and the higher portion a delicate hue, the contrast united by a broad border, stenciled or in paper, combining both colors. It is not more expensive to have one's ceiling washed with a purple or any other soft-colored wash, than to have three coats of white paint, and then varnish laid on it; and no one, understanding any thing about art, will fail to see at once the superiority of the one effect to the other. Doors, too, should never stand out in staring contrast to the walls. The square form of a door is not a pretty one; and even a door with a rounded top, which is a much better form, is generally spoiled by not being carried up to the cornice. Doors should be tall, and should match *in effect*, if not in color, the walls and ceiling—that is, a room with a deep blue ceiling and walls of Vandyke brown, and similar dark colors, may have doors black, or deep sage green; a room whose walls and ceiling are chiefly colored with the tertiary *citrine*, (a mixture of orange and green—a yellowish color,) may have doors of a very dull green or brownish purple; a room papered with one of Morris's peculiar scarlet papers, deep-

ly indented, may have black or sage-green doors and wainscot. Doors may with good effect be touched slightly with gold, or with paler shades of their own color, or painted in the panels with devices, according to the owner's taste.

There is no more perfect background than the old Spanish leather of the sixteenth or seventeenth century; but as this is hard to procure and of great price—nearly £5 per yard, at the least—the modern imitations in paper do as well for all practical purposes. They are copies of the finest antique patterns and colors, and a wall covered partly with these and with some cheaper plain color above, and a ceiling of any color but white—will always be a beautiful room and a becoming room to any person who is wise enough to enter it.

These are very rough and bare hints, but it would take too much space to describe half the complications of color and shape, which may be better understood by looking at a room decorated in any of the above styles.

#### LIGHTING AND FURNISHING.

It is important to consider, when decorating a room, by what light its decorations are to be seen. Colors which combine sweetly by day are sometimes inharmonious by candle-light, and of course any room that is to be used only in the evening should be decorated by the same light. For instance, some blues become green by candle-light, some do not; a combination of a certain shade of Magenta and Turkey red, which by daylight are a powerful contrast, (not that it is one I could recommend,) by candle-light would cease to exist, as they become one tint; and certain yellow-pinks and blue-pinks, which by daylight are most discordant, match at night. Also, some colors require more, some less, light than others to look well.

There are two things that should be remembered in lighting an apartment: 1st, candles give a far *pleasanter* light than gas, if they are in sufficient numbers to illuminate the room; 2d, the light should never come from several places at once, in equal proportions, so as to perplex the shadows of things. Light that comes from *above*, as nearly as possible like sunlight, is preferable; the corners of a room should always be light *enough*, but not so light as to destroy the principal light, wherever

that is placed. Thus, a face that catches two equally strong lights at once, so as to be without shadow, never looks its best, and a dress, or a wall suffers in exactly the same proportion. It is a great mistake to make a room *too light*, as many rooms are made which have numerous gas-branches. Too much gas-light exposes wrinkles and lines which the kinder sun forgets; the strong light from below which illuminates the stage at a theatre is *only* tolerable with the equally strong light from above, because the actors are at a distance, and in no otherwise could their faces be sufficiently visible.

By day, a skylight, not too expansive, is a good light for a room, or tall windows at one side only; and in artificial lighting the same principle should be observed. If a chandelier is used, other lights must be subservient to it. If gas-branches, those at one end of the room, at least, should be shaded, so that they may give light without glare, and assist instead of destroying the shadows of the rooms. The extremely good effect of *shaded* gas jets or lamps is very little recognized in modern rooms.

To return to our walls. A dark crimson wall, especially in flock, fine as the effect is, is not to be recommended for any evening room, as it is so difficult to light. Scarlet lights well; but crimson absorbs light to such an extent that hardly any amount of candles, lamps, and gas jets, are able to make the room properly clear. I can only tell my readers that flock paper is a splendid foundation for a painted wall, as it then has the effect of a wall stamped or indented, and not papered. A red room, with a black ceiling starred with dull sea-green or yellow, is very bright and good. Any drawings, or pictures, or furniture against scarlet or pale red walls, are wonderfully set off, either by night or day. A room painted with murrey color, a kind of dull lilac, warmed up with amber hangings, may also have a very delicate and beautiful effect.

Let me also warn my patient readers against grained painting. This is a very odious fashion, which we may suppose came in for cheapness' sake. But let me entreat the introduction of real woods: there are many inexpensive ones, and the markings in them are inexpressibly lovely. Even plain deal, stained with some semi-transparent varnish, (this is much used in ecclesiastical decoration nowadays,) is a

very clean, durable, and beautiful ornament for walls, floors, and ceilings.

Now let me say a word about carpets. Pale ones I ignore; they do not exist for me. But the patterns and the colors even of the dark ones! What is to be done with a room whose carpet is grass-green, with large red spots or big flowers on it? What is to be done with any "cheerful" patterned carpet? Nothing—but to part with it to some member of that tribe whose armorial bearings are the Three Hats. Have we not seen the Royal Academy's walls defaced by artists who *will* place their sitters on some such carpet, and then paint the horror that they see? Has not that been a warning to us? It is a good test to apply to one's furniture as to one's dress, "Would it look well in a picture?" Reader, if you wish to buy modern carpets, buy some moss pattern, or something very dark and neat, else you will never make your drawing-room other than a grief of heart to any cultivated person who may come into it.

But my advice on the whole is—send away all your carpets, get a quantity of the common rough matting for your rooms, and lay on it at intervals one of the rugs made by the Orientals. Turkish, Moorish, Indian, or African carpets, especially the antique make, will never fail to look right, for they are the most perfect in color and design that can be procured.

For curtains and coverings get whatever stuff you like. Chintz or velvet are always good. In patterns, be wary. Patterns suitable for a hanging are not always suitable for a chair seat. For instance, to be sitting on a bird or a butterfly is an unpleasant sensation; a vase of flowers on a curtain is absurd. Italian patterns are usually debased. Stout boys standing upon scarfs attached to boughs in an impossible manner—swans perched on twigs of plants that never could support their weight—butterflies rather bigger than the storks beside them—are bad, because ridiculous; they hurt our sense of propriety, and worry the eye. Choose good patterns—common sense will guide you—and let your hangings be equal in *tone* with that of your walls.

And now I will close with a few rules for color, which I think will be found equally applicable to dress and to furniture.

Consider, when choosing a color for any purpose, where it will have to be seen,

in what quantity and in what substance. If you are going to paint a ceiling with it, choose a tint lighter than you mean it to appear; for a ceiling is always in shade, and a very dark color will be in that position hardly distinguishable from black. If you mean to veil it with white, choose a brighter, deeper tint than that of the unveiled trimmings which you may intend for it, as it will otherwise not match them. If for dress or furniture, consider the material—a yellow which looks gorgeous in satin is detestable in cloth; a pale tint which in flannel would look like dirty white, may in a rich silk or fine cashmere have the most elegant effect. Never put green and red of *equal intensity* in juxtaposition; although these are complementary colors, there is no more disagreeable mixture. A pale dull sea-green goes admirably with a rich crimson or Indian red; a pale dull red with deep green—but they *must* always be of very different intensity to look well together, and are always difficult to mingle pleasantly. Turquoise, the antique yellow-blue, mixes very sweetly with a pale green; ultramarine, being a red blue, almost lilac in the shadows, is horrible with green. Pure pale yellow is a very becoming color, and will harmonize with purple; with blue the contrast is too coarse.

#### COLORS.

Of course every color can be made beautiful and becoming to the face by being cunningly arranged and relieved. It may always be done by mixing it *into* another color. You may select a color which partakes of another, *i.e.*, is not too pure—even a shot color—many shots are most beautiful—or you may put other colors with it. Do not place blue and yellow together in pure colors; let the blue be a pale yellow blue. Do not place orange and yellow near together, unless they are *intentionally* mingled in one mass; and it requires some skill to do this well.

The best way is to look at models of coloring. Stothard had a collection of butterflies, which taught him many things about the mixtures and contrasts of colors. Or go to the flowers. You can have no better tutors; all the books on art and manuals of color will never teach as well as they.

In a flower containing strong contrasts, such as purple and white, *e.g.*, you will

generally find a third tint placed between the two, in however small a quantity. A warm color usually divides two cold colors, or a cold color two warm ones, or the two are mingled into a third tint at the junction. For instance, see this tulip, whose petals half-way down are of the brightest red and the base of the calyx white; these colors are softened into one another by a streak of purest ultramarine, and so perfect is this combination that one can conceive nothing beyond it. See this sweet-william blossom—the centre white, or nearly, the edges darkest crimson. There is no blue between them, but the uniting color is *pink*. You can distinctly trace the narrow band of blue-pink, which takes away all hardness from the junction. Orange is mixed into white with pale yellow, or pink, or green veins.

Blue flowers seldom lack a touch of warmer color—lilac, pink, or yellow—to relieve their coldness; white ones are softened with yellow, greenish, or pinkish shadows or veins. In fact, as a result of the mingling of many hues into each other for a perfect whole, I am very doubtful whether every flower has not in it *every* color—secondaries as well as primaries; and probably, were our sight but clear enough to distinguish them, even the tertiaries, and the twenty tones of intensity belonging to each. In many flowers we may see the gradations; in others we may guess at them; but our sight, even with the aid of microscopes, is very limited.

What an eye for color has Mother Nature! Does she not plant white roses in a dark mold? does she not set her blossoms in leaves of just that subtle hue which will set them off to the greatest advantage? When her skies are grey, does she not stretch a brown network of boughs across them? If she has a bright object, does she not set it in the sun, and never fail to cast behind it a shadow that shall throw it up? She does her best even with our white walls. If you see a face against any pale wall where the sun strikes one side of it, the background will always look darker than it is on the bright side, and lighter than it is on the dark side. That is Mother Nature helping us out of our ugliness.

#### FORM.

When you have got your background right, you will soon see what forms to put

against it, what are most beautiful in themselves, and what most suitable to it. Even the legs of a chair may be "good" or "bad;" carving and fretwork may be either pure in curve, graceful—what Ruskin speaks of as "temperate"—or it may be exaggerated, contorted, unmeaning, and corrupt. Even the folds of hangings may be stately or the reverse; but when the color is all right, these things will mostly right themselves.

As for shapes of dresses, a good way of testing the beauty of form is by drawing the outline of a dress, and looking at it from all points of view, and with half-closed eyes. This test, applied to that form of gown which has been so long in vogue—the long, pinched waist, and the unnatural width of the hips, low neck, and no sleeves—proves the extreme ugliness of it. This gown, in outline, simply looks like a very ill-shaped wineglass upside down. The wide crinoline entirely conceals any natural grace of attitude; the horizontal line across the neck invariably decreases height, and the want of sleeves is a painful want to an artistic eye. Few women's arms are beautiful above the elbow; fatness is not correctness of outline, as some seem to think. We are not like the Greeks, who made the improvement of the body their dearest study; and, not having reduced our superfluous fat, and cultivated our muscles into perfection, we ought to be careful how we expose them. A dress, high behind or on the shoulders, gives the whole height of the figure, and full sleeves are an improvement to every figure but a very stout one, just as the fashion of wearing the hair full and loose is more becoming to the face than that which scrapes it all back out of sight. The best way to decide on a really beautiful dress is by studying the pictures of the old masters, and copying them—Vandyke, Lely, Watteau, Gainsborough, Reynolds, or Lawrence.

#### SUITABLE DRESSES.

As for dresses suitable to certain persons, I need say but little. There are many books on the etiquette of dress, showing what is proper to be worn in the morning and in the evening and at noon-day. A few very simple rules will suffice here. Those who are very stout should wear nothing but black; those who are very thin should put a little padding in



their gowns; and neither should be in the least *décolletée*. Perpendicular stripes in dresses give height, and increase fullness, and are therefore particularly suited to very slight, small people, and particularly unfitted for stout figures. To fair persons blue is becoming—but not every blue. Dark blue, or too brilliant a blue, is extremely unbecoming to that kind of complexion, and makes the skin yellow and the hair sandy. It is the old, pale, dull blue that really makes sand gold. Pink, especially the old-fashioned yellow pink, is, when not too brilliant, becoming to all complexions except that which goes with red hair. Light green may be safely worn by the very dark, the very rosy, and by the very pale, when the skin is extremely clear; but to ordinary English faces it is a trying color, though there are people who look well in nothing else. Green, mixed properly with pale blue, is very becoming indeed. Gray is the most beautiful color for old and young—I mean the soft silver gray which is formed by equal parts of black and white, with no touch of mauve in it. It admits of any color in trimming, and throws up the bloom of the skin. Rose-color, for some people, is pretty, and not unbecoming. White, so disastrous to rooms, is generally becoming in dress—only very coarse complexions are spoilt by it.

Short women should never wear double skirts or tunics—they decrease the height so much; unless, indeed, the tunic is very short, and the skirt very long. So also do large, sprawling patterns used for trimmings. Let these be left to women tall enough to carry them off. Neither let a very little woman wear her hair half down her back; let her lift it clean up as high as possible.

Large feet should never be cased in kid—least of all, white kid slippers—for kid reveals so clearly the form and movements of the feet, and stretches so easily, that few feet have a chance in them. Black stockings and shoes, even for evening wear, are the most appropriate choice.

#### SHAM DELICACY.

And now I have somewhat to say which, in all probability, will offend the prejudices of some people. I mean, in advocating the use, by those who need it, of almost any cosmetics not injurious to health.

Possibly because paint is considered to be a characteristic of a class of persons who have no other purpose in life than to look attractive, and whom we can not wish to imitate, an unnecessary amount of contempt and contumely has been cast on cosmetics. It seems to us that (apart from the risk of injuring the cuticle of the skin, the usual result of opaque and bad pastes and powders) there is not any more harm or degradation in avowedly hiding defects of complexion, or touching the face with pink or white, than in padding the dress, piercing the ears, or replacing a lost tooth; nor can half the objections be urged against this practice that can be urged against that of wearing false hair. It seems to me generally a harmless, and, in some cases, a most necessary and decent practice. There are numberless girls who are most amiable, and who would be almost pretty, perhaps quite so, if they were not afflicted with thoroughly bad complexions. Some by nature, some through a peculiarity of health, are martyrs to pimples and other eruptions which might be considerably disguised; some have been ruined by small-pox, by fire—indeed, every one knows cases of the kind, where the use of cosmetics would be a real kindness to the victim's friends. But these girls, though any other personal improvement, such as padding or false teeth, is quite allowable in their eyes, have been educated in a righteous horror of "paint," and talk with a flourish about the superiority of "honesty," as they call it. Indeed, they are honest, where they can least afford to be so, and with the unpleasant result of disgusting their friends. But they are *not* thoroughly honest—unhappily, both in their honesty and dishonesty they are equally unwise and culpable. Let them take off that ridiculous bustle, and put a little harmless powder over that unsightly red scar on the cheek; let them let out their poor wasp-like waists to something like a sane circumference, and just evaporate with one tiny touch of white the horrid red spot on their nose. It seems to me an inexpressibly absurd and inconsistent "crack" of modern middle-class society, that if an honest girl is known to use a *souffçon* of color or tinted powder, she is sneered at and laughed at by her virtuous female friends, and so she yields; but let me remind her that she is also laughed at if she has great feet, or scarcely any hair, or thick

fingers, or any other defect. Crows will always persecute their weaker brethren. There are always crows in every company; and if your mistaken "honesty" forbids you to conceal or improve your bad skin, these benevolent fowls will none the less set upon you with their stinging beaks and hoarse screams. Your honesty will only be another feather to wing the shafts of such enemies; you will not save yourself, but you will succeed in annoying society. If a woman have the misfortune to lose a conspicuous tooth, it is worse than folly not to replace it by art, rather than force upon every one who speaks to her the extremely unpleasant appearance of her tongue through the gap. If a girl has the trial of a complexion so bad that the sight of it gives one a turn, it is simply a duty for her either not to go into society at all, or, if she does, to conceal it as she would not scruple to conceal lameness or leanness. You have no right to inflict your misfortune on every body—it is an unpardonable offense against good taste. You can't alter your great feet; but who will blame you for wearing well-made boots? You can't help losing your teeth; but who will quarrel with you for wearing false ones? You can not make your thin hair thick; but who will decline your acquaintance because you intermingle an artificial plait or two? Yet, a few years ago, false teeth and false hair were among the most proscribed of proscribed enormities; while now every one sensibly approves the former, and every girl carries a Christian's burden of the latter, and openly avows it. I blame some of them—I do not blame all. It is needless for a woman who has plenty of natural hair to add false hair to it; and if carried to a very fashionable extent, the impossible plaits and cables become a folly on a young head; but I do not blame them altogether; for it is better they should study their appearance badly than not study it at all; and when England nurtures a more cultivated and intelligent race, these monstrosities of fashion will grow beautifully less.

Lastly, let us have moderation and good taste. If an emaciated woman pad her dress, she must not overdo it, or pad it in the wrong place—that outrages nature more than if she left it alone. If a woman powder or paint, she must not smear her face carelessly with unnatural tints, like a clown in a pantomime. I should

never recommend unguents injurious or dangerous—belladonna for the eyes, for instance, which, after a time, destroys the sight, and in most cases is used so clumsily that the effect is exceedingly bad. There are transparent cosmetics which leave the pores open whilst they tint the skin, and will bear safe contact with soap and water. I should strenuously enjoin the wise use of those which are quite compatible with health and cleanliness. A woman who ruins her fine head of dark hair in making it yellow to follow the fashion is a fool; but if she does not injure it by the process, and she prefers to wear it yellow, it is nobody's business to criticise her. Let them leave her alone, and be more wise themselves.

O women! do not pretend you are indifferent to your own charms: it is not true, and were it true, it would be a disastrous blunder. Remember that others are not indifferent to you. A beautiful woman is a joy even to her own sex. Beauty is so precious in the eyes of women that they never fail to appreciate it even in rivals, unless they themselves happen to be ugly, in which case envy must have a tendency to make them spiteful—not through real ill-nature, but more from natural impulse; not even consciously very often, but inevitably. A woman is naturally jealous of her rival; but when that which to her affectionate soul is dearer than life itself—and which begets her love of beauty—affection, is not compromised, she will always do justice to her sisters. Goldsmith put a true sentiment into the mouth of Emma Hardcastle, "The next best thing to being pretty one's self, is to have pretty relations," and a pretty face is such a delight to the eye that it ought surely to be prized and cultivated. But cultivate it wisely. Women have no right to injure their health in order to enhance their beauty.

A lady who squeezes her waist into ten inches, endangers her life in order to become a disgusting object; she provokes the horrified query, "Where are her lungs, and her other internal organs?" She ought to be excluded from the company of all æsthetic and sensible-minded people till she sees her folly. The same must be said of a girl who wears heels so lofty that she can not walk without the support of an umbrella, and whose features are actually drawn with pain.

I long for the time when some acknowledged censor will insist upon the laws of propriety and beauty being observed throughout the fashionable world, who will absolutely forbid the emaciated to exhibit their bones like anatomical models; who will sternly command those who are obese beyond all limits to wear

nothing but black, decently made; who will forbid the heated dreams of over-worked dressmakers to disclose themselves in gigantic patterns on human drapery; who will then perhaps even commence a raid against the obstinacy which clothes our men in swallow-tails, straight trousers, shirt collars, and "anguish pipes."

M. E. H.

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Macmillan's Magazine.

JOHN BRIGHT.

I WAS standing, some three years ago, in a street in London, talking to a friend who was a Conservative, when Mr. Bright passed; on which my friend said, "That ought to be the proudest man in England; for while he has not budged an inch, we, and the whole country, have come round to his way of thinking." This led me to try and estimate the extent of Mr. Bright's influence on public opinion; hence this paper. As a matter of fact, many of the Conservatives who voted for Mr. Disraeli's Reform Bill, had previously, at a longer or shorter interval of time, denounced Mr. Bright and those who thought with him, for advocating measures of Reform less democratic, and less subversive of the existing order of things, than that Bill. This does not prove that the Conservatives were wrong in opposing political reformation at one time, and passing a Radical Reform Bill at another: it does, however, prove that they had changed their opinion as to the necessity or expediency of Reform. Political pioneers there must ever be, and, being pioneers, they must expect to be mistrusted, misrepresented, and abused: but they may as surely look forward to the spread and growth of their opinions; and as the seed they have sown fructifies, they may expect, as in the case of Catholic Emancipation, Free-Trade, and Reform, that others should put in the sickle, because the time of harvest is come. Political pioneers care, or ought to care, more for principles than for party, more for measures than men. The moderate Liberals, the old Whigs, the thorough-going partisans freely spoke of the political dishonesty and tergiversation of the Conservative leaders in taking up the cause of Reform, and were angry that they should by so doing have taken from them one of their best stock election cries, which they secretly

hoped would never become more than a cry; but the Radicals, while opposed to many of the details of Mr. Disraeli's Bill, which they regarded as imperfect and incomplete, while suspecting the sincerity of those who proposed the Bill, gladly welcomed the fact that, whether in pretence or sincerity, Reform, however short in completeness of that for which they had for years contended, was certain of attainment. For many years Mr. Bright has been our best known pioneer, and what has been said of a not very well-known but influential theological pioneer, might with very little alteration be applied to Mr. Bright: "He was careless of his own name, provided the higher thoughts for which he cared were found bearing fruit. He possessed that highest of all magnanimity, of forgetting himself in the cause which he loved, and rejoicing that others entered into the results for which he labored."

Even Mr. Bright's opponents, who have by the by adopted many of his views, acknowledge that he has been a pioneer in the commonest meaning of the word; that he has been in advance of the political opinion of his day. For years he has been cutting his way through the tangled jungle of ignorance and prejudice; for years he has been educating large masses of men of all ranks, classes, and degrees, in the same sense that Mr. Disraeli is said to have educated his followers. But it has become the fashion to say that Mr. Bright's work is done, that he is no longer sufficiently advanced in opinion to lead, but that he must be content to fall into the ranks, and follow the leadership of men more advanced, who have a keener insight into the wants of the present day, a better appreciation of the requirements of those recently enfranchised by Mr. Disraeli; that the Irish Church having been disestablish-

ed, the electoral franchise having been extended, an Irish Land Bill become law, and provision made for the better education of the people,—that having thus seen the whole of the chief measures for which he has contended carried into effect, Mr. Bright must stand aside, and amuse himself with salmon fishing. This fallacy has gained strength and substance, owing to Mr. Bright's enforced retirement from public affairs.

Now it will be my aim to show, that important as are the measures that have been carried, yet they do not, when taken together, make a moiety of the political programme which Mr. Bright has consistently and persistently advocated. And I venture to hazard this prophecy, that as in 1858, after nearly three years' absolute retirement from public life, Mr. Bright appeared like a giant refreshed, and was able to effect more than before his illness, so now we may expect Mr. Bright's return to active life will be signalized by another decennial period of sound and thorough political work.

I may state at the outset that I do not wish to claim for Mr. Bright more than is his due. I neither think nor wish to imply that he has been the sole instrument in bringing public opinion to the state of ripeness which effected the passage of the important measures which he has advocated, and for advocating which he has been reviled and misrepresented; which measures however have, after more or fewer years, been regarded as not quite so dangerous as was supposed, as not dangerous at all, and at last as wise, politic, and beneficial. I merely take Mr. Bright as the leading man left to us of the small band of pioneers known as Radicals when the title was opprobrious, who have labored for progress and for civil and religious liberty. I do not attempt to gauge the extent of Mr. Bright's debt to Mr. Hume, Mr. Cobden, or Mr. Villiers, any more than I attempt to decide how much of his indisputable influence is due to his facile eloquence; to his terse, plain language; to his thoroughly English cast of thought; to his familiar, heart-to-heart, scriptural form of expression. He is alive, and is happily recovering his health. Before his illness he revised the volumes of his published speeches which were edited by Mr. Thorold Rogers, which therefore may be taken as a summary of his own opinions, and not alone of his individual opinions, but also as the sum-

mary of the opinions of the small, earnest, thoughtful party to which he belongs, and of which he is chief. In this sense I take these speeches, and throughout this paper I shall refer only to them. From these speeches alone I hope to be able to make good my proposition, that not a tithe of the measures which the Radical party have advocated has yet been carried into effect; that those which remain are sufficient to prove that Mr. Bright has in no way forfeited his position as a pioneer, as a leader of progressive political thought; and that if health and strength are restored to Mr. Bright, he will influence the legislation of the immediate future as much as he has that of the recent past.

Even if some deny that Mr. Bright's influence is as widely spread as it was a few years ago, certainly his power is greater; not only has he done nothing to forfeit the confidence of his followers; not only is he the trusted and honored friend of the Prime Minister and the leader of the House of Lords; but he has been accepted with marked cordiality by the Queen as a member of the Government and Cabinet. It would be greatly for the advantage, alike of the Ministry and the country, if Mr. Bright would again accept a seat in the Cabinet, without being harassed by the cares and responsibility of any department. What Lords Lyndhurst and Lansdowne have been to former Cabinets, that may Mr. Bright become to the present; and it does not require much foresight to see that, with the accidents and chances of life, it may happen that Mr. Bright may himself one day be Prime Minister; were he but ten years younger this would seem a certainty.

We should take care that we are not led away by the noisy declamation of what Mr. Thomas Wright, the journeyman engineer, styles, "the demonstrative clique" of working men, who, he says, are regarded "by an influential section of the working classes" as "self-seeking, place-seeking, and wire-pulling men;" and I hope that I shall be able to show Mr. Wright, and those who think with him, that when they ask for "a real people's tribune, such a man as John Bright was in the strength of his early prime, and to the full as advanced in opinion for this day as John Bright was for that time," that no better, no more likely man can be found to realize his hopes, and to carry into effect his wishes, than the Right Honorable John Bright.



So far back as 1845 Mr. Bright said, "I assert that the Protestant Church of Ireland is at the root of the evils of that country;" and again he called it "the most disgraceful institution in Christendom." Two years later, speaking on the Irish Land question, "There is an unanimous admission now that the misfortunes of Ireland are connected with the management of the land." While few deny that these opinions were true, still fewer realize for how long a period Mr. Bright held them. I have quoted these words in order to show that the man who for twenty-three or twenty-four years lost no fair opportunity of giving expression to such opinions, to which opinions a vast majority of the electors at length gave in their adherence, is entitled to as much or more credit (discredit, if his opponents like to say so) than the man who, having for years disputed them, actually works up these opinions into a Bill, and induces the House of Commons to accept it. But in 1866 Mr. Bright, in unmistakable terms, threw down a challenge to Mr. Gladstone to take up the Irish Question and deal with it in a statesmanlike manner: "I should like to ask him (Mr. Gladstone) whether this Irish question is above the stature of himself and of his colleagues. Take the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Is there in any legislative assembly in the world a man, as the world judges, of more transcendent capacity? I will say even, is there a man with a more honest wish to do good to the country in which he occupies so conspicuous a place?" Thus in no dim manner was foreshadowed the alliance between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright, which led to the inauguration of a humane policy towards Ireland—to the passing of the Irish Church and Land Bills, which measures, though still denounced by those who opposed them, and somewhat disappointing the expectations of those who thought to gather a rich crop of fruit immediately that the tree was planted, have led The O'Donoghue, an undoubted Irish patriot, to declare Mr. Gladstone's Government to be "a Government which has redressed the wrongs of ages, which has established the reign of equality and justice in Ireland."

As Mr. Bright was in advance not only of the general opinion of the country on the Irish question, but even of those who regarded him as their most outspoken champion, so on most purely political questions did he head or act with the most advanced

party of progress. It will be sufficient if I name a few on which legislation has taken place, as Free Trade, admission of Jews to Parliament, Church Rates, Ecclesiastical Titles, removal of Tests, Education, withdrawal of Troops from Canada, and Reform. Many other questions have been decided, if not in accordance with the exact principles advocated by the Radical leaders, yet in the direction indicated by them. Now the probable course of opinion—therefore of legislation—in the future, can only be learned by careful study of the past and present; and if we look back a few years, we shall see that the whole course of legislation has been progressive, what is called democratic and Americanizing our institutions by those who, acting as a break, have delayed somewhat, but have altogether failed in arresting, "the wild and destructive" course of the powerful locomotive driven by the middle-class Radical leaders.

And if we look at the present, we see that the whole of Mr. Gladstone's legislation has been in accordance with the wishes of the Radical party, except on Education; on which question his Government is in danger from his Radical supporters. If Mr. Bright does not again take office, he has left in the volumes of his speeches, charts by which we can ascertain the course he would have steered; let us see then, what future legislation is likely to be, as laid down in these charts so plainly that none who try to read aright can fail to read rightly.

The first question which is going to be decided, whether first in importance or not, is the Ballot, which would hardly occupy the pre-eminent position assigned to it in Mr. Gladstone's programme but for such sentences as these spoken by Mr. Bright in 1858, with which the whole Radical party agree: "I believe it is the opinion of the great body of the Reformers of the United Kingdom, that any Reform Bill which pretends to be generally satisfactory to the Reformers must concede the shelter and protection of the Ballot." And again, speaking of the reduction of the franchise "I think if there be any call now for the adoption of the Ballot, that call will be more strong and imperative after such a change in the franchise has been made." Some excitement was caused amongst the Conservatives by Mr. Gladstone's passing allusion during the last session to some fur-

ther measures of Reform which might be necessary. Hoping, well-nigh believing, that their Reform Bill meant finality, the Conservatives deeply resented this hint. If, however, they had studied the chart which lies open to them, they would have read, "I know no reason why the franchise should not be as extensive in the counties as in the boroughs." And again, "When you have settled the question of the Suffrage, you stand and will stand free to deal with the question of the Redistribution of Seats."

A question said to be new has this autumn been advanced toward the front of the host of those awaiting discussion and settlement—the Reform, or, failing Reformation, then the Abolition, of the House of Lords. To those who, ostrich-like, bury themselves in the sand, and give not earnest or attentive heed to the floating atoms of thought and suggestion, until they gather themselves together into a mass, when they are recognized as public opinion, this question may be regarded as novel; but in 1858 Mr. Bright said, "We know, every body knows, nobody knows it better than the Peers, that a house of hereditary legislation can not be a permanent institution in a free country. For we believe that such an institution must in the course of time require essential modification." Again, while saying that the chief reason why the House of Lords adjourns so frequently without transacting any important business is owing to the mismanagement of the Government of the day, he adds, "All of us in our younger days were taught by those who had the care of us a verse which was intended to inculcate the virtue of industry. One couplet was to this effect:

"Satan still some mischief finds  
For idle hands to do."

And I do not believe that men, however high in station, are exempt from that unfortunate effect which arises to all of us from a course of continual idleness." The sting of the sketch drawn by Mr. Bright of a Peer's proxy being used by the leader of his party while he was himself hundreds of miles away, and knew nothing of the question on which his vote was given, has been removed by the wisdom of the Peers themselves; and their sensible and judicious conduct, when the use of the proxy came under serious discussion, leads those (ninetenths of the nation) who dislike the thought of so violent a wrench being given to the

Constitution, as the forcible extraction of a wisdom tooth which shows only slight symptoms of decay, and which any dentist of moderate skill can easily stop, to hope and think that without violence or difficulty the House of Lords may be brought into harmony with the altered circumstances of the country. The bats and moles of public life alone profess to think that the Constitution of the House of Lords is perfect. "That is a House, recollect, in which three members form a quorum:" when Lord Lifford a few years ago was dilating on an Irish question, Lord Granville with gentle force detained Lord de Grey on the Treasury bench, and by so doing had twice the strength of the Opposition. The chart clearly indicates the Reform of the House of Lords. And one feature of such Reformation is not dimly foreshadowed. "There is another kind of Peer which I am afraid to touch upon; that creature of—what shall I say? of monstrous, nay even of adulterous birth—the Spiritual Peer." Again, "High titles, vast revenues, great power conferred upon Christian ministers, are as without warrant to my mind in Scripture as in reason."

The country was more or less astonished to find that Mr. Miall's motion for the Disestablishment of the Church of England, although not supported by a single Anglo-Catholic vote, the priests of which small but earnest and influential school talk loudly of the advantage which would accrue to the Church if set free from the trammels of the State, instead of being contemptuously rejected was supported by a respectable minority. As far back as 1845 Mr. Bright said, while speaking of the Church of England, "The Church has been upheld as a bulwark against Catholicism; yet all the errors of Catholicism find a home and a hearty welcome there." "In Lancashire and Yorkshire, and in other counties, that Church is found to be too unwieldy a machine, and altogether unfitted to a population growing in numbers and intelligence like that of those parts of the kingdom." Again, in 1860: "Mr. Miall has not the smallest objection to the Church of England as a religious body . . . what he objects to is, that the Church should be, as it has been, so much of a political institution." And then, in words the truth of which we realize eleven years after they were spoken: "And there can be no doubt but that among the clergy of the

Establishment, and the most thoughtful of her sons, there is throughout the kingdom at this moment a deep sentiment at work which, altogether apart from Mr. Miall and the Liberation Society, is destined before many years are over to make great changes in the constitution and condition of that Church." Unless sweeping reforms are introduced, disestablishment is a matter of a very few years; three general elections at the longest.

Our chart indicates reform in our mode of licensing rather than any such wholesale uprooting of the present system as would be brought about by the passing of the Permissive Bill; and the suggestion was made in 1860, "that the opening of public-houses and beer-shops, and the granting of licenses," should be intrusted to the ordinary local governing bodies of the cities, towns, and boroughs."

Land tenure, the laws of primogeniture and entail, are taking up so much of men's thoughts as to have passed from the stage of desultory discussion to the stage of associated consideration by a League formed for the purpose of bringing about legislation as the result of the careful consideration of those who have interested themselves in the subject.

Now there are some questions which take a generation before they run their course; others take a few years less: but if the advocates of well-nigh any question are in earnest, they can form a small party in some large town, composed of unflinching men, acting upon sound principles and from conviction, who will not be tempted to deviate from the course they have marked out for themselves. If they can obtain representation for their views in Parliament, especially if they can obtain a spokesman of ability to represent their views, legislation is but a matter of time: so surely as a bullet from a good rifle held by a skilled shot will sooner or later hit the bull's-eye, so sure is it that sooner or later such men will succeed. The stages through which such questions run are (1) suggestion, (2) discussion, (3) hopeless resolution submitted to House of Commons, newspaper ridicule, (4) conference, (5) formation of a League, followed by (6) active agitation, press discussion and approval, election cry, (7) mentioned in Queen's Speech, legislation. The men composing the party of progress are more determined than those who make up the party of re-

sistance, who ever find some of their standing-ground crumbling beneath their feet; while the party of progress, standing upon the sound ground of right and true principle, is irresistible.

The delicate and difficult questions of land tenure, primogeniture, entail, game—in short, the whole of the questions in which landlords and the agricultural interests are most deeply interested—are in my sixth category, and Canute's courtiers might just as well expect that he could hinder the advance of the flowing tide, as the country party that they can prevent these questions passing through the sixth stage, and awaiting their turn to be dealt with by the House of Commons. The game question has made great progress; many landlords have made great concessions; yet we still have "bands of men . . . prowling about in almost every county endeavoring to destroy game," (which the law has never yet said is property,) and we "have outrages . . . in which gamekeepers and poachers are killed and murdered." "By this system of game-preserving the landlords are made the greatest enemies of a class in whose real well-being they have the truest and greatest interest." The number of Bills that have been submitted to Parliament dealing with the Game Laws, from trivial modification to unconditional abolition, show that legislation will ere long be effected; the longer delayed, the more stringent will it be; and as Mr. Dingwall Fordyce was returned for Aberdeenshire, and an almost unknown young Englishman unseated the most polished, most highly cultivated Scottish county member, mainly on the Game Law question, so ere long some English county may be found following the example of Aberdeenshire and Perthshire in their determination to get rid of what Mr. Bright twenty-six years ago denounced as "a mischievous and unjust system." The distribution and tenure of land, entail, and primogeniture are, as I have said, being looked after by a League; but in 1864 Mr. Bright advocated such simple alterations in the law as would deal with land like other property, would distribute the land of a man dying intestate as it distributes shares, houses, or funded property; would prevent property being left to a child unborn, but would limit it to those alive when the will was made; but did not even propose to interfere with a man who chose

"to act the unnatural and absurd part of leaving the whole of his property to one child," although he believed it to be in direct opposition to "the great universal law of natural parental affection and justice."

He said in 1858, "The system of legislation in regard to primogeniture and on entails and settlements, which is intended to keep vast estates in one hand through successive generations, to prevent their economical disposition and change of property which is found so advantageous in every other kind of property, is full of the most pernicious consequences not only to the agricultural classes, but to all other classes of our countrymen, since we are all affected by it." Now it will be quite impossible for the great landlords, whether Peers or Commoners, to prevent legislation on these most important questions; resist doubtless some will, but while they may delay and modify the measures that will be proposed, a prisoner pinioned by Calcraft, and being unwillingly forced to the scaffold, has just as much chance of escaping execution as they have of altogether getting rid of these troublesome and vexatious questions without legislation. And while it is not to be denied that landlords and tenants, landlords and laborers do have not unpleasant relations on many estates, yet how long those who have been living without hope in this world will rest contented with less good fare and less good lodging than the hunters in the stable and the pedigree stock in the yards which they tend, we shall only know when the county franchise is assimilated to that of the towns, and the voter has discovered, a work of years probably, that he is absolutely protected from both landlord, agent, and master, "by the shelter of the Ballot." Neither can the Conservatives derive much comfort from the fact of their opponents not being agreed. The Liberal party must ever be like water heaped up by the Conservative dam, over which or through the crevices of which Radical pioneers find their way, making the holes larger by reason of use, until over, under, through the dam pours a sufficient volume of water to effect the purpose of the pioneer: in spite of the dam, the water reaches the sea.

Work enough surely to occupy the attention of Parliament for years, yet more remains. America is the only first-class power who devotes almost its entire

strength to its home, as opposed to its foreign policy—hence the immense development of that great country; but England might be free to devote herself to her own affairs, says Mr. Bright, "but for the networks and complications from which it is impossible that we can gain one single atom of advantage for this country." We have treaties on every side; but as treaties can not in the very nature of things be permanent, irrevocable, eternal, some limit must be fixed; and as we have had a Conservative Minister—Sir John Pakington—striking out the words "balance of power" from the preamble of the Mutiny Act, thereby showing that the Conservatives at any rate will never go to war again for "the balance of power," so may we expect to find—"it may not be in our life-time,"—a Prime Minister "who will denounce the expenditure of every shilling, the engagement of every man, the employment of every ship which has no object but intermeddling in the affairs of other countries."

The extent of the influence which the Radical party has exercised over the opinion of the country on our foreign policy may be to some extent estimated by the conduct of all parties: the Conservative party giving up the balance of power, the Liberal party yielding to the demands of Russia, and both parties uniting in the settlement of the Alabama question, when Sir Stafford Northcote co-operated with Lord De Grey, and when men of all parties in the borough of Southampton signified by an address their approval of the Recorder of London sitting on the Court of Arbitration. Thoroughly to carry out the same policy in our relations with European powers is, and ever must be, the aim of the Radical party. Great strength at home, and absolute abstention from unnecessary interference with the affairs of others, will bring about influence abroad and prosperity to the whole empire.

On no question has Mr. Bright announced a clearer and more deliberate opinion than on "our policy with reference to India." It may be that on this question he is, like Mr. Fawcett, much in advance of the Radical party, who in some measure share the blame attaching to nearly the whole of our public men, who totally neglect India in times of peace and quiet, and only legislate in a hurry, and therefore carelessly, in the time of trouble



and disquietude. "The edifice we have reared is too vast . . . too vast for management." "The office of Governor-General should be abolished." "I believe the duties of the Governor-General are far greater than any human being can adequately fulfill." "I would have at least five Presidencies, and I would have the Governments of those Presidencies equal in rank and salary." Again, "How long does England propose to govern India?" "You may govern India, if you like, for the good of England; but the good of England must come through the channel of the good of India." As this latter policy is now more or less adopted; as natives occupy, and fill with satisfactory success, judicial and other high offices; as we are by means of education, by the facilities of traveling and correspondence, training considerable numbers of natives, teaching them to govern—is it not well that we should in days of quietness and peace give some of our attention to India? The policy indicated above, which is carefully elaborated in the speeches from which these extracts are taken, seems so wise, so thoughtful, in many ways so expedient, as to render its adoption, in part at any rate, a mere question of time.

The abolition of capital punishment, the encouragement of emigration, the extension of the probate duty to all property which passes by death from one owner to another, the cultivation of waste lands, disconnecting ourselves from the policy and interests of Turkey, the extravagance of our taxation, Indian finance, and the dealing with pauperism, are a few more of the questions on which Mr. Bright has expressed opinions in most decided and unmistakable terms, and on which legislation must take place. But perhaps nothing has been more remarkable than the persistence with which, through evil report and good report, he has urged on England the duty of maintaining the most friendly and most intimate relations with America, but for which never could such a treaty have been seriously considered as the Alabama Treaty. A few years ago it would have been a thing quite impossible that a Radical Peer and a Conservative Cabinet Minister should sit on a Commission together at Washington to inaugurate the great international system of arbitration instead of war. All parties and nearly every man of weight in this country now recog-

nize that the Americans are our "kinsmen," that America may fairly be called "the Transatlantic English nation—the inheritor and partaker of all the historic glories of this country." Again, "I am persuaded of this as much as I am of any thing that I know and believe, that the more perfect the friendship that is established between the people of England and the free people of America, the more you will find your path of progress here made easy for you, and the more will social and political liberty advance amongst us." It is now difficult to believe that for such words Mr. Bright should have been reviled, abused, denounced as a traitor to his country, a dangerous and malicious man, one to be feared, and, if possible, to be made to keep silence. Yet such is the fact.

I think that I have shown that the programme of the Radical party, so far as it is represented by Mr. Bright's authorized speeches, is by no means exhausted; and that as the legislation of the recent past has been very much in accordance with the wishes of the Radical party, as opposed to old Whigs and Conservatives, so there is no reason to suppose that there will be any alteration in this respect in the future, even if the Liberal party is somewhat out of hand at present, and has to be pulled together by a short visit to the left hand of the Speaker. The Radical party consists for the most part of the representatives of towns, and the power and influence of the towns seem rather on the increase than otherwise: at this moment Birmingham is the centre of agitation for the Reform of the House of Lords; Newcastle for Disestablishment of the Churches of England and Scotland; Manchester for unity of action on the part of Nonconformists; Nottingham for fresh legislation affecting working men; while Leeds, Bolton, and London have recently or are about to witness public meetings to advocate a Redistribution of Seats, Edinburgh is moving with reference to Licensing: in fact the towns are for the most part Radical. But upon no one of these questions has Mr. Bright failed to express an opinion, and in nearly every instance that opinion is very much in accordance with the views of the most active and influential promoters of these interesting Conferences which are now becoming so common. That Mr. Bright is loyal to the core, that he is

known as a chivalric champion of the Queen, and a true friend to our limited monarchy, adds immensely to his influence; for the Republicans in England are almost entirely restricted to a few towns, and in every town in the kingdom are in a hopeless minority. I have merely indicated a few of Mr. Bright's political opinions that have not yet been completely carried out, in the hope that it may be the means of inducing many to read Mr. Bright's speeches for themselves, in order that they may form their own judgment thereon. Respected, admired, trusted, believed in as he is by thousands, I shall be astonished if a close and careful study of these beautiful speeches in the light that I have indicated does not convince other thousands that, whether for power or pathos, foresight or feeling, simplicity or sincerity, earnestness, truth, or eloquence, these volumes are hard to match in the English language. One passage only will I quote, recalling to mind as it does one still greater who "must needs glory:" "My con-

science tells me that I have labored honestly only to destroy that which is evil and to build up that which is good. The political gains of the last twenty-five years, as they were summed up the other night by the Hon. member for Wick, are my political gains, if they can be called the gains in any degree of any living Englishman. And if now, in all the great centres of our population—in Birmingham with its busy district, in Manchester with its encircling towns, in the population of the West Riding of Yorkshire, in Glasgow, and amidst the vast industries of the West of Scotland, and in this great Babylon in which we are assembled—if we do not find ourselves surrounded by hungry and exasperated multitudes; if now more than at any time during the last hundred years it may be said, quoting the beautiful words of Mr. Sheridan, 'Content sits basking on the cheeks of toil'; if this House and its statesmen glory in the change, have not I as much as any living man some claim to partake of that glory?"

S. FLOOD PAGE.

Blackwood's Magazine.

#### SERPENT-CHARMING IN CAIRO.

ON my visit to Egypt during the winter of 1868-9, I was interested and amused by the tricks of the "serpent-charmer," the baboon-trainer, and other zoologically-disposed natives, who exhibit the accomplishments of themselves and their captives in the warm and bright January sunshine on the broad *trottoir* of the Esbekiah, below the entry-terrace of Shepherd's Hotel, whereon the traversers to and from our Indian empire, with other sojourners, love to bask and congregate.

I wished to see the process by which the charmer clears the house infested by ophidian vermin, hoping to get some clue to its intelligible element. I found in Mr. Broadway, formerly a pupil of my old acquaintance Cartright, and now surgeon-dentist to the Khedive, the Hareem, and the *haut ton* of Cairo, a friendly and willing ally in this matter. He made an arrangement with a notable member of the privileged family of Derwishes, who profess to inherit the *quasi* supernatural faculty, and drove me to a part of the suburbs of Cairo where dwellings were to be found likely to require and profit by it.

The charmer came to appointment, accompanied by a boy with a bag, said to be for the snakes that were to be captured.

The houses were of the low tumble-down character common in those suburbs; most of them detached, in patches of slovenly-cultivated ground.

I suggested that the charmer should strip, and have his garments searched before entering; but he refused, and even resisted the temptation of half-a-sovereign extra—a large sum in piasters—which I thought suspicious. The outer garment of the villainous-looking old Sheik was the long loose frock of a coarse blue cotton-stuff, called "galabieh," with large baggy sleeves, or what looked like sleeves from the mode of its adjustment. A conjuror would have concealed the major part of his property in its ample folds.

He entered a house followed by his boy and ourselves. I may mention that we were joined by Mr. Solly, son of my old and esteemed friend the late President of the Royal College of Surgeons in London, who happened then to be in Cairo. The Sheik, on entering, stepped forward, mys-

teriously glancing to the right and left, muttering and occasionally whistling, and passing from room to room, closely followed and watched by us; he, however, left that house, intimating that it was free from snakes.

In the next house—and whenever any inhabitant was visible, the charmer was reverently welcomed—on entering the second room I noticed that a doorway led from it to a darkened apartment without other entry or exit. The charmer stood at this doorway, his legs apart, his arms on the lintel, his turbaned visage poked forward, and the incantation and whistling becoming emphatic. I tried to get into the place, but there was no passing without shoving the fellow aside, and the boy loudly protested against my proximity and disturbance. The charmer next stretched forward the hand carrying his stick and tapped the wall of the darkened room; then, suddenly turning round to us, exclaimed, according to my interpreter, "The snake, my cousin, there he is!" and stepped down into the room. We followed, and a small specimen of the common, harmless house-snake of Egypt, (*Coluber atrovirens*), half coiled in seemingly a semi-torpid or sluggish state, lay on the floor. On the supposition that it had been coaxed out of a chink in the wall I should have expected to see some movement of the reptile or endeavor to escape; but we were given to understand that it was charmed. The boy seized it behind the head, and, after I had inspected it, popped it into his bag, which I observed to contain others, apparently of the same kind.

We visited four or five other houses, in two of which a serpent on the floor was the result of the incantations and movements exhibited by the charmer at the entry to the alleged infested apartment.

I noted that he never "charmed" save when he came upon a room to which there was no other entry than a doorway from the one we happened to be in.

To my strongly-urged desire to first enter such *cul-de-sac*, in order to see the issue of the mesmerized serpent from its lurking-place, I was told that the charmer objected, on account of the evil influence of the presence of an "uncomplimentarily-specified individual" upon the operation of the magic process.

It reminded me of the objections of our own spiritualists to the presence of a

sceptic, and to too much light in the room.

I thereupon watched the Sheik the more closely, and distinctly detected a slight but rapid and energetic quivering movement of the left arm and sleeve, immediately preceding his announcement of the success of his incantation. The poor snake, which had been jerked out, lay, like the first, in a half-coiled, sluggish state on the floor.

I charged the impostor with the fact, and was happily unacquainted with the meaning of the loud and voluble remonstrances of the derwish and his gathering of dusky believers, to which my friendly conductor put a stop by threatening to thrash the saint.

I returned to the hotel with the conviction that "serpent-charming" was not conducted under circumstances favorable to a rational or scientific explanation of the process; that, on the contrary, it was attended, like other marvels which dread the light, with purposive obstructions to fair and accurate observations; and, finally, that it was a rude mode of conjuring, in which the snake, professed to be charmed out of a hole in the wall, was concealed upon the person of the conjuror, and transferred by sleight of arm and hand to the floor of the room alleged to have been infested.

I parted, gratefully, from my worthy and liberal guide—for the time Mr. Broadway devoted to this wish of mine was, I knew, of considerable value to him,—under the impression, however, that he had engaged in the experiment as a believer in serpent-charming, and with a view of removing my skepticism thereon. The result was, evidently, a shaking of his own belief, though without unqualified acceptance of my explanation of the process.

Mr. Broadway, however, kindly promised to repeat the experiments after my departure from Cairo, with certain precautions and conditions which I suggested. He associated with him in the investigation an intelligent and close observer, and I have been recently favored by Dr. Grant with the following communications on the subject:

"CAIRO, October 12, 1871.

"PROFESSOR OWEN:

"DEAR SIR: I write this to prevent your using any documents you may have on serpent-charming, for scientific purposes, till the subject is more thoroughly examined. Mr. Broadway and I have set

about clearing up the matter in a way that will recommend itself to you, and we have already got three-fourths finished. Had it not been that I am at present very busy, you would have had a full account of what we have already ascertained, instead of this *promissory* note. Knowing that you are anxious to have serpent-charming properly investigated, so as to leave no shadow of a doubt either way, I beg you will wait for my communication, which I am convinced will satisfy your mind, in as far as serpent-charming in Egypt is concerned; and it is allowed that the Egyptians stand second to none in this respect, unless to the Hindoos; and rest assured, even in their case, it is but a piece of legerdemain.

"Pardon the liberty I have taken in thus writing you, and believe me,

"Yours respectfully,

(Signed)

"J. A. S. GRANT."

"CAIRO, October 20, 1871.

"PROFESSOR OWEN :

"DEAR SIR: By last mail I sent you a letter promising to give you some information on serpent-charming, and I now take pleasure in communicating to you the facts that have come to light since Mr. Broadway and I have put the matter to the test. We procured two serpents from the desert, one a *cerastes cornutus*, the other a *cobra di capello*, and had them kept in a box made with two compartments. A professed serpent-charmer, who had lately successfully practiced his art in other houses, was sent for several times by those who had employed him before, but each time an evasive answer was returned, and he could not be got. After a time we were successful in getting a member of the Rifaueh to come.

"The Rifaueh are the first and most celebrated of the four orders of the Derwishes. They are divided into three sects, with distinct functions. These are—

"1st, Floranueh or Owlad Ilwan.—These pretend to thrust iron spikes into their eyes and body without injury; to pass swords through the body, and skewers through the cheeks, without producing a wound. They also eat snakes and live coals.

"2d, Saadueh.—These pretend to handle with impunity venomous serpents and scorpions. They also partly devour serpents.

"3d, Owlad Syidi Gamaa.—These pre-

tend to detect the presence of serpents anywhere, and to have the power of calling them out from their hiding-places. They also eat them entire.

"The Order was founded by Seyyid Ahmad Rifaah el Kebur, who is reported to have had supernatural power over serpents, the secret of which he handed down to his followers. He is revered as a saint; and his tomb is said to be full of serpents, so that even in death he attracts them to him. The Sheikh of the Order resides in Cairo.

"We concealed the box containing the cerastes and the cobra under a divan, but with the box-lids sufficiently open to allow of their exit. When the charmer was called in he consented to an examination, and allowed his loose frock to slip from his shoulders to his feet, showing himself naked. In an instant however, he replaced it over his shoulders and proceeded to his work.\* He had a long slender stick which was quite solid. He went along the passage on which the rooms opened, at one time whistling, then beating the wall with his stick, and repeating an incantation in Arabic. While Mr. Broadway followed and kept his eye on the charmer, I watched the boy who had accompanied him with a bag of serpents. When he came opposite the kitchen door, which was wide open, he stopped, stepped forward a little, and then starting back, exclaimed, 'There is one—there is one, come, come!' At this moment Mr. Broadway peeped round the edge of the door, but saw nothing. The charmer seeing this movement, made a feint as if the serpent had seen him, (Mr. B.,) and turned back to its hole. Then he rushed into the kitchen and with his stick brought out a serpent, a harmless house-snake, which I am sure was not there before he introduced it. He now began to play with it, making it bite his galabieh and pretending to tear out its poison-fangs.

"He was told there was still another serpent to be removed, and that of a different kind. He deposited this one *alive* in the boy's bag. (They profess that if once they kill or connive at the killing of a snake, they would forever lose their power over them. How then do they re-

\* Snakes concealed in the sleeve-bags would not, necessarily, be displaced or detected in this process. The frock should have been removed and searched.—R. O.



tain their power and yet eat them?) This time I kept my eye upon the charmer, and Mr. Broadway watched the boy, as we entered the room where our serpents were. There were also other spectators. He went through the same maneuvers as in the passage, only, after having gone several times around the room and effected nothing, he began to poke with his stick in holes about the walls, when he was told that any one could poke a snake out of his hole in that way, but that *he* was to call it out.

"Failing to find an opportunity of doing his work, he asked to have a wardrobe opened, which I did, leaving one half of the door shut. Behind this he began to poke, and before I could detect any thing he inserted his arm, and cried 'There is one! there is one!' and pretended to exert great force in drawing it out. Then he cried 'There are two! there are two!' and directly brought out two ordinary house-snakes. We could not detect the trick, though convinced that it was sleight-of-hand. We insisted, however, that there were more serpents in the room, but he was emphatic in his assertions that there were none; and swore by his saint who had invested him with this power, that the place was cleared of them.

"Finding that we could not urge him on to further display of his skill, I asked for his stick, and with it I pushed from under the divan, the box in which our serpents were undisturbed. He looked at them and exclaimed, 'These are from the desert, from the Western Mountains. I don't know how to work with these.' We all laughed heartily, which so annoyed him that he began to prove that he was one of the order of serpent-charmers by eating one of his own serpents. This, however, did not convince us, and calling for the boy, we made him put one of his house-snakes into a hat, and placed the hat in the middle of the room. Then we asked the charmer to call this snake out. 'Oh no!' he said, 'I can not do this; because, once a snake has been charmed and imprisoned, it will never be charmed again to become imprisoned again.'

"Thus baffled, we took him before the Prefect of Police, and found that he was one of the Rifauyeh. The Prefect told him that he was a conjuror, (Habass,) and that all his kind were conjurors, and ended by saying, 'Be off with you, you dog!'

On explaining, however to the Prefect what we wanted, he assured us that the whole of them, not excepting the Sheikh of the order, were deceivers; but he would further our object by ordering the Sheikh to appear next day.

"On leaving the Zabatieh the charmer and his boy, who had been waiting outside, clamored for 'bucksheesh,' which we promised to give them when they returned with the Sheikh. They walked off sheepishly without further solicitations. During the afternoon of the next day we took our serpents to the Police-station to meet the Sheikh. In the crowd outside a hot discussion was kept up regarding the powers of the Sheikh,—a Jew maintaining that he had no more power over these serpents than any other person, and that he would not dare to touch them; a Moslim, on the other hand, declaring that the Sheikh would not only handle them with impunity, but would eat them.

"When the Sheikh appeared I questioned him carefully, and obtained the following information,—that his name was Mohammed Yaseen; that he was the Sheikh es Seggadeh el Rifa'eeyeh, (occupant of the prayer-carpet of the founder of the order: the 'Seggadeh' is considered the spiritual throne;) that he knew how to devour fire and eat snakes; that he had secrets from his ancestors that those under him did not know, and that some of those under him had secrets that he did not know; that he dare not touch those serpents of ours; that if he were bitten by them he would be poisoned like other men; that he did not know how to charm serpents; that there were none in Cairo who could; that if there were any who said they could, they were kadabeen, (liars;) that there were only fifty or sixty men who had this secret transmitted to them from father to son; that he knew for certain these had the power of detecting where serpents were, and could entice them out from their hiding-places by calling 'My cousin, my cousin;' that all serpents were alike to them, and not one more capable of being charmed than another; that you might take a serpent of your own and put a mark upon it, and secrete it anywhere and that they would bring it out for you; that these men are called 'Owlad Syidi Gamaa,' and live in two villages (Deesibs, in the Minoofieh district, and Dinoshier near Mahallah) at a considerable distance from

Cairo; that they are agriculturists, and earn their bread by tilling the soil; that they have this power over serpents imparted to them on condition that they never take any reward for whatever service they may render in using it, (hence they do not travel round the country, nor lay themselves out for serpent-charming, but remain at their villages, following remunerative employments;) that all those who practice the art of serpent-charming and take money for it are deceivers; that he expected one of the genuine charmers to visit Cairo next month (shaaban) and he promised to bring him to us, begging in an undertone that the exhibition should not be at the Police-station.

"The Prefect, being now disengaged, began to cross-examine the Sheikh, and we noticed a great discrepancy in his different answers. He now confessed that he did not know positively that these fifty or sixty men could call serpents from their hiding-places, but as it was the talk (*on dit*) of the country, he believed it. The Prefect, however, declared, that they were all Habbaseen (conjurers) whether they accepted the money or not. On this the Sheikh became angry and left. We followed, and on passing through the courtyard we heard the disappointed Moslems excusing their Sheikh by saying that we would not give up the serpents, and on that account the Sheikh would not display his powers. Their belief is that once the Sheikh has brought serpents under his influence, he must not let them go out of his possession. The Sheikh, however, did not intimate any such thing to us, but absolutely refused to touch them.

(Signed) "J. A. S. GRANT."

In the last letter with which I have been favored, Dr. Grant writes:

"The other day I met the 'serpent-boy' who accompanied the 'serpent-charmer' we had employed, and I bribed him to tell me how we were deceived. He was unwilling at first to inform me, but, after a little wrangling about how much the bribe should be, he declared that the charmer had the serpents concealed about his dress in small bags, one being in one bag and two in the other. This appeared to me to afford a feasible explanation of what the charmer effected, for the two serpents were twined together just as if they had been confined in a small space, and the

great exertion manifested on his part to get them out was a mere pretence to have his other hand introduced to manage to open the bag and to conceal it while we were being attracted by the serpents."

Human nature is pretty much the same in all ages and climes.

Unregenerate craftsmen, if work be scarce, and comes not naturally, will "make work" when others have to pay for it.

It seems to be an accepted principle with plumbers and glaziers, for example, that they have no further concern with the fire they have had to kindle on the roof of hall or castle after the lead it has melted has been duly applied *secundem artem*. It would be a cheap insurance if a fireman or policeman or other trusty individual were employed, as a rule, to visit and inspect the locality immediately after such artisans had left work. It may be deemed an imperative precaution when a mansion stored with priceless rarities has any need of the services of a plumber.

But to come back closer to my subject. At a happy period of my life when I came into possession of the charming abode assigned to me by the gracious favor of the Queen, in Richmond Park, I was discussing with the gardener, one fine evening in May, some horticultural operations, when a functionary of the Park was announced and made his appearance. He was the "mole-catcher," and had plied his vocation there, he told me, man and boy, for upward of fifty years. He respectfully intimated to me that my predecessor had found it necessary to avail himself of his services in keeping down what would otherwise be a grievous pest to both lawn and flower-bed. I expressed my surprise at the intimation. Rats, I knew, were plentiful about, but moles I had thought were a scarce article in a garden. However, I inquired the "terms," as it was "no part of his regular business to look after the gentlemen's gardens belonging to the Park." My predecessor, it appeared, had subsidized the old expert at a guinea a year, and I was warranted "never to see a mole twice" in the garden on these terms. The difficulty, it struck me, was as to getting any glimpse at all of the interesting burrower: but it was the mole-heaps old Warps meant: once leveled after the up-turner had been trapped, they would not reappear. I hesitated, and

pondered on the capabilities of my then limited salary from the Royal College of Surgeons, and its contrast with the probable fortune of my gallant predecessor at Sheen Lodge, and concluded that I must forego the luxury of keeping a mole-catcher.

Next morning I was disturbed at breakfast by my gardener, with the announcement that the moles had been at work; and, by a most curious coincidence, in the very part of the kitchen-garden where the conference with the mole-catcher had been held on the previous evening. There, sure enough, no fewer than six mole-hills had been raised in that very night, most of them breaking up the rows of the brightly-sprouting peas, on which I had been building flattering hopes of a rarely-enjoyed luxury. Touching which, I remember Mr. Ellis of the "Star and Garter" once giving me an instance of the refinement that the gustatory sense may attain to by due cultivation. The prime-warden of a City Company, holding a summer festival on Richmond Hill, interpellated the waiter by, "You rascal, these are mixed peas!" Meaning that only half of them had been gathered on the day of the feast.

It seemed plain to me that moles and fresh-gathered peas were incompatible. I struck my flag: sent for the mole-trapper, and paid him his guinea in advance. I never regretted it. I got more mole-lore out of that old gentleman than I had ever before heard or read of. He always reminded me of a mole himself—a thin, prognathic visage; the nose longer than it was deep, and ending in a red point; the smallest, keenest eyes that ever peered out of sockets.

If at home on the evenings of his professional inspection, I usually ordered a jug of Mortlake ale into the arbor, and went in for mole-gossip.

I owe to Warps my first evidence of the vocal powers of *Mustela vulgaris*.

"You know, sir, them parts of the Park as the servant-galls and people won't go near to, after dark, coz of the screams of the murdered babby as was heard there-about half the night."

"Well, it must have taken a long time to kill," I interpose.

"Now I tell you what that was, sir, it were a weasel as got trapped in one of my mole-traps, and I never heard a

beast squeal so loud afore. I couldn't 'a thought such a little critter could 'a made such a row."

After a long pull at the jug, old Warps grew confidential. "Now, I don't mind showing you, sir, what a mole can do." And he pulled a live one out of the depths of a capacious pocket in his fustian jacket. "You'd never think to look at him he could run so quick." And I own I was surprised the first time I witnessed the rate the little short-limbed animal sped along the hard ground till he came to the nearest bed, then with snout and the fore-shovels up flew the soft mold, and he was out of sight in a few seconds.

"But, Warps," I exclaimed, "he's got into the carnation-bed, and will have them all up!"

"Oh, never fear, sir! I'll have him again to-morrow," and so he did.

Whenever I wanted a mole for anatomical purposes, I had only to send to old Warps, and it was forthcoming. No matter at what season, or of what sex, or in what stage of the "interesting condition" of the female. When other monographs now in hand are finished off, I may have leisure to work up my materials so obtained, for an embryogeny of *Talpa europæa*.

I own to a voluntary blindness to one weakness of Warps, which I had not at first suspected, and to which some of my neighbors were less indulgent.

I was making a call on the resident of one of those beautiful villas at Roehampton, just outside the Park wall, and was ushered into my friend's garden. We paced along the noble gravel-walk separated by a well-grown evergreen hedge from the pathway to the offices. Our chat happened to turn upon moles.

"Do you know," I asked, "how quickly they will run on hard gravel like this?"

"Oh yes," said he; "I have seen it, and I can tell you more than that. Did you know, Professor, that a mole can leap?"

"No," said I, "that it can't do; its organization is quite unfitted for that mode of motion."

"It can, though," replied my neighbor; "I have seen a mole take a flying leap over that very Portugal laurel," (it was at least eight feet high,) "and come down on this very walk. It was then I first saw how fast a mole could run. Mr. So-

and-so" (a common acquaintance) "happened to be here with me, and if he had not been quick enough to give the little beast a kick on the ribs before it had buried itself in the flower-bed, I should have believed it to have been a rat. Fancying I heard a footstep in the back walk just before the mole flew over the fence, I called my servant and asked if any one had been that way to the kitchen? 'Only old Warps,' he said, 'the mole-catcher.' 'Ah,' rejoined my neighbor, 'I suspected so. Tell that old rouse when next you see him, that if ever I catch him

within fifty yards of my boundary, I'll make him remember it the longest day he has got to live!'"

Poor old Warps was not far from his longest and last when he sent the live mole flying over the laurel bushes. About a month after he was laid in mother earth, where he rests quieter than his subjects.

This he may plead; that, if he brought the vermin into the grounds he was paid to keep out of them, he trapped them fairly, and made no pretence to an art he did not possess.

RICHARD OWEN.

Christmas-tide, 1871, Sheen Lodge, Richmond Park.

Macmillan's Magazine.

### A CONVERSATION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRIENDS IN COUNCIL."

THE following conversation took place lately amongst certain friends who have been called "Friends in Council."

As I have often before described these personages, it will not be necessary for me to do so now; and, without further preface, I will introduce my readers into their circle, and narrate the conversation which thus abruptly commenced:

*Ellesmere.* Mauleverer and I have had a long walk together, this morning. We went as far as Speedham Ponds. We talked incessantly; and I am proud to say that there was not one minute of our talk during which we agreed upon any point of any single subject—not even when we abused the absent, who are now present. And if there is any subject on which two people can agree, it is in the depreciation of their common friends.

*Mauleverer.* Ellesmere takes such shallow views. He is always on the surface of things.

*Ellesmere.* It is better to swim than to sink.

*Sir Arthur.* I suppose the controversy was upon the old subject—the misery of mankind?

*Ellesmere.* It was.

*Mauleverer.* Ellesmere does not seem to see that man is a wretched creature in himself. He makes the silly excuse for him, that it is always the unfortunate circumstance, and not the man himself, who is to blame.

*Ellesmere.* There is one thing which Mauleverer and the misery-mongers al-

ways forget. People talk a great deal about Hope as being the chief solace of mankind. I believe that if Hope alone had been at the bottom of Pandora's box, the Mauleverers would have prevailed, and the human race would soon have come to an end. But there is something in praise of which no Poetry is made, and to express which, indeed, there is no single word that I know of, but which performs as great a part in comforting and encouraging mankind as Hope itself.

*Sir Arthur.* What can he mean?

*Ellesmere.* Well, he is beating his brains to invent a word. Shall we say "excusativeness?" That is not a pretty word—that won't do. Perhaps there is some word in Greek; but that is a doubly dead language to me now. A certain learned man, however, was expounding Aristotle to me the other day; and it seemed to me that Aristotle was one of the most skillful word-mongers that has ever appeared. Is there any word in Greek which means putting a good face upon it, or putting quite another face upon it?

*Cranmer.* This is rather hazy. I do not begin to find myself consoled for the the miseries of life by what Ellesmere has hitherto said.

*Ellesmere.* I think I shall call my twin-brother of Hope, the power of making a judicious statement.

The best illustration that I can take is from the language of military dispatches. For instance: "The enemy crossed the bridge, and our advanced guard fell back



upon the right wing." Or thus: "We deployed from the heights and occupied a favorable position in the valley."

In civil as well as military life, in private as well as in public life, our advanced guard is constantly falling back upon our right wing; and we deploy from the heights to occupy a favorable position in the valley. Stupid and envious bystanders, or nasty, spying, troublesome historians, say that our advanced guard was nearly cut to pieces, and that our deploying from the heights was the inevitable result of a tremendous strategical blunder. But our power of judicious statement enables us to bear up against any amount of hostile criticism, and is, I believe, the great comfort of our lives.

Observe this, too, that the power of making judicious statements increases in due proportion with the facility for committing errors. For example: I have no doubt (whatever may be said to the contrary) that imaginative men are more prone to commit errors than other people, and they would descend into depths of despair if they had not an extra power of making judicious statements. With the imaginative man, the advanced guard does not merely fall back upon the right wing; but he says, "We *threw back* our advanced guard upon the right wing;" clearly indicating a voluntary operation. Again: he does not make his forces deploy from the heights in the way that ordinary men do. He adds several fine touches, and says: "Exactly at the right moment, in accordance with the highest strategical considerations, our forces, in admirable order, deployed from the heights, in order to occupy a most commanding position in the valley."

*Milverton.* Ellesmere has occupied some time in explanation; but what he says is perfectly true, and it may be doubted whether hope for the future would be sufficient to console men if they could not gloss over the past.

*Ellesmere.* What I complain of Mauleverer, is, that he is so detestably consistent. He does not seem to improve at all by the good conversation he hears from us. Now, I change a little; but always, I trust, in the right direction. I have become a mass of tolerance. A large and varied survey of the miseries of mankind has led me to conclude that every man is a being much to be pitied. One can not be angry

with men, or be otherwise than tolerant of all their errors and shortcomings, when one thinks that most men have teeth—that some men shave—that we have to get up and go to bed (both of them detestable operations) every day—that there is hardly any place, however remote, in which there is not more than one delivery of letters in the course of the twenty-four hours—that any human being, however foolish, can annoy any other human being, however sensible, (though thousands of miles should separate them,) by informing him abruptly, in a brutal telegram, of all the unpleasant things that can happen—that pleasures are taken in such large doses as to become rather like poisons, dinners lasting sometimes three hours—that we have to live with creatures, very like and yet very unlike ourselves, who are strangely attractive to us, and whom we fondly and vainly endeavor to manage (they every day in these times becoming more unmanageable)—that children will scream at the top of their voices, and wear out shoes in the most reckless manner—that most of our abodes are but vertical continuations of sewers—that there is no good weather anywhere; it is always too hot, or too cold, or too rainy, or too shiny, or too misty, or too dazzling—that old ladies will have the windows up in a railway carriage when the wind is south, and young ladies the windows down when the wind is east—that there is such a thing as public speaking, and that no one can say or write any thing with reasonable brevity—I say again that a male human being is a creature whom one can not regard but with the utmost pity; and even his slight aberrations from perfect virtue are results which may naturally be expected to follow from the adverse circumstances that surround him.

*Cranmer.* It does not seem to me that in this talk which Mauleverer and Ellesmere had this morning, either of them could have been doing more than bringing forward half-truths, and exaggerating these greatly.

*Lady Ellesmere.* For my part, I am delighted that John has arrived even at half-truths; so that they make him a little more tolerant.

*Ellesmere.* I am not merely tolerant; I have become appreciative, in the highest degree. For instance, I am convinced that Milverton is not quite so foolish a person as I once thought.

*Mrs. Milverton.* Pardon me for interrupting the conversation; but, my dear, what did Sir John mean when he said that our houses were vertical continuations of sewers?

*Ellesmere.* I think you might have asked me to explain, Mrs. Milverton: but of course your husband knows every thing better than any body else.

*Milverton.* I wish, my dear, that I could not only explain what he said, but that I could explain it away. It seemed to me to come in ill with his minor perplexities of human life, for it indicates a most serious evil. Sanitary science has really made a great advance in our time; but the application of that science has not made any thing like a proportionate advance. The subject in question is not a very savory one; but it is one which people should be thoroughly made aware of.

There are certain gases, very injurious to human life, which are generated in our sewers and such like receptacles. Our houses, of course, have close communication with these sewers. We either make no provision against the entrance of these gases into our houses, or provision of such a kind as must be expected occasionally to fail. For instance, the water is evaporated from what are called "water-traps," and then the house is utterly defenceless against these gases.

Now look at the matter somewhat in the abstract. Here are certain noxious creatures endowed with great power of penetration. They make a perpetual effort to escape from their confinement. If the house is the only place into which they can escape, they will be sure some day or other to find a weak part in its defences, and to make an entrance there.

If it were not so painful a thing, it would be almost ludicrous to state, and it would have delighted Swift or any other cynical satirist to state it, that we provide what we call a partial remedy for this evil by allowing these gases to escape through gratings into the streets, thus mildly poisoning the general community.

*Sir Arthur.* I am shamefully ignorant upon these subjects, Milverton; but are not these gratings necessary to carry off the rainfall?

*Milverton.* That ought to be provided for otherwise. But the main thing that is wanted in the way of remedy for this great evil is, that sewers and all such affairs

should have ventilated shafts, by which these gases should be carried off into the higher atmosphere, and indeed, as I think, should be decomposed previously to their exit into that atmosphere.

*Cranmer.* All this would be very expensive, you know, Milverton.

*Milverton.* Yes: the cost might be equivalent, in a large mansion, to that of an Axminster carpet for one of the principal rooms; but you had much better walk upon deal boards, for the rest of your life, than live in houses which are perpetually threatened by the danger I have indicated, and have not one whit exaggerated.

*Ellesmere.* You remember our dear friend P——, the most humorous man I ever knew, and how amused he was at a little child of two or three years old, who was still called "Baby," telling him that it was a "use'l baby." The idea of a baby being "useful" delighted our humorous friend, and afterwards he was wont to call himself, being a very little man, "the useful baby." Though I am a big fellow, I arrogate to myself the same title, and certainly I am a baby in sanitary science, but a useful baby; for, as you see, I have been the means of eliciting a careful exposition from our sanitary friend of a great evil. I am very much pleased with Milverton just at present; and as regards another matter, I will frankly confess, as I intimated before, that he is not so foolish as I used to think.

*Milverton.* Don't compliment me so highly before my face, otherwise I shall have to leave the room. As you know, I have always maintained that though one can bear a great deal of written flattery, one does not like extravagant eulogiums to be addressed to oneself *viva voce*—especially in the presence of others.

*Sir Arthur.* But how is it, Ellesmere, that you have, all of a sudden, arrived at this high opinion of Milverton's merits?

*Ellesmere.* Well, you know, he is always boring us about organization and the wonders that might be done by it, and also the mischiefs that might be prevented by it. It will astonish and shock you to hear what a loss the country has been near sustaining, when I tell you that I might have been killed in a recent railway accident in Scotland——

*Lady Ellesmere.* Don't speak jokingly, John, about such a serious matter.

*Ellesmere.* And all for want of judi-

cious organization. This led me to consider, with all the care prompted by self-interest, the organization of railways; and I certainly do admit that it is very defective. I will not trouble you with the details of my misadventure. You will have seen all about it in the newspapers. But it made me very critical.

Now only look at one little thing in which there is such a want of forethought and management. You have an immensely long train, and the carriages are all so much alike in color that it is impossible to distinguish them. Then you see wretched human beings who have ventured to devour a meal at some great station, such as York, in vain endeavoring to find their carriages again. The train has been moved, so that even a person who has a keen sense of locality, and has taken care to observe exactly at what part of the station he has got out, finds the position of things, when he returns, entirely changed, and has to rely upon the faintest indication of ownership which may lead him back to his own carriage. All this trouble and confusion would have been prevented, or at least immensely diminished, by having carriages of various colors.

*Milverton.* I noticed this long ago, and I believe stated it to you.

*Ellesmere.* The words of the wise, or, as I should say, the words of the not very foolish, are unheeded until suffering brings them home. I am beginning to be a convert to the notion that Government should have the control of the railways.

*Mauleverer.* They are so successful in all that they manage, that one can not avoid coming to that conclusion.

*Sir Arthur.* I do not wish for this at all. I do not think that the Government of this country is strong enough to bear any additional odium; and odium there would be arising from every accident that might occur. Neither do I think that they are strong enough, intellectually speaking, to take this burden upon their shoulders.

*Milverton.* I think Government could make great improvements in railway traveling; but I agree with Sir Arthur that they are not at present strong enough to undertake this great additional business.

I wish you would let me take this opportunity of talking over with you a subject which has long been in my mind, and respecting which I should greatly like to hear your various opinions.

*Ellesmere.* Yes: we will allow you to do so. It always makes a conversation interesting when there is some backbone to it; when there is some fellow—tiresome or otherwise—who has got into his head some idea which he wishes to impress upon the rest of the company. Be it remembered, however, that this is only the case when the rest of the company are strong enough to prevent themselves from being oppressed by the Man with the Idea; and also when there is a sufficient number of irrelevant people who will interrupt by somewhat vague and inconclusive remarks, which, however, are serviceable as tending to provoke the Man with the Idea and compel him to a certain pleasing diffuseness. Even foolish people are good when they hinder tyrants.

*Sir Arthur.* Having thus received *Ellesmere's* sanction, expressed in such flattering terms both to yourself and ourselves, *Milverton*, you may proceed.

*Milverton.* Well, then, I say, not only is Government weak, but that all the old governing forces of the world are also weak, or are in course of being weakened.

*Ellesmere.* Interruption number one, by ignorant person: Please define old governing forces.

*Milverton.* I mean not only the Government of any country, whatever form that Government may have, but the governing forces arising from the influence of religion, from the possession of land or other capital, of rank, of learning in all its branches, (including art,) and in short all those forces which have hitherto, ostensibly or non-ostensibly, had a large share in ruling the world.

It can not be denied, I think, that all these forces are in the process of being weakened.

At any rate they are weakened relatively by the introduction of new forces of great potency.

*Ellesmere.* Please define these also.

*Milverton.* These new forces are such as have been developed by the extension of Science, the increased freedom of the Press, and the additional power given to the people.

It can not be denied that these forces are, comparatively speaking, new, and that they have received an immense development in the last hundred years.

With regard to the Press, the increase of power is perfectly enormous. Asser-

tion, through it, has become facile in the highest degree. Denial on the part of any of the governing classes which it may attack has become proportionately difficult.

No one will deny that the power of the people has enormously increased. By people I mean those persons who did not formerly partake of any of the power belonging to what I have called the old governing forces.

Then there comes Science; and under the head of Science I would include all those results of scientific endeavor which have inevitably given great rapidity to the spreading of free thought, and have enabled combinations of men with similar aims to be made with comparative facility throughout many countries.

Have I made any statement in respect to which you wish to take any objection?

*Sir Arthur.* No: we may not agree with the exact wording of what you have said; but we do, I think, with the substance.

*Milverton.* Now, I am not going to express any vain regrets at the present state of things, or to manifest any stupid conservatism, as Ellesmere would call it. On the contrary, I decline to be dismayed at the present aspect of things, and am always prone to believe that the progress of the world is toward good.

*Mauleverer.* That I deny.

*Milverton.* At the same time I must admit that there are great dangers which may possibly arise from an unhappy conflict between the old and the new forces, especially in a country such as ours, which holds its great prosperity upon a somewhat uncertain tenure. I must give an illustration of what I mean. A large part of our prosperity arises, or at least has arisen, from the confidence which other nations have long entertained in the stability of our institutions. This has made our country the emporium of the world. The first Rothschild who settled here used to say of the British Funds, "This is the horse that has never been down." But it is not upon the opinion of any one man, however fit to give an opinion, that I would rely. The opinion of the whole commercial world may be discerned by the fact that Great Britain is the emporium of the world. Some peculiar circumstances have enabled me to be as good a judge of this matter as any living man. On a certain occasion it was decided by the Government of this

country that no vessel should be allowed to carry any goods that might be used as material for war, without a permit signed by me or my immediate subordinate. You may imagine how large and various are the kinds of goods which may be considered material for war. I found that there were certain classes of these goods of which we practically possessed the total quantity. I do not mean to say that the ownership of those goods was entirely ours. But here the goods were, possessed by owners of all nations.

*Cranmer.* I can thoroughly confirm your statement, Milverton. I was in office at the time, as you may recollect.

*Milverton.* Well, now, just consider what would be the result—not the temporary result, but the permanent result, of any great disturbance arising from a conflict between the old and the new forces I have described, and which would shake the confidence of other nations in our stability. Take into your consideration the immense number of people to whom this confidence, in an indirect way, gives employment. Let me further illustrate the facts I have stated, by telling you that vessels pass by the places where certain articles of commerce are produced, and come on to Great Britain as to the emporium where there will be the largest heaping up of these products, and the best means of choice afforded to the purchaser for making his purchases.

You see, therefore, that the present state of things, as regards us, is rather contrary to Nature, and is the result of Art—namely, the Art of Government.

*Ellesmere.* These certainly are very striking facts. The terrible thing is, that so few people know much about what goes on in a great country like ours. I have often wished for a little book that would tell us every thing about ourselves which it is desirable to know. You may all laugh; but I have not even mastered, though I have been Attorney-General, the respective duties of the various Government offices.

*Milverton.* I proceed to work out my idea, being delighted, at the same time, to observe that there are still some things which Sir John Ellesmere admits he does not understand.

I think that, for men like yourselves, I need not dwell upon the question as to the extent of injury that would arise from any



great political disturbance in this country—injury, I mean, to our commercial interests, from confidence in our political stability being shaken.

*Ellesmere.* No; that is self-evident. I delight in that expression of old Rothschild's, "The horse that has never been down."

*Milverton.* How many people, when they contemplate the possibility of any great political disturbance, think of the Monarchy, or the Church, or the owners of land, or the possessors of capital, or the artists, or the men of letters, or the professional men, who might, at any rate for the time, be ruined by this disturbance?

I feel for them; but far more for the laboring classes, whose sufferings would be absolutely fearful. This I could show you, if we had the Census returns in the room, and you could see what an enormous number of persons there are whose daily wages are dependent upon this stability. If any such disturbance comes, and is of long duration, there will be a state of suffering for the poorer classes, such as that of which the great sieges of the world have given a fearful example. Recollect that at such a time you can not ship off your suffering millions to find their living in other and happier countries. It is comparatively a narrow space in which you have to work.

*Sir Arthur.* Granted. I am fond, as you know, of summing up. I always fancy I should like to have been a judge. I will sum up what you have said:

Old governing forces are weak or being weakened: new and potent forces have arisen. Great Britain is the emporium of the world, by reason of the confidence placed in it: political disturbance of much duration will destroy this confidence: poor people will suffer most.

*Ellesmere.* He did not exactly say that: he said that his sympathies would be most with the poor people. Go on.

*Milverton.* The first thing is, that all the old governing forces should perceive the danger, whatever danger there is; should not contend with each other; and should endeavor to reconcile themselves to the new state of things.

*Ellesmere.* This, too, is not unreasonable.

*Milverton.* Now comes the real gist of the matter. The policy should not be a policy of fear. That means defeat. Now, neither conquest nor defeat ought to be in

the minds of those who are the inheritors of the old forces.

Neither should it be a policy of compromise.

*Ellesmere.* Oh! oh! Why, compromise is the very essence of modern life!

*Milverton.* I can not help that. I say again, it should not be a policy of compromise; it should be a policy of conciliation.

*Cranmer.* Please explain.

*Milverton.* This will be my hardest work to-day; and I almost fear that I shall not, in the course of a conversation, be able to show you all that I think upon this matter, and all that I certainly feel. But I will try.

Trace up all these ruling forces to their origin, and you will see that it is a good one. I will especially deal with the new forces. Take Science, for instance. It may tend to produce disturbance by coming in conflict with old opinions of much weight and value, and with old customs, manners, and ways of thinking. But it is in its essence good. It is simply a result of the pursuit of truth. Then take the Press. You can not for a moment maintain that its freedom is not essentially a good thing. It is only talking the commonest commonplace to say that whatever mischief may be evolved by this freedom is in the abuse and not in the use of it.

Again: as regards the increased power of the people, it is a magnificent thing. What a grand event it is in the history of the world (don't look so blank, Mauleverer!) when you have a reasonable hope—mark you, I do not for the present put it higher—of uniting the people in the great office of governing themselves. It is almost Utopian in its greatness.

But the wished-for end may be accomplished.

*Mauleverer.* Wretched and misguided optimist!

*Milverton.* Yes, it may be accomplished. I will, however, be very candid with you, and will admit that there is a considerable fear which pervades my mind; and that is, lest there should not be time enough to accomplish this great end—lest downward progress should go too far and too fast (especially too fast)—lest the old powers and the old forces should not have time to accommodate themselves to the new state of things; and thus the policy of conciliation should fail.

*Ellesmere.* Again ignorance demands explanation. What do you mean by this policy of conciliation?

*Milverton.* Perhaps there is hardly any thing more difficult to explain than a policy of any kind, or rather to explain how such a policy should be conducted. I mean this—that all the objects which are put forward, or are likely to be put forward, by the possessors of the new forces, should be considered in any thing but an antagonistic spirit by the possessors of the old ruling forces, and that they should discern the common ground whereon they can act with the others.

I could give many instances in which I believe this common ground could be found. The night would descend upon us before I should have exhausted these instances, and I must not weary you. There is one, however, which I will name, and which appears at present to have seized hold of the minds of many men. It is, the physical well-being of the poorer classes. Now, I should have no hope of this forming a common ground of endeavor for all the forces I have mentioned, if it were a new thing. It might then be fairly argued that this common ground, as I call it, had been sought for from motives of fear, or from a search after compromise. I do not hold to either of these classes of motives.

I say again that the endeavor to promote the physical well-being of the poorer classes is not a new thing. Long before the recent political changes took place, there were thousands of persons in the more prosperous classes who had devoted themselves to the promotion of this great object, as also there were thousands of persons who sought to promote the education of the people.

Now these persons, and they are very numerous, come into court with clean hands, as it were. They welcome the new forces as powers which are likely to be of service to them, and so they do much toward the conciliation of which I have spoken.

This country has for so long a time been practically a country of great freedom, both of action and opinion, that there are many other classes of men who are inevitably conciliators of the new and the old forces. There are, for instance, the religious men who have welcomed without fear the truths of science. There are the statesmen, or the men of statesmanlike mind, who have

always been ready to consider the great questions in which workpeople are mainly interested, such as Co-operation. And, in fact, if you take into view the whole political world of Great Britain, you will find that there are a great number of persons who, consciously or unconsciously, afford the means of conciliation between the old and the new forces. It is therefore, I contend, within the limits of rational hope that this policy of conciliation may be carried forward successfully. If it is successful, we shall maintain our position as one of the greatest nations on the face of the earth; if it fail, we must prepare for decadence.

I have been the principal speaker for the last half-hour, and am almost ashamed of the position I have occupied. But you have not shown any wish to depose me, and even Ellesmere has been very tractable. I can not continue this conversation, for I am very tired; but if you wish to resume it to-morrow, I shall try to meet any objections with which you may favor me.

*Ellesmere.* I wish to make a remark. I suppose it will be pronounced to be irrelevant. It is this: that when you are speaking of the forces that influence the world and keep it together, you should name politeness; for that, in my opinion, is the greatest force in the world. It never ceases to act. You may observe that under whatever disastrous circumstances a man may be placed, he retains such politeness as he has, and does not forget his manners. The dying are polite; the condemned do not forget their manners. A man will hate you enough to be ready to slay you, but he will not comment before your face upon any personal defect you may have.

I assure you this is not a chance remark of mine made at the moment. I have been making it all my life. There is a certain respect which one human being has for another, which neither fear nor anger nor any other passion wholly violates. It is madness only that can be thoroughly unpolite.

*Milverton.* There is a great deal in what Ellesmere says.

*Ellesmere.* Yes: he does not always talk folly.

*Mauleverer.* It is true; but what he says has very little to do with the subject in question. People retained their politeness in the height of the first French revolution. This politeness is a constant quantity, as

the mathematicians would say. What we were talking about was the relation between the old and the new political forces. Upon that matter I must also make my remark. I do not think that Milverton dwelt half enough upon the additional power which has been gained by Calumny from the introduction of some of the new forces. A statement is rashly made by some foolish or inconsiderate person; and forthwith it is trumpeted all over the world. Millions of people read it. And it is a melancholy fact that we are not yet enough educated to withhold altogether all belief in a calumnious statement which we see set forth in print.

Now this augmentation of the power of Calumny has a most dangerous effect in lessening the power and influence of all persons in authority.

But I will not proceed further in this discussion, as Milverton said that he was tired. I trust, however, that he will take this remark of mine into consideration when he recommences.

[I must make an addition to this conversation, and must apologize for having to make it. At some point in the conversation Mr. Milverton became excited with his subject, and spoke very rapidly. Moreover, what he said particularly interested me; and, while thinking of it, I failed to make a note of it. He was speaking of the great power which the governing classes of any country still possessed—great power for good, as he said. And then he went on to say that whenever in history the governing classes had broken down as it were, and the State had gone into revolution or into ruin, it was because those governing classes had either been cowardly or unsympathetic, or perhaps both combined. He scarcely could believe, he added, that a nation could drift into these evil courses so long as its upper classes were courageous and sympathetic. He took care, however, to make an exception for those cases where the political disturbance was created by foreign war or dynastic quarrels.]

Fraser's Magazine.

#### THE KRIEGSSPIEL OR PRUSSIAN GAME OF WAR.

WE have long been told that "what is called inspiration in war, is nothing but the result of calculation quickly made," and this "the result of cabinet study or experience;" but probably few of us guessed to what an extent cabinet study might be made to imitate real experience, until we became acquainted with the now celebrated Kriegsspiel, on which the Prussian military attaché, Major Roerdansz, has recently lectured at our military institutions. We have sometimes solaced ourselves with the thought that we had frequent opportunities of testing officers' ability in some colonial war, insignificant perhaps in extent, but valuable in the lessons it taught and the experience it bequeathed. But what shall we say of a nation who, during a long period of profound peace, learn to play the terrible game of war so excellently that the results of three campaigns hardly display a false move or an erroneous calculation? The trumpet sounds, the study doors of the military establishments open, and there comes forth, not book worms or theoretical soldiers, but masters of grim war, carrying out their plans and pouring forth their hosts, not

perhaps with the rapidity of a Bonaparte, but with a precision and power that resemble some vast irresistible engine of battle. Much of the necessary knowledge has, no doubt, been acquired in their autumn campaigns, but we believe that the most distinguished Prussian generals lay still greater stress on the lessons learned indoors at the fortnightly exercise of the Kriegsspiel. It is high time, then, to examine the game to which Prince Frederick Charles, the Crown Prince, nay even Von Moltke himself, profess to owe so much. The Kriegsspiel may be described as the Prussian method of playing out the tactics of war, by means of maps very carefully made and contoured, and small lead blocks, representing every formation of troops, made to the exact scale of the map, and colored so as to indicate the cavalry, artillery, and infantry of two hostile armies. The peculiarity is, that all the conditions of service are copied sufficiently closely to keep the players constantly reminded of the contingencies arising in actual war.

The game is played in the following way. Two officers, who must have some experience in the handling of troops, act

as the generals of the miniature contending forces, each being provided with a certain staff to assist him in placing his men, which means fixing the position of, not only each company, but each individual vedette. A "chief umpire" must be appointed of undeniable skill and judgment, whose decisions in all matters are final, and under him one umpire must act on each side.

The chief umpire draws up what is termed the "general idea" of the proposed game; that is to say, he appoints the definite end to be aimed at by each army, and he fixes their bases of operations and the number of their respective troops, naming a fictitious day and month for the supposed commencement of operations. The map of the country is, with this "general idea," submitted to each commander in turn, who keeps it for two or three days and studies every road and every feature of ground presented by the map; on which the most minute details are given, even to whether the trees in the plantations are evergreens or such as become bare in winter. On the time of year named will depend the state of roads or fords. Each commander next draws up his own "special idea," which expresses the general line of action by which he proposes to carry out the object set before him. This he submits to the umpire-in-chief, who is then in a position to judge whether the opposing forces, following out their own "special ideas," will come into such collision as will lead to an instructive game, or whether, as in some cases may happen, they will avoid each other, so that there would be little use in playing their game out.

On the approval of the chief umpire, the two generals take the field, each one disposing his troops, as nearly as possible, as if on actual service. Thus, a general would not be able to see the formation of his enemy until he arrived within a certain distance; therefore each commander is called into the room in turn, and directed to carry out his design, move by move, while a covering is laid over the forces of his adversary until such time as they would actually come in sight. A "move" consists in the advance of all the troops for such a distance on the map, as might be accomplished in reality in two minutes; the allowance made, for infantry being 175 yards ordinarily, at time of special excitement and interest 200 yards, or, at the

"double" 300 yards in two minutes. For cavalry, at a walk 200 yards, a trot 350 to 500 yards, at a gallop 600 yards, and at full charge 750 yards per move, is allowed. While the armies are far apart, and all is covered over, each general may advance his troops by as much as ten moves together, but as the plot thickens, and more and more depends on their relative positions at each moment, the armies are brought down to two moves, to single moves, or at any crisis, to half moves, in succession.

The spectators and umpires thus see all that goes on, while each commander only sees what would be visible in actual war; and it must be understood that he is bound to fix his own personal position and only change it by feasible galloping moves, not by flying about at will to any part of his army. The uncovering of his enemy's forces will appear to him in the following way. On the enemy arriving within 2500 yards of his vedettes or advanced troops, his umpire will claim for him to be informed, and a vedette will be, as it were, sent galloping in to him, the distance being measured and the information of what was visible to the vedette being communicated to him at the moment at which the message would arrive. The greatest nicety is here insisted on. Should the ground be steep or heavy, the "move" of the vedette is curtailed, just as his horse's stride would be shortened in reality. As the general himself arrives within 2500 yards the troops are actually uncovered, unless there are special features in the ground which would conceal them. So at length the actual collision of the forces occurs. And now comes the most ingenious, though perhaps not the most valuable, feature in the game, namely, the representation of the varying fortunes and uncertainties in war, by means of calculated tables of probabilities, and by the throw of dice. A die having six sides, a table is drawn up formed of six rows with the numbers belonging to the faces placed in six squares in each row. The first row gives even chances, such as would be taken when two perfectly equal forces meet under equally favorable conditions, and when the two generals elect to try their fortunes by the onset. In this row, the numbers 1, 3 and 5 would be colored dark, and if thrown, would give success to one force, while 2, 4 and 6 would give it to the



other; slight success being won by the figures 1 or 2, decided success by 3 or 4, and complete by 5 or 6. According to the number thrown the beaten troops would be made to move back; and they would limit their future action according to the decision of the chief umpire. Thus, after complete defeat (given by 5 or 6) troops would be incapable of acting for, at all events, twenty minutes or ten moves.

The second row of squares on the table have the same numbers repeated, but two are dark and three light, and the sixth counts as a blank and must be thrown again. Here, then, the odds are three to two for the light color. The third row gives four to two, and so on, the last giving five to one. These would be taken to represent cases where a general was compelled to accept battle at a disadvantage, either in position or in men; when he might, as on actual service, obtain a success, but where the odds would be against him. The results of artillery and infantry fire are formed into a similar table, the calculated losses being noted down and from time to time taken away from the suffering army.

When, however, the troops become completely engaged all along the line, the game is generally discontinued, the most instructive part being then at an end.

Whatever military skill is necessary to qualify a man to take part in such a game, very little is needed to enable the mind to estimate the value of it. It affords, so Major Roerdanz and the Prussian authorities generally consider, first-rate instruction in tactics, practice in the reading and use of maps, in writing out dispositions, in giving clear and decided orders, and in appreciating the value of time and space. An officer vividly realizes the rapidity with which, on occasion, cavalry cross the ground as compared with infantry; he learns the terrible time it takes troops to file across a bridge; and he experiences, in a manner, the anxiety he would feel on actual service during such an operation; for, be it observed, much reputation is won in Prussia by success in this exercise. We may add, that the Kriegsspiel has, in a great measure, revolutionized and shaped afresh the nature of instruction given in the military establishments in Prussia. To

have its full force, it is desirable occasionally to carry out afterwards, in maneuvers over the actual country depicted, some programme that has been worked out by the Kriegsspiel.

Is it too much to say, that the unveiling of the pieces of this game reveals a strange source of Prussia's skill and success in war? Suppose, for example, we, like the writer of the *Battle of Dorking*, contemplate the case, which we trust is never likely to be a reality, of a German army landing in some quarter of England. We should certainly, at the present moment, look with some anxiety at the efforts of almost any English general. We have a commander who has had, perhaps, some experience in Indian warfare, and has moved a few troops about in a general sort of way at Aldershot, or at the Curragh; but his adversary has fought his Kriegsspiel under all conceivable circumstances again and again over the actual ground, as far as it could be represented by our admirable Ordnance Survey. He has again and again followed the track of the various roads. He has had to consider whether, owing to the cross-sleepers being raised or sunk into the ground, cavalry could, or could not, trot along any particular railway, if required to do so. He has felt the annoyance of the delay occasioned by the steepness of any particular hill delaying the pace of the half-winded horse of a vedette. He has discussed the size of our fields and the thickness of our hedges, and he has referred doubtful points to officers who have traveled in England, with the eyes and ears that were used to such purpose in France previous to the war, and the hands and heads that, in spite of French vigilance, measured the slopes of the Paris forts and calculated the angle at which to breach them in the presence of the very guards of the Emperor. Not only might a Prussian general have done all this, but he might have done it under the eye and criticism of Von Moltke himself, with his forty years' Kriegsspiel brought to practice and tested by autumn maneuvers, and crowned by two of the most successful campaigns of this century, undertaken against what were considered the two greatest military Powers in Europe.

Chambers's Journal.

## AN OLD HIMALAYAN TOWN.

FROM immemorial times, certain wild tracks through the mountains have served as a highway between the bleak steppes of Tibet and the sunny slopes of the lower ranges of the Himalaya. The wild herdsmen of the dimly known land beyond the snows cross to-day, as they did before William the Conqueror landed in England, over the Niti Pass and the wild currents of Sutlej, through the pretty villages of Nagkunda and Muthana, through the pine-forest of Fagu, and over the Mashobra Hills, to exchange their butter and bearskins for grain and knives. On a mountain, warmly wrapped in pine and rhododendron, and honey-combed with deep valleys, stands a quaint, little, red, wooden town, wandering up a hillside, and running for some distance along its crest. It stands about fifty miles deep in the mountains from the nearest plains; and to reach it, you have to climb many a hill and cross many a brawling torrent. It must have been the obscurest little city in the world, only known to the eagles and swallows who dance for ever over the valleys. One would suppose that a traveler might have looked for it in vain among the thousand hills of the Himalaya, till his hair turned gray; and so, indeed, many a one might; but a different fate awaited it. An Englishman in search of a sanitarium found it, after it had hidden itself successfully for—one does not like to say how many hundred years; ay, found it, and within a few years forced it to take a very prominent place among the pleasant places of the earth. The little town is now one of the capitals of the greatest empire in the world. Subject princes, mighty western nobles, and travelers from every country, are seen in its narrow bazars. Long lines of camels, and caravans of oxen-carts, are unceasingly, for six months of every year, pouring into it the luxuries of Hindustan, and the magnificent comforts of Europe. A thousand beautiful villas look down upon it from the surrounding hills; and on the splendid roads which lead from it in every direction may be seen, of a summer evening, a wonderful show of fashion and beauty—the *crème de la crème* of England in Asia. Amid all her greatness, however, Simla never forgets her origin, but still, as of old,

barters with the simple shepherds of Tibet, supplying all the little luxuries they seek, and absorbing the primitive wares brought in exchange. Wild and unkempt-looking fellows are these Tibetans, with their long hair falling over their shoulders, and thin sheep-skins and woollen jackets hanging down a mass of rags and dirt. Their hairless faces, small squat noses, and upturned eyes, plainly denote their race, and contrast strangely with the delicate Aryan features of the Punjab hillmen. Always smoking long wooden pipes—like those of the lower classes in Germany—smiling and pleased at every thing, ever ready for any amount of conversation or food, they are great favorites with the mountaineers of the lower ranges; and, indeed, they have many very amiable and lovable qualities. They are eminently truthful, honest, and chaste, easily amused, easily satisfied, very sociable, and of great physical endurance. The women are not characterized by such strongly marked Tartar features as the men, and many of them are exceedingly pretty, though sadly dirty always.

A considerable number of these people remain in Simla during the whole summer, finding employment as wood-cutters and coolies. Strings of them are always to be seen carrying in enormous beams from the Fagu forest. They fasten them behind by ropes suspended over their shoulders, and go straggling along almost bowed to the ground with the weight. You sometimes see a slight young girl carrying one of these huge logs—the best part of a young pine tree, perhaps—and, though bent double with the ponderous burden, looking quite contented and happy, and carrying in her hand a wooden pipe, to which she occasionally applies for comfort and solace. Or a whole family—papa and mamma, big brothers, little brothers and sisters—are all seen struggling along in single file, with loads proportioned to their respective sizes, all smoking, talking, and looking merry enough. These great pieces of timber not only stretch across the whole breadth of the road, but frequently stretch out far over the side, and sometimes, indeed, are of such length that the unhappy coolie has to sidle along with them the whole way from Fagu to Simla—about eight or

ten miles. When riding quickly along this winding road, one sometimes comes very awkwardly upon these great timber barriers, stretching, one behind the other, across the path; and not unfrequently accidents have happened by this means; but, generally, the Tibetans manage, by a twist of the body, to bring their beams in line with the road with astonishing celerity. But enough of the wood-carriers. The reader must come and take a look at the principal bazar or street of the little town.

A long, narrow, winding road, between wooden houses, stained dull red, and two stories in height, runs up a slight incline on a sharp hill-crest, dividing two valleys. The lower story of every house has neither doors nor windows in front, but is a little cave merely, serving at once as warehouse and workshop. Passing through this busy little street, you see, in turn, every trade and occupation being carried on. There is a shop full of tailors, with high turbans on, busily at work; one of them is reading in a sing-song voice to the others some ancient tale of Mussulman prowess, or of the miraculous deeds of the Prophet. In the little adjoining cell, or shop, as we may call it by courtesy, is an old gray-bearded man, brooding over a little earthen stove, and blowing into flame a few lumps of charcoal, through a little brass tube, with all his might. Opposite to him is sitting another old fellow, who is pitching and catching at something in the fire with a pair of tiny tongs. One or two large gold nose-rings are lying near on a little tray, beside a silver bangle or two, indicating the manufactory and *dépôt* of a goldsmith. After every few minutes of exertion, the two old gentlemen cease from their labors, to take a whiff from the tall hookahs standing near, and to exchange a friendly word with the carpenter who works in a little hole on the opposite side of the street. At present, this artisan is bending over a piece of wood he holds between his toes, and into which he is drilling an eyelet with an instrument that looks like a child's bow. Near him, his son, also sitting on his haunches, on the floor, and holding between his toes a half-made comb, is vigorously working with a tool, suggesting the idea of some horrible instrument of torture, but really acting in the capacity of a saw. Strewed about the floor are a plank or two; some unfinished

pieces of work; a couple of long pipes; a small, naked, crawling child; and a piece of sugar-cane.

From a neighboring shop, sounds of animated conversation strike upon the ear. A grain-merchant, surrounded by little bags of corn and boxes of flour, is sitting in a remote corner of his shop, wrapped up closely in a dirty-white cloth, and without moving his hands, is raising his head to suck the fragrant hookah. Half-a-dozen of his clients are attempting to bargain with him, and sitting in a row on their hams in front, are all talking at once. Proudly conscious of his monopoly, he does not trouble himself to bandy idle words, but, with all the patience of the oriental, calmly waits till they have made up their minds to pay *his* price for whatever they may happen to want. In the opposite corner, an enormously obese old man is stretched out at full length, sound asleep. This is the shopkeeper's venerable parent, who has retired from active life, and pensioned himself on his son. But we must peep into a tiny little place about the size of a rabbit-hutch, next door to the grain-merchant's shop. An aged gentleman, with huge brass-rimmed spectacles, is fingering delicately with a wire forceps some hard, gray, little particles collected in an iron dish. Presently, he picks out one, and applies it to a very small grindstone, the handle of which he turns with his great toe. This is a jeweler, as you can see by the little papers of green and yellow stones exposed on a board, lying beside him; and he is putting faces on rough garnets which have been brought to him by some of the neighboring villagers. His grandson, a fat little urchin, in summer costume—a yard of string—is sitting gravely in front of him, reading out of a very ancient-looking book in Hindi character. It is the whole library of the family, and the old man has known it well since the day he first read it to his grandpapa in the same ancestral little shop. But still he appears to be interested, and every now and then pauses in his work to exclaim "Wah! wah!" as an incident of peculiar interest arrived at. To the eastern mind novelty has no charms; and a book with which the reader is familiar is regarded as an old tried friend, who will not disappoint by any unanticipated dullness, or disturb the mind by any unlooked-for brilliancy.

We must visit one more shop in the bazar—the largest and one of the most important—the sweatmeat shop. We had better not enter, though, as the floor is honey-combed with numerous little clay-ovens, and there would be no little danger of being precipitated into a caldron of liquid toffy. Four—dreadfully unclad—men, carefully oiled, to protect their skin against the great heat, are moving about with long iron spoons, stirring here and mixing there, or kneading into little fids various compounds of coarse sugar and rancid butter. The outcome of their labors is exposed to view on a broad board. Candies, rocks, and toffies of every shape, but all of the same light-brown color, buried in flies and wasps, both dead and alive, are heaped up in brass dishes or little wooden platforms. A stray child, the color of the confections, has got mixed up with them, and is languidly sucking a column of "lump of delight" nearly as big as its leg. Less fortunate youngsters are seen hovering about, regaling themselves with the savory smells which issue forth. Now and then, some big hill-man purchases for a few little shells a block off one of the dishes, and straightway goes out into the road, seats himself on his heels, and devours it, to the great entertainment of a swarm of naked little urchins and a parish dog or two.

All over India, sweatmeats are consumed as a substantial article of food. A native when traveling seldom eats any thing else; and between the two great meals, at all times, he whiles away the long noon of the Indian summer day by sucking lollipops or candy between the whiffs of his hookah. Large dishes of sweatmeats are very common presents to make on religious festivals or domestic red-letter days; and when a Hindu wants to be very merry or very dissipated, he never gets drunk, as a Scotchman does, but goes to a "mithai" shop, and makes himself ill with candied sugar.

Now that we have shopped a little in the bazar, let us take a stroll through it. It is thronged with natives, from the scarlet and golden messenger of the British government, to our old friends, the wild dirty Tibetans. Sauntering in a bazar is the *summum bonum* of life to a Hindu. Standing chatting in the middle of the roadway, or smoking a pipe with some friends in a shop, or sitting on the edge of the gutter, quietly contemplating the pass-

ers-by, he is perfectly happy. Within twenty yards is one of the grandest scenes in the world—a splendid panorama of hill and valley, with the eternal snows as a background on one side, while on the other the view melts away into the distant plains across which the great Sutlej is seen like a silver band. But to our brown friends such things possess no attraction. The bustle, the closeness, the smells, the flies, the pariah dogs, the unowned children of the kennel, and all the other attractions of the bazar, are to them more pleasing than the majestic tranquillity of mountain, and valley, and far-off plain. But we ought not to be too severe on the bazar; it has its spectacle and pretty objects now and again. See that long line of horsemen coming slowly along with the stout little gentleman riding in front. He is a mountain chieftain whose home is a lonely castle on a hillside, overlooking a great rich valley which is his own. One can not help observing how gallantly he is dressed; in gay, but well-matched colors, and cloth of the richest material. The horsemen behind are his suite. One is probably his commander-in-chief, (for he is sure to have an army, however small,) another the keeper of his privy purse, others lords in waiting, and so on. All fine little gentlemen in their way, and men in authority. Simla is "town" to them, the metropolis of civilization; the bazar is Regent Street and Cheapside in one. As they pass, the shopkeepers come to their thresholds and make low salaams. The stout little prince who is passing is the representative of a family which for generations has been to their ancestors and themselves the ideal of greatness, the incarnation of power, the pink of nobility. Is it not recorded in their unwritten traditions how his grandfather, at the head of a great army, drove back the Goorkhas, who were hovering over the town, and then, out of mere light-heartedness, looted it himself, and carried away its female population, to a woman; and how, when the carpenter and goldsmith and sweetmeat men went, as a deputation from the burghers, to expostulate with him, he relented, and wept on their necks, and promised to give them back one half of their wives and daughters, on condition of receiving a sum of tribute-money yearly for ever; and how they only got their grand-mammaz after all. With such legends living in their memory, how can they help



honoring and fearing those of their rajahs who are still left to them.

Look at those gaily-dressed, fair, and pretty women; they come from the valleys immediately under the snowy range, to buy the nose-rings and bangles which their souls love. Although some of them have two or three real husbands, they are good and happy women, and have pleasant homes among those giant mountains of the Himalaya beyond the Sutlej. Theirs is a cool fruit-growing land, abounding in

peaches, strawberries, walnuts, and grapes; and their fair pretty faces, and their merry, wholesome laughter, speak of the happy glens from which they come.

To all these people, Simla is just what it was before the irrepressible English found it; it is their own town still; and if the English left India to-morrow, it would go on making its nose-rings and sweatmeats; and, beyond a passing remark, the simple dwellers among the mountains would never note the change.

#### CHARLES SUMNER.

BY THE EDITOR

It is our purpose to present to the readers of the *ECLECTIC*, during the current year, a series of finely-engraved portraits of the more eminent men in American public life, and we think our readers will agree with us that no one could so appropriately initiate this series as the Hon. Charles Sumner, Senator from Massachusetts. For upwards of twenty-five years Senator Sumner has been in the public service, and during nearly the whole of that time he has filled the most prominent and responsible positions. No American statesman, perhaps since Daniel Webster, to whose place in the Senate he succeeded, has achieved so great and solid a reputation beyond the confines of his own country; and though he has participated for thirty years in the fierce and trying contests of our national politics, the name of Charles Sumner is always mentioned with respect, if not with pride.

CHARLES SUMNER was born in Boston, Mass., on January 6th, 1811. His early education was received at the Boston Latin school, whence he went to Harvard College, graduating in 1830. In 1834, after a couple of years' assiduous study in the Cambridge Law school, he was admitted to the bar, and soon attained a large and lucrative practice. In 1836, he was offered a professorship in the Law school, and also one in the college, but he declined them both, and in the following year visited Europe, where he traveled until 1840. On his return to Boston, he resumed his practice, taking no active part

in politics until 1845, when, on the 4th of July, he delivered an oration before the municipal authorities of Boston, on "The True Grandeur of Nations,"—advocating the cause of peace. This oration was printed and won a great reputation for the author, being widely circulated in Europe as well as America. It was followed in rapid succession by other addresses on kindred themes, which also attracted much attention, and which finally committed Mr. Sumner to the war on Slavery. In 1850, Daniel Webster having withdrawn from the Senate of the United States in order to accept a place in President Fillmore's Cabinet, Mr. Sumner was elected to the seat thus made vacant, and has filled it, without intermission, from that time till the present, taking a conspicuous and influential part in all the great questions which have agitated the country since that period, and impressing his ideas upon the laws and thought of the nation to a larger extent perhaps than any other man of his time. He is now in the prime of life, and has enjoyed better health for a few years past than at any period since he received the brutal injuries at the hands of Preston S. Brooks.

Sumner's works are, "White Slavery in the Barbary States," expanded from a lecture, (Boston, 1853;) two collections of "Addresses;" "Orations and Speeches," (Boston, 1850;) and "Recent Speeches and Addresses," (Boston, 1856.) A complete and elaborate edition of his entire works, revised and edited by himself, is now being published by Little, Brown & Co., of Boston.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

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*Passages from the French and Italian Note Books of Nathaniel Hawthorne.* 2 vols. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

THESE two dainty volumes, together with the posthumous romance now appearing in the *Atlantic Monthly*, are the last writings which the public can hope to receive from Hawthorne's pen, and they are a worthy close to the series of works which, if we mistake not, when the history of American literature comes to be written, will be assigned a leading if not the leading place. Compiled from the author's private journals on the same general plan as the Note Books previously issued, they bring us nearer to Hawthorne himself, or at least give us a better insight into the personality of the man, than any of the works which he himself prepared for publication; and as we can hardly hope for even an approximately adequate biography of Hawthorne it is an especial pleasure to us to note that these Passages, taken all together, give us a tolerably complete sketch of the more important portions of his life. In these journals too, written for his own private use, Hawthorne reveals far more of himself than any biographer could possibly have done; and, commencing with his American Notes, and following him through England and France and Italy, we not only get a nearer view of his mental processes than his most intimate friend ever obtained, but we can trace the steady development of his genius and widening of his culture under the refining influences of travel and the mellow associations of old world society and art. The difference between the Hawthorne of the American Notes and the Hawthorne of the Roman journals, after years of success and European residence, is precisely the difference between "The Scarlet Letter" and "The Marble Faun";—which reminds us of the truth of the remark, made by Mr. Whipple we believe, that "there is nothing really necessary to the comprehension of Hawthorne which can not be found in his books."

Comparing these Italian Passages with those previously issued we confess that we have found them decidedly the most interesting of the series, though they lack the curious and subtle fascination of the *American Note Books*. Few readers, even if they go there, can hope to obtain such a sight of Rome, or such an appreciation of the weird charm of antiquity and of ancient art, as they will obtain by reading these Passages; for if ever the Eternal City had a born interpreter we should say that interpreter is Hawthorne.

*Yesterdays With Authors.* By JAMES T. FIELDS. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

AFTER laying aside the *Italian Note Books*, the reader will find it highly appropriate to take up "Yesterdays With Authors," which gives among other things the only personal sketch of Hawthorne's life which has yet been written, or which seems likely to be written. We can not say that we have read this sketch with much satisfaction, or that it has not confused and perhaps lowered our impressions of Hawthorne, but it is written in the most tender and appreciative spirit; parts of it, especially Hawthorne's letters, are extremely interesting, and the public generally will

accept it, no doubt, with more unqualified approval.

Besides the sketch of Hawthorne, "Yesterdays With Authors" contains some entertaining gossip about Pope, and Thackeray, and Wordsworth; a large number of letters from Miss Mitford; and also some letters from Charles Dickens, and some incidents of his visits to America which would not otherwise have seen the light. Altogether the volume is a very readable one, and one can not help feeling how much we should gain if all those publishers who are necessarily brought into personal relations with leading men of letters, had the susceptibility to impressions, the excellent memory, and the literary skill which Mr. Fields has displayed in the present instance.

*Legends of the Patriarchs and Prophets, and other Old Testament Characters.* By S. BARING-GOULD. New-York: Holt & Williams. 1872.

THIS is one of those "quaint and curious volumes" which sometimes bring us face to face with the "forgotten lore" of bygone ages, and thus reveal to us in their origin many of the customs, habits, and beliefs of our own day and generation. Taking each of the prominent characters of the Old Testament, the author compiles all the various legends concerning them from the vast and obscure body of Persian, Mussulman, and Jewish tradition. The special object of the work no doubt is to fortify the position which Mr. Baring-Gould has taken concerning Religion in his "Origin and Development of Religious Belief," and concerning Mythology in "Curious Myths of the Middle Ages," but independently of this it is a valuable and interesting contribution to the general history of both religion and mythology.

The author expresses the belief, in which the reader will doubtless concur, that "a certain curious interest attaches to these legends," and promises that "should they find favor with the public, this volume will be followed by another series on the legends connected with the New Testament characters." If "public favor" is the only proviso, we may confidently look for the complementary volume; and it is to be hoped that Messrs. Holt & Williams will issue it to the American public in the choice style in which they have published this.

*The To-Morrow of Death.* By LOUIS FIGUIER. Translated from the French by S. R. CROCKER. Boston: Roberts Bros. 1872.

THERE has been a multitude of conjectures, theological and fanciful, concerning the future state of man, but "The To-Morrow of Death" is the first attempt, so far as we are aware, to make the "exact sciences" demonstrate not merely the immortality of the soul, but the precise location and conditions of that immortality. "Where will that thinking soul go, which must endure beyond the tomb? What will become of it? and what will you be, O reader! on the to-morrow of your death?" Such are the tremendous questions which it is attempted to answer in this book, not by conjecture, or analogy, or spiritual aspiration, but by the direct evidence of Science.

So far as we can make out, M. Figuiet's theory is the old Pythagorean doctrine of Metempsycho-

sis modified and elaborated in its details by the modern scientific theory of evolution. His book is a hopeful one, and can only do good however widely read; but though it is luminous throughout and profoundly suggestive at times, we confess that to our mind it leaves the problem of futurity precisely where it found it.

*Bits of Travel.* By H. H. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

THE same characteristics which have won "H. H." such a reputation through her verses render these "Bits of Travel," (apt title,) the most entirely charming that we have recently read. "A German Landlady" is simply inimitable in its way, and most of the other sketches are equally interesting. Mrs. Hunt seems as much at home in prose as in verse, and in both alike she displays a cultured intellect and imagination, an always alert perception of the picturesque in nature, in art, or in life; and a faculty of stirring the emotions through the simplest agencies which is one of the rarest gifts of a writer.

#### FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

*The British Museum Library* now has one million books.

Charles Reade fiercely accuses George Eliot of "borrowing" her ideas in "Middlemarch."

It is said that the Queen of Holland spends two thirds of her income in the encouragement of literature and journalism.

*The 26th Part* of M. Littré's great "Dictionnaire de la Langue Française," extending from *Seille* to *Souscrire*, has just been issued.

Thackeray's daughter, though she still preserves her maiden name in literature, is the wife of Leslie Stephens, editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*.

In Rome, the foundation is projected of a kind of International Literary Club, at the head of which Count Terenzion Mamiani's name appears.

The sentence to transportation passed upon M. Elisée Reclus has been commuted to banishment. M. Reclus has, however, not as yet been released.

It is said that the friends of Mrs. Dickens propose, in view of the statements made about her in Forster's volume, to publish the true story of the separation.

*George Sand, it is said*, is now engaged on her greatest work, "A History of the Literature and Social Development of France during the Revolution of 1798."

The reader who would form to himself some slight idea of the value of old papers is informed that a file of the *London Times* is said to be worth no less a sum than £3000 sterling.

"*The Lives of the Princesses of the Royal House of Stuart*," by Agnes Strickland, author of "*Lives of the Queens of England*," is announced for publication shortly.

Five of the leading Paris publishers are making efforts to secure the copyright of the "*Memoirs of Talleyrand*," which will shortly be given to the world, and published in five languages simultaneously.

Jane Austen sold the MS., of one of her first

novels to a Bath publisher for ten pounds, and the poor man was afraid to risk any more money on the venture by printing it, and kept it locked in his drawer for years.

Mr. Disraeli has finished a preface for the new edition of his "Political Biography of Lord George Bentinck," in which he expresses the opinion that his drawing of Sir Robert Peel is the most accurate that has yet appeared.

Longfellow's "*Evangeline*" has been translated into Spanish. Instead of adopting the hexameter verse of the original, the translator has employed the *ottava rima*, the stanza in which Tasso wrote his "*Jerusalem Delivered*," and Camoens his "*Lusiad*."

A subscription is on foot in Paris for the benefit of two little boys, nephews or grand-nephews of Balzac, who, born and resident in Alsace, will now have to go to German schools unless enough money can be collected to pay the expenses of their education in France.

Shortly after the occupation of the city of Strasbourg by the German forces it was proposed to replace the magnificent library destroyed during the terrible bombardment. Books were sent to the library from all parts of Germany, and it now contains upward of 250,000 volumes, all collected by voluntary contributions.

The *Redaction* of the *Revue des deux Mondes* is going shortly to publish an index, which can scarcely fail to be an interesting contribution to literary history, as it will apparently include notices of the authorship and circumstances under which the more remarkable articles appeared during the forty-two years that the *Revue* has been identified with the best literary workmanship in France.

It is curious to observe that some of the simplest institutions make slow progress. The journals of a large and intelligent community, the citizens of Santiago, in Chile, are describing in strong terms the new plan of a Valparaiso bookseller to let out books for reading. His terms are to be four shillings per month, and books may be kept out for two months. It may, however, be noted that for some time public libraries have been encouraged by the State, and these are now becoming common in the great towns of Chile.

That learned specialist, the Abbé Brasseur de Bourbourg, who has made Mexican history and language the study of his life, has issued a catalogue of rare works on the languages of Mexico and Central America, forming a part of his library. He has twenty works on the Maya language of Yucatan, fourteen on the Quiché of Mexico, and twenty-five on the Nahuatl of Mexico. These early grammars and vocabularies of the American languages, called "Artes," are perhaps the rarest works in the whole range of the book trade. A knowledge of these languages is essential to the student who would really understand what can now be learned of the early history of the American races.

A very rare book, in good preservation, namely, a copy on paper of the Latin Bible of Gutenberg-Faust, is offered for sale at Erfurt. It is the property of the Eglise des Predicateurs, and has been placed in charge of a bookseller of that town, who will receive offers for the work. Only sixteen copies of this early specimen of printing are known

to exist, of which six are on vellum and ten on paper, two of the latter being very incomplete. The copy in question is not perfect, one sheet being wanting in the first, and fifteen sheets in the second volume. The volumes are bound with metal clasps. In the year 1858 a copy, which was not only incomplete, but also stained and worm-eaten, was purchased at a public sale at Augsburg for the sum of 1400 thalers, for the St. Petersburg library.

*The London Athenæum* says, "A volume of poems by Mr. William Winter, a well-known and excellent dramatic critic, has recently won prominence among the books of the Autumn season. The book gives, perhaps, a greater impression of power and a nobler promise than any other of the class given us by the new authors of the year. Mr. Winter has called the collection 'My Witness'; he should be satisfied with the deserved appreciation it has everywhere found. Full of vigor of expression, with singular beauty, purity, and grace of language, his poems are not really sad, but have in them much of what the Germans call *Seknsucht*—something that our word 'yearning' only half expresses. Sometimes wild and weird, they are oftener dreamy and quiet; always they have choice of perfect words that make them charming."

*The private library* of the late Richard Bentley, the well-known London publisher, which has gone the way of so many private libraries, under the hammer of the auctioneer, contained many curious volumes. Among them were Bulwer's "Harold," in the original manuscript, bound in three quarto volumes; the Log-book of Prince Rupert; and half-a-dozen of Cooper's novels, interleaved and with emendations in the author's hand. There was a copy of a work illustrated by Alfred Crowquill, from which a faded note in the artist's hand dropped out, addressed to "Dear Miss Bentley," and in it a request that "you will ask your pa to have the book noticed in the next number of the 'Mag.'." Mr. Bentley interested himself greatly in the collection of miscellaneous literary odds and ends. One volume is entitled "North Americans who have visited London," and is made up of newspaper cuttings and portraits; and this is only one of a strangely mixed collection of scrap books.

#### SCIENCE.

*A Channel Ferry.*—Once more a channel ferry is talked about, and a scheme has been originated by French and English engineers for a line of steamers which shall carry railway trains six times a day from Dover to Calais and back. These steamers are to be 450 feet long, each to be fitted with engines capable of working up to 7000 horsepower. The paddle-wheels, fifty feet in diameter, are to move independently of each other, so that the vessels can be turned in any direction with rapidity and nicety—a great advantage on approaching a landing-place. There are to be two decks: on the lower one, two lines of rails will be laid, which, in two divisions, will admit a train of thirty carriages. In fine weather, the passage will occupy seventy, and in bad weather, ninety minutes; the passengers being at liberty to leave the carriages and walk or recline in well-sheltered saloons.

The British government is to be asked to do

what is needful to accommodate such vessels in Dover harbor; and on the French side, a harbor is to be constructed in the sea about a mile north-east of the present pier at Calais. A massive semi-circular breakwater is to be built, and this, presenting its curved side to the sea, will form the outer wall of the harbor, and shelter all that lies between it and the shore. These are the principal features of the scheme, by which, as the promoters say, they could carry nearly 3000 passengers, and nearly 3000 tons of goods, every day across the Channel without discomfort or damage. The building of the steamers, the harbor, and approaches would, it is thought, require two years and a half. This is a grand scheme; but we believe that it will be found possible to effect the object desired in much less time and at much less cost.

*Idiocy and Insanity.*—Among painful incidents in the history of a family are signs of idiocy as a child grows up; and it becomes at times an important question to ascertain whether the mental defect existed at birth, or was occasioned by a subsequent injury. Dr. Langdon Down shows in a paper "On the Relation of the Teeth and Month to Mental Development," read before the Odontological Society, that it is possible, by an examination of the mouth, to answer the question above referred to. He bases his conclusion on a careful investigation into the bodily condition of nearly a thousand feeble-minded youth, during which he found, in the greater number of cases, that he could indicate the period at which the idiocy or imbecility commenced, and predicate in some degree the amount of improvement which physical, intellectual, and moral training might possibly effect. Many anxious parents have been relieved by being assured that their child had not been born an idiot, since they might thus put aside the dreadful suspicion of having transmitted hereditary insanity. In one instance, Dr. Down was able to refer the origin of want of mental power in a young girl to a sunstroke in the tropics. In this case, the condition of the mouth and teeth would afford a clue to the date at which the brain began to fail, and thus render possible a comparison with the date of the sunstroke. From even this brief notice, an idea may be formed of the importance of Dr. Down's researches; and, although it is true that idiocy may be traced by other organs, the eyes and ears, for example, and in other bodily defects, yet examination of the mouth appears to afford the best means of arriving at conclusions in cases which otherwise would baffle investigation. By taking models of malformed palates in parents and children, through a few generations, the gradual deterioration of the race, till it sank into congenital imbecility, might be read as clearly as in a book.

*Ringworm.*—At the Manchester Philosophical Society, a paper was read by Mr. J. Barrow "On Tricophyton Tonsurans," which is another name for that unpleasant disease known as ringworm. In this paper, the disease is shown to be a vegetable parasite, which burrows in the skin of persons predisposed to its attacks, and these are usually persons of weak general health. In many instances, the parasitic plant burrows so deeply that the skin may be destroyed by carbolic or nitric acid, without touching the disease. Noticing this, Mr. Barrow has come to the conclusion that, as light and air are essential to the growth of plants, if these vegetable parasites could be entirely excluded



ed therefrom they would perish. In other words, the patient would be cured. The exclusion of air is indeed more essential than the exclusion of light, seeing that fungoid growths, such as the *Tricophyton* in question, can better live without light than without air. Mr. Barrow therefore applies a thick coating of varnish to the part of the skin affected by the disease, and so kills the plant, and effects a cure. But he says we know really so little about skin diseases, that "it is the imperative duty of every botanist and microscopist to do what in him lies to throw light upon this subject of vegetable parasites."

*Another Aspect of the Solar Question.*—The Astronomer-royal for Scotland, in his last annual address to the Board of Visitors of the Edinburgh Observatory, presents another aspect of the solar question. He states that he finds a correspondence between the sunspot period and the cycle of temperature, as shown by the underground thermometers under his charge. It seems likely that meteorologists will have in future to bestow more attention on the sun than hitherto, for astronomical observers in other places are discovering coincidences in other phenomena as well as in temperature. The observer at Toronto believes that he has made out a connection between the annual rainfall at that place and the sunspots; and at Oxford, eight years' observation of the direction of the wind shows that it has a regular amount of range between the maximum and the minimum of visible sunspots. From this we may infer that local meteorological observations will henceforth be discussed with reference to the grand periodical phenomena of the sun.

*Success of the Eclipse Expedition.*—Good news, in brief telegrams, has been received from the Eclipse Expedition. The weather was fine at all the stations from which reports have been received; good photographs were taken, and the observations made with the polariscope and spectroscope were satisfactory. From this success we may hope that on a full discussion of all the reports, large additions will be made to our knowledge of the constitution of the sun. Meanwhile, Mr. Proctor, in a communication to the Astronomical Society, shows reasons for believing that the spots on the sun are an effect of volcanoes, roused, as it appears, into activity by the relative proximity of the planets. This view is supported by the fact, that earthquakes and volcanic eruptions occur most frequently on our globe when the moon is nearest to us. Even the small changes produced by tidal action were supposed, by the late Sir John Herschel, to have an exciting effect on volcanoes in the neighborhood of the coast. "And if," says Mr. Proctor, "the mightiest of the planets sympathizes with solar action—if, when the sun is most disturbed, the belts of Jupiter are also subject (as of late and in 1860) to strange phenomena of change—how readily do we find an explanation of what would otherwise seem so mysterious, when we remember that, as Jupiter disturbs the mighty mass of the sun so the sun would reciprocally disturb the mass of the largest of his attendant orbs."—*Chambers's Journal*.

*A New Propeller for Ships.*—In the Journal of the United Service Institution, Mr. Andrew Murray recalls attention to the experiments made a few years ago with the turbine as a propeller for ships, and advocates further trials. Among engineers it is commonly admitted that, with the

paddle-wheel and the screw, one-third of the horse-power is lost: whether the same or any amount of loss attends the use of the turbine, remains to be proved. For the information of unprofessional readers, we explain that the turbine is a water-wheel placed horizontally, and fed with water from a height or from a pump. In some parts of Tyrol and Switzerland, there are large factories in which the whole power is derived from a turbine driven with great velocity by the water of a mountain brook. In the case of a ship, the water would be admitted through openings in the bottom: this water would be driven out at the stern by the turbine, and, as a natural consequence, the vessel would move in the opposite direction. The swifter the discharge at the stern, the greater would be the vessel's speed.

*Encke's Comet—A Suggestion.*—The reappearance of Encke's comet has led Professor Stanley Jevons to offer a suggestion to the Manchester Philosophical Society that the reappearance of the comet, in always somewhat shorter periods, may be reconciled with known physical laws, instead of assuming, as astronomers now do, that space is pervaded by a resisting medium. For this Professor Jevons would substitute electric action. "If," he says, "the approach of a comet to the sun causes the development of electricity, arising from the comet's motion, a certain resistance is at once accounted for. Wherever there is an electric current, some heat would be produced, and sooner or later radiated into space, so that the comet in each revolution will lose a small portion of its total energy. . . . The question is thus resolved into one concerning the probability that a comet would experience electric disturbance in approaching the sun. Evidence now exists that there is a close magnetic relation between the sun and planets. If, as is generally believed, the sunspot periods depend on the motion of the planets, a small fraction of the planetary energy must be expended. . . . Is there not, then, a reasonable probability that the light of the aurora represents an almost infinitesimal fraction of the earth's energy, and that, in like manner, the light of Encke's comet represents a far larger fraction of its energy?"

#### ART.

*London as an Art Market.*—London is, in point of fact, the greatest—surest for the seller and cheapest for the buyer—of all the markets which form, from time to time, at the great centres of trade and luxury, Venice, Amsterdam, Paris, even perhaps, in its time, Madrid. Hither come pictures, antiques, oriental wares, coins, etc., etc., drawn not only by the numerous collectors for their own fancies, but by the purchases made by the national museums, the British and South Kensington; and according to that law which makes the productions of market gardens cheaper in New-York than in the villages where they grew, porcelain comes cheaper here than in Nankin or Yedo. Pictures of the old school command lower prices than in provincial capitals, and coins and antiques, with few exceptions, are worth less here than in Rome or Athens. You can scarcely anywhere in the world find rarer oriental porcelain than at Mark's, and for old books and manuscripts your surest field of search is on the shelves of Ellis or Quaritch. The fact explains itself when one

knows that exceptional articles bring fabulous prices, and every possessor considers his article exceptional until a wasting sojourn in London makes him content to dispose of it for what he can get. I saw a head the other day—a mere head without even a neck—in a soft, chalky stone, (one of the trouvailles of Cyprus,) for which a dealer had paid £110, and, selling it for £250 a week later, he made an offer a few days later still of £500 to repurchase it, having an order for it at £700. It was so friable that an air-tight glass case had been made for it, but it had, at the same time, been so securely buried and so early that weather had not corroded it perceptibly, and its beauty was something quite exceptional in Greek art. Another morceau just now "on the market" is the set of table ornaments made for the Emperor Francis I. of Austria by Thomire, the greatest of the French ornamental designers of the day of Napoleon I., and the artist who made the cradle of the king of Rome. It is in the style of Louis XVI., and is something imperial in dimensions and richness. The entire place which holds the fruit, or flower-basket, is a composition of four figures, representing Music, Painting, the Drama and Agriculture—why this selection, one does not comprehend—the figures about twenty inches high, in art bronze, and executed with a delicacy and elaboration of detail which I have never seen equaled in modern bronze-work. There are besides several other groups in similar style—the graces, copies of the Medici vase, bacchantes, etc.,—and the whole arranged on a plateau of plate-glass mirror, twenty feet long. But, like the spoils of other empires, it comes to London to be broken up, and is being sold piecemeal to decorate merchants' tables.—*W. J. Stillman in London.*

*The Italian Government* has taken measures for the conservation of the works of art which were contained in the suppressed convents and churches, and has collected them in different important towns. To the gallery of the Academy of Perugia have been added many remarkable works of the schools of Umbria and the Marches of Ancona. Among these were not only a great number of pictures by Perugino, his pupils, and their contemporaries, but others, the works of ancient artists whose names are little known, which will afford to the student of early Italian design important information. The same will be the case elsewhere; in Italy we are looking with some interest for news of the early art of the Southern Provinces.

*The Norwegians* have determined to erect a huge granite monument on the wild coast of the Scandinavian peninsula, to celebrate the one thousandth anniversary of the establishment of their kingdom by the mighty warrior, Harald Haarjaeger. This is a long period of national existence, filled with an interesting, almost fabulous history. In the early part of it Norwegian navigators excelled all others in boldness and skill, and it is pretty certain that they made discoveries on our coast centuries before the voyages of Columbus and the Cabots.

*A black marble slab*, bearing the following inscription in brass characters, has just been placed over the grave of the late Sir John Herschel, in the north side of the nave of Westminster Abbey: Johannes Herschel, Gulielmi Herschel, natu opere fama filius unicus "Coelis Exploratis," hic

prope Newtonum, requiescit generatio et generatio, Miracilia Dei Narrabunt, Psalm cxlv. 4, 5. Vixit lxxix annos. Obiit undecimo, die Mali, A.D. mdccclxxi.

*Some workmen* making excavations the other day at the foot of the Buttes Montmartre came upon a spring of water, at the bottom of which were found some remarkable petrifications. M. Masson, engineer of the Ponts-et-Chaussées, analyzed the water, and discovered that, owing to the calcareous earths which compose nearly the whole of those ridges, it possesses to a remarkable degree the quality in question.

*The advantages derived* from photography during the siege of Paris have been so highly appreciated that the study of photography is now obligatory for aspirants and military students admitted to the Ecole Militaire. Since the month of July last there have been few communications read before the *Academie des Sciences* which have not been supported and attested by photographic illustrations.

*The celebrated vase* of Siberian aventurine, given by the Emperor Nicholas the First of Russia to the late Sir Roderick I. Murchison, as "the Explorer of the Geology of Russia," and bequeathed by him to the Museum of Practical Geology, is now in position in that establishment. This vase is four feet high and six feet in circumference, and stands on a pedestal of polished gray porphyry.

*The Boston Times* says, "W. H. Beard, the artist, is at work upon his picture of 'Dickens and his Characters.' The author sits at his table, and about him come thronging the host of people who have made all the world laugh and cry. Modest Little Nell, the beaming Pickwick, all benevolence and gaiters, cringing Heep—they are all here, 'the old, familiar faces.'"

*Researches among* the tombs and ruins of Cyprus have recently brought to light an immense quantity of relics of antiquity, including mementos of the different races, Phœnician, Assyrian, Egyptian, Greek, Roman, and Byzantine, that have occupied that island.

*The Gallery of Apollo*, in the Louvre, which was closed in August, 1870, has been reopened. To its contents have been added certain pieces of buhl, which were saved from St. Cloud, Fontainebleau, and elsewhere.

*The Emperor of Germany* has knighted and conferred an order of merit on the distinguished English painter, Sir Edwin Landseer.

## VARIETIES.

*A Universal Language.*—A want of knowledge of a language at once brings the philosopher and the fool very much on a par when they both attempt to communicate with the foreigner who speaks that language alone. Also, if a stupid person speak a foreign language well, and a clever person speak it badly, the stupid person has the better chance of telling most to the foreigners while the clever person is like one who is dumb.

From a very considerable experience in connection with education, we are convinced that it requires a very small amount of brain-power to be a good linguist. It requires ear, and a sort of parrot-like method of imitation; but it does not

require reason, nor deep thought; in fact, there are so many absurdities in connection with language, so much that is merely arbitrary both in constructing and in other details, that the reasoner is often stopped where the thoughtless will advance rapidly. Let us take a few examples in connection with masculines and feminines in French and German. The French have but the masculine and feminine, while the Germans have also the neuter. Now, as things may be masculine, feminine, or neuter, the common sense appears with the German; consequently, a student has to learn, when studying French, what the French people have chosen to call masculine and what feminine, and in this there is no reason to guide him. It is true a man is called masculine and a woman feminine; but why the sun should be called masculine, and the moon feminine, is inexplicable on no reason whatever; and so we may proceed, finding the most arbitrary rules for this selection, a breach of any one of which causes the breaker to become a subject for ridicule. But, again, if this selection of the sexes of words were universal, there might be some hopes for a student of many languages, but what the French class as feminine the Germans often put down as neuter, and the Italians as masculine; thus, the sun in German is feminine and the moon masculine, for what reason it is impossible to say; and thus confusion reigns supreme in this subject, to the total exclusion of reason. Our own case will, we believe, be found similar to that of hundreds of thousands of other people. As a boy, we were taught Greek and Latin, such an amount as enabled us to read a Greek Testament with the use occasionally of a lexicon, and to read freely Ovid and Virgil. But our future career was selected to be one in which Greek and Latin were not subjects for examination; but French and German "paid well;" consequently, four years were devoted to the study of these two languages—at the end of which time we found ourselves in South-Africa, where the only languages of any practical use were Dutch and Caffre. To Dutch and Caffre, consequently, we turned our attention, and after rather more than a year's study we were able to converse imperfectly in both these. But again were we on the point of finding these later labors useless, for there was every prospect of our services being transferred to India, and we heard from good authority that we were not likely to get on there unless we could speak Hindustani, and perhaps understood Sanscrit or Persian.

Here, then, were Greek, Latin, French, German, Caffre, Hindustani, Persian, Sanscrit, all to be learned, in order that one's own thoughts and wishes should be made intelligible to another person. In our judgment this is not only a mistake, but it is a mistake which is remediable, and which is a slur upon the common sense and civilization of the world.

In music there is but one language. The composition of a German composer can be at once read and translated into sounds by the musicians of the whole world. To an English musician it is a matter of indifference what was the nationality of the composer; there is in music but one language, and that one simple and intelligible; and yet, what is the importance of making musical sounds compared to the importance of conveying our thoughts to other people and making them intelligible; yet there are a thousand different ways of doing the latter, instead of one, and unless a

person know at least four or five of these—that is, unless he employ some four or five years of his life in acquiring a knowledge of these languages—he is dumb in many countries.

Unfortunately, also, unless a person keep perpetually practicing a language, he soon forgets it, and all his past labor, or at least a great part of it, has to be gone over again.—*Chambers's Journal.*

#### HUMAN LIFE.

A LITTLE child, with her bright blue eyes,  
And hair like golden spray,  
Sat on the rock by the steep cliff's foot  
As the ocean ebbed away.

And she longed for the milk-white shining foam,  
As it danced to the shingles' hum,  
And stretched out her hand, and tottered fast  
To bring the white feathers home.

And still as she strayed the tide ebbed fast,  
And the gleaming foam laughed on,  
And the white stuff shrank from the tiny feet,  
And the little fat hands caught none.

She sat wearily down by the steep cliff's foot,  
Till the waves seemed to change their mind,  
And the white foam flowed to her as she sat,  
As though 'twould at last be kind.

And the stuff played over her soft white feet,  
And the feathers flew up to her chin,  
And the soft loving water kissed her lips,  
And I carried my dead child in.

W.

*Ignorance of French Officers.*—Prof. Charles, member of the University of Paris, has published a pamphlet entitled "De l'Etude de la Langue Allemande dans les établissements publics de l'instruction secondaire," in which he gives a curious illustration of the ignorance of the German language which has hitherto prevailed among the officers of the French army. "In 1866," he says, "one or two months after the battle of Sadowa, a former pupil of mine in the lycée of Montpellier, a captain on the general staff, came into my study with some books under his arm and asked me to give him some German lessons, saying that he had forgotten all the German he had learnt from me before, as at that time he and his comrades only took lessons in that language to enable them to pass the examinations. I could not help smiling at this request, for I knew from long experience that only children and youths, but not adults, can be taught German; I have seen only one exception to this rule in the case of a former lieutenant of grenadiers of the Imperial Guard. You may learn English, Italian, Spanish at any age, but not German. . . . I asked the captain the reason of this sudden liking for a language which is so unpopular in the French army, and he told me—that I can now repeat without indiscretion—that the War Office was preparing for an expedition against Prussia. The army might," he added, "be ordered to march at any moment, and he was anxious to pick up enough German in a month or two to be able to talk to the inhabitants of the invaded districts, and to draw up routes for the troops. 'I have been directed,' the captain proceeded, 'by his Excellency to make a preliminary report for the expedition. Unfortunately, two essential things are wanting to me and my comrades: none of us understand German, and there are not in the War

Office any of the documents which would be necessary for deciding as to the lines of march and the means of transport. Since 1806 or 1807 there have been no new maps or charts in the library, so that the only documents I can consult before making my report to the Ministers are the books and maps which are to be got at the book-sellers'. Here is one of them, which we will at once set about translating.' He then placed before me a tolerably compact book on geography; I think it was Ungewitter's. It was a meagre and insufficient production, but the young captain, notwithstanding his intelligence, was unable to digest it. Being pressed for time, and urged on by the Minister, he was obliged to fall back upon the inaccurate translation of Baedeker. . . . After two months my former pupil, who no doubt was disconcerted by his failure, gave up his lessons, and I did not see him again. He perceived, what is now more evident to all of us than ever, that the study of Baedeker may lead commercial travelers and tourists to Berlin without difficulty, but that it will not show the way to an army, even if it were a French one."

*A London "Ring."*—Although the utmost horror is expressed in this country at the state of municipal affairs in New-York and other cities in the United States, yet we shut our eyes to the practices pursued by the Ring in London composed of local authorities which are probably far more injurious to the welfare of the community than the evil doings of the late Mr. Fisk and his colleagues. What, for instance, can be more discreditable than the state of affairs disclosed by a correspondent of the *Builder* with regard to "fifty acres of courts and alleys all in a mass between Aldersgate street and Bunhill-fields, opening out of Upper Whitecross-street, Golden-lane," etc. ? What he has seen in this neighborhood is, he says, unfit for publication. Imagine the worst of dirt, squalor, misery, and vice, and you can not approach the facts. They are much worse than the human mind not accustomed to seeing these things can imagine. All this property, he adds, lies in the parish of St. Luke's, Middlesex. The vestry and parishioners now possess the power to remedy such a condition, but they refuse to do so. The medical officer has reported that much of the property should be registered and kept healthy by means of the 35th section of the Sanitary Act, 1866. The vestry have refused to adopt it. An effort was made a short time ago to pull down, open out new streets, and build model lodging-houses on the ground. The promoters of this plan were immediately put into disgrace, the prime mover thrown off committees, and the public were assailed with falsehoods and deceived. In the parish many members of the vestry are holders of this squalid property, and their friends, publicans, brokers, and the like. They meet at a public-house, where the important work of the vestry is often settled. Surely, he remarks, when the health of over three millions of people is jeopardized in this way some action should be taken by the central authority.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

*Progress in Japan.*—A letter from Yokohama in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* describes the reforms which are now being carried out in Japan by the Mikado. He has paid particular attention, says the correspondent, to the schools and other insti-

tutions for the education of the people; in Yedo alone he has established five colleges, each containing from 1500 to 3000 pupils, and a new military academy. Among the subjects taught at these institutions are all the branches of science and several foreign languages. Twenty-three French professors have been engaged for the military academy, and ten English professors for the naval school; and twenty Bavarian shoemakers and ten brewers are to be employed as teachers in the industrial establishments. The treaties concluded with the European Powers are to be now revised, and will be put in force on the 1st of July next. The most important of the modifications to be introduced in them is the permission to export all kinds of provisions, such as rice, peas, beans, etc. This has hitherto been forbidden on penalty of death, as the Government feared that the consequence of exporting from Japan the necessities of life would be a famine; but now that the country is placed in telegraphic and steam communication with other parts of the world this danger no longer exists. On the other hand, it has forbidden the exportation of silver coins and ordered the cancelling of all contracts concluded with on this subject. This reactionary measure, says the correspondent, will probably lead to diplomatic reclamations. A great step has been made by the Government towards the introduction of Western customs and industry by the dispatch of a new mission to America and Europe under the direction of the premier, Iwakura. The mission consists of the private secretary of the Mikado and several other Ministers, and comprises in all five envoys, eight secretaries, a physician, and nineteen officials. Twenty-five young Japanese ladies, all daughters of daimios, are also sent to the United States to complete their education. What most astonishes the Japanese, however, is that the sacred person of the Head of the State is no longer withdrawn from the sight of his people. The Mikado now holds periodical levées; he has been frequently seen driving out, with only four attendants; and he has even walked about the streets of Yedo accompanied by a single aide-de-camp, on which occasion orders were given that no one should bow to him. The birthday of the Mikado was this year celebrated with extraordinary magnificence. There was a grand reception of all the high functionaries of State, a military review under the personal direction of the Mikado, and a grand dinner at court. The Mikado seems to wish above all to gain popularity for his Government, and the marked preference with which he treats foreigners has already induced many Japanese to wear the European dress; even the Princes are beginning to give up the old custom of having a numerous escort always in attendance upon them, which makes it much easier to move about in the streets than formerly. A court of appeal has been established for dealing in the last resort with all cases which come before the ordinary tribunals, and the French code pénal, which is now being translated into Japanese, will be introduced in place of the old criminal laws. The new reforms extend even to church matters; the Buddhist temples have been closed, and the bonzes have been ordered to give up half of their property to the Government, and either to enter the army or work in the fields.



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Engraved for the Eclectic by Geo. E. Parine N.Y. after Photo by Brady

HAMILTON FISH.

